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TWO YEARS AND A HALF

IN

THE NAVY:

OR,

JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

IN

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND LEVANT,

ON

BOARD OF THE U. S. FRIGATE CONSTELLATION, IN THE YEARS 1829, 1830, AND 1831.

BY E. C. WINES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

Page 25, line 4, from top, between *of* and *cities*, omit *the*.
45, " 14, from bottom, for *is* read *are*.
52, " 4, from top, for *views* read *view*.
57, " 7, from top, for *antiquarians* read *antiquaries*.
63, " 4, from bottom, for *Academa* read *Academia*.
77, " 12, from bottom, for *descend* read *ascend*.
84, " last, for *crates* read *craters*.
97, " 6, from top, for *continues* read *continue*.
121, " 18 from top, for *places* read *place*.
127, " 12, from top, between *of* and *memory*, insert *the*.
153, " 19, from top, for *larger* read *large*.
157, " last, for *somewhat* read *some time*.
160, " 5, from bottom, for *welcome* read *welcomed*.

X111

TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

At one o'clock, P. M. on the ninth of July, 1830, we were riding at anchor in the harbour of Genoa. In coming-to, the ship had so much head way, when the order was given to let go the starboard anchor, that she snapped the chain cable in two as if it had been no more than a tow string; but the hemp cable soon brought her to her senses. Our people were several days fishing for the anchor before they found it. We all felt a deep anxiety for their success, for if they failed, the forfeiture was to be an abandonment of our summer cruise, and an immediate return to Mahon. The discovery of the lost treasure was therefore hailed with a sentiment of universal joy.

The approach to Genoa by sea is very fine. We could not, however, enjoy all its beauty on account of a thick mist, which filled the atmosphere and obstructed the view. This fog, cold and damp as it was, operated as a check on my enthusiasm; and was rather in opposition to those images of cloudless skies and balmy airs, with which the name of Italy had always been associated in my mind. Howbeit, in reading the accounts of travellers and the descriptions of poets, we must always make some allowance for a wish to please by exciting the wonder of their readers. The skies of Italy are doubtless very beautiful, and its climate delicious; but Italy is nevertheless a part of this terrene ball, and as such is not exempt from the laws to which other parts of it are subject. *But to return*: I said the approach to Genoa

was fine; and so it is. In nearing the land, we could not at first determine precisely where the city stood, so much did the whole surrounding country appear like one continuous city. The coast was hilly, and crowned as it is with villages and country seats, embosomed in delightful groves, it presented a most animated, picturesque and flourishing appearance.

The harbour of Genoa is capacious, and sweeps round in the exact form of a semi-circle. The entrance is made narrow by a mole, built out from either extremity of the semi-circular arch. From its edge rises a noble amphitheatre of hills, ascending in regular slopes to the height of eight hundred or a thousand feet above the level of the sea. On their summits are planted at different distances from each other, several strong fortifications. The view of the city from our anchorage was superb. It is built upon the declivity of the hills which surround the harbour. The principal part of it stands upon comparatively low and level ground, on your right as you enter the port; the remainder exhibits the appearance of a country of incomparable beauty, thickly sprinkled with villas. The scenery on the bay of Naples is more grand and diversified;—more exquisitely beautiful it could not be. Were I called upon to select, from all the cities I have ever seen, the one that, in my opinion, enjoys the finest situation, I should not hesitate to pronounce the name of that of which Buonaparte, on first walking through its streets of marble palaces, is said to have exclaimed in raptures, "Such a city is worth the risks of war!"

Early on the morning of the tenth, I was waked by the sounds of a violin accompanied by a female voice, alongside of the ship. This was Italy in good earnest. I sprang from my hammock, dressed myself and hurried up on deck. A blind old man and his daughter, a little girl about twelve years old, had come off to ask alms. The old man was miserably clad, and the girl was not in much better plight. Her features were harsh,

and her voice not the most dulcet I have heard; but she had a bright eye and a lively expression of countenance. A wreath of natural flowers adorned her hair, which hung in beautiful jet black ringlets down her neck and shoulders. She was singing a song in praise of America, and the old man was accompanying it on an instrument, that looked as if it might have been in Noah's ark. Music and romance and beggary! Surely, I exclaimed mentally, there can be no doubt that I am really in Italy; for in no other country on the globe should I behold such a sight as that upon which I am now gazing. The worthy musicians received a very liberal gratuity, which, I am sorry to say, was more than many better performers got after such things became more common.

I was impatient to get ashore. As all the ship's cutters were employed in fishing for the anchor, immediately after breakfast Dr. —— and myself hired a shore boat and put off for the town. The wind was high, and we did not reach the landing without shipping now and then a pretty heavy sea; but we were in fine glee, and, though it wet our clothes, it did not damp our spirits. On landing we had a specimen of genuine Italian character. We had engaged our boatman for a certain sum, and no sooner had he set us on shore, than he demanded, or rather begged an additional compensation, alleging that the wind was higher than he thought it was, and artfully appealing to our generosity to secure the success of his plea. I, however, from the very outset, had determined to set my face as a flint against imposition, and resolutely refused to add a solitary *sous* to the original bargain. As soon as he had satisfied himself that I was immovable, he changed the previously sour expression of his countenance into a smile of the most gracious benignity, assuring us that, if we ever should have further occasion for his services, he was ready to serve us not less from friendship than for money, and that he would do it cheaper than any body else.

Our first object on landing was to procure one of those

persons, known in Italy by the name of *ciceroni*, whose profession is to show strangers the various objects of interest and curiosity in the cities where they reside. This class of persons abounds to overflowing in all the principal towns of Italy, and we of course had no difficulty in procuring the services of one of them. Their compensation varies in different cities. In Genoa it is four francs, or somewhat less than eighty cents. In Florence they receive about ninety cents per day; in Naples ten *carlini*, or ten twelfths of a dollar; and in Rome just a dollar. The ciceroni of Rome are generally better qualified for their profession than those of any other part of Italy. Many of them are profoundly versed in the history, literature and antiquities of the ancient capital of the Cæsars. But there is one qualification which all, in every part of Italy, possess in perfection, and that is glibness of tongue. They are the most flippant, if not the most learned and judicious, commentators in the world. They will not only point out and magnify, with an eloquence, rapid as the flow of a torrent, the merits of every statue, painting, church and palace you may visit, but will often give you the history of the artist, and relate a thousand other circumstances, connected with the work you may happen to be contemplating.

We went to a public house, and sent out for one of these Mentors. On entering the apartment where we were, he saluted us with a very obsequious bow, and addressed us nearly in these terms: "*Signori, cosa vorrebbero le vostre signorie vedere prima?—le chiese, i palazzi i giardini? Ce neé assai di tutti.*"* We decided upon the churches, and immediately set off on a cruise.

Our Mentor was a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, of the ordinary stature, genteelly dressed, with black eyes, curly hair, and an intelligent expression of countenance. Besides the Italian, he spoke French

* "Gentlemen, what would your worships desire to see first?—the churches, palaces, or gardens? There are a great many of all of them."

and German fluently, but not a syllable of English. He was perfectly familiar with the ground over which he had to go. Never in a single instance did we find him at a loss to answer any question that was put to him. He was intelligent, active and polite; and on the whole the best cicerone I met with in Italy.

When the dinner hour had arrived, he took us to the principal *trattoria* in the city. It is an immense building situated near the centre of the town. All the large cities in France and Italy are filled with establishments of this kind, where you may dine by a bill of fare for a franc or a guinea, graduating your expenses according to the state of your appetite or your purse. For two francs, or less than forty cents, you may dine in any part of Italy as well as any man need wish to perform that operation. For this sum you will get a full bottle of wine, a bowl of soup or a dish of maccaroni, two or three courses of meats, and a dessert, consisting of several kinds of fruit, or pastry if you prefer it. In Rome you may dine for the same money and have just double the number of dishes, as they there serve half portions of wine, soup, &c. It was frequently practised by us in other parts of Italy, when two dined together, to call for single portions only, thus increasing the variety of our fare, without any corresponding diminution of the contents of our purses.

It is not customary for travellers or other gentlemen, residing for a few weeks or even months in an Italian city, to board. They usually take lodgings merely at a public house, and dine at the *trattoria*. They breakfast and sup either at their own rooms or at a coffee house. As room-rent is generally low, they are thus enabled to graduate their expenses according to any scale, that may be compatible with their circumstances. This is a far more pleasant way of living than that common among us, and it is to be regretted that establishments of the kind here described are not more *a-la-mode* in our principal cities.

In the few remarks which I have to make on Genoa, for the sake of greater brevity and method, I shall drop the order of time in which my observations were made.

I have already spoken of the delightful situation, which this city enjoys. The view of it from the harbour is indeed enchanting, as all who have ever been there cannot fail to testify; and, if the visiter is somewhat disappointed on landing and walking through it, he still sees enough to justify him in pronouncing it one of the most beautiful and agreeable places in the world. More than one hundred churches and about an equal number of palaces, many of which are either entirely built of rich marbles, or incrusted and otherwise adorned with them, together with a large number of other splendid public and private edifices, could not fail to give to any city, however situated, an air of grandeur and magnificence. There are three streets in Genoa, (*Strada Balbi*, *Strada Nuova and Strada Novissima*,) composed wholly of the palaces of noblemen and other rich citizens, and though they are narrow and somewhat winding in their direction, nothing can be more rich and imposing than the appearance they present to the spectator. It is these noble streets that have procured for the Ligurian Capital the proud appellation of the "city of marble palaces." The other streets of Genoa are also narrow and irregular, but they are handsomely paved with square stones, and, except in the poorer parts of the town, clean and wholesome. As in Barcelona, so here, each street, in the commercial parts of the town, presents a homogeneous appearance. There is one allotted exclusively to jewellery, which it would not be prudent for a man, predisposed to violate the tenth commandment, to pass through very frequently. The houses of Genoa average from five to six stories in height. Some of them run up to eight. They are all, those of the poor as well as of the rich, furnished in every story with fountains of excellent mountain water.

Genoa is encircled by two walls, called the old and new walls. The former embraces the more populous

part of the city, and is five miles in circumference. The latter takes in the whole amphitheatre of hills by which the harbour is surrounded, and is nine miles in circuit.

As we commenced our cruise through the city by visiting the churches, I may as well despatch them first. When I was in Genoa, I thought very differently of the beauty of its churches from what I have since done; and in recurring to the rough sketch in my journal made upon the spot, I find many opinions respecting them which I now consider heterodox, and which I should be unwilling to publish to the world. Before I left Italy, indeed, the variety and accumulation of tawdry ornaments, with which the Italians decorate their churches, began to cloy and offend me, and the opportunities which I have since had of contemplating the remains of ancient temples in Greece, have ended with making me regard them as utterly abhorrent to good taste. How different is the effect produced upon the mind by the repeated contemplation of an Italian church and a Grecian temple! The stucco, gilding, frescoes, and other ornaments of the former strike you powerfully at first, but frequent examinations have a tendency to diminish this original effect, till you come at length to view them with indifference, if not with disgust; while the chaste simplicity, the majestic solidity, and the unadorned beauty of the latter only charm you the more, the oftener you contemplate them. Nor is this difference of sentiment less marked in the effect produced by an examination of a large number of individual specimens in each of these classes of buildings. The more you see of the former, the less anxious you become to extend the field of your observation; whereas, an attentive examination of ninety-nine specimens of the latter only whets your appetite for the intellectual feast, which you know you will enjoy in the contemplation of the hundreth.

In these remarks I must not be understood as waging

an indiscriminate and universal warfare against the temples of modern Italy. Far from it. While good taste discovers enough to deplore and reprobate, she also sees much to admire and to commend in these stately edifices. Indeed, nothing is more common here than to see good and bad taste locked in fraternal embraces, as if the old differences between them had given way to a loving but most ungracious reconciliation.

Of all the churches in Genoa, that which pleased me most both on account of its architecture and the excellence of the sculpture and paintings with which it is adorned, was the church of Carignano. It occupies an elevated site a little out of the most thickly settled part of the city, and is one of the most conspicuous and interesting objects that attract the attention in the approach to Genoa. Its form is an exact square. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and the ornaments of the four fronts are all alike, with the exception of those over the door of the façade facing the bridge of Carignano. There are three statues; one of the Virgin borne by angels to heaven, and two others, being those of Peter and Paul, by her side. At each extremity of this front rises a lofty *campanile*, or belfry, and over the centre of the church a magnificent dome, said to have been modelled after that of St. Peter's in Rome. There are four smaller domes or turrets at the four angles of the church. These are in bad taste, as they tend to destroy the majesty of the edifice by giving it an air of littleness. The interior of the church is in the form of a Greek cross. The centre dome is supported by four immense pillars, in the niches of which are placed four colossal statues—those, to wit, of St. Sebastian, of B. Allessandro Saoli, of St. John the Baptist, and of St. Bartholomew. The first two, by the celebrated French artist Puget, are well deserving of the attention of the lovers of the fine arts. The third, by Philip Parodi, is executed with scarcely less force and spirit than those by Puget. The fourth is by Claudius David, and is inferior to either of the others. The chapels are adorned

with paintings by some of the most celebrated masters—Guercino, Procaccino, Cambiaso, &c. This church was erected by a private gentleman, a Genoese nobleman by the name of Sauli. His descendants built a bridge over a deep ravine near the church, a work of prodigious labour and expense, solely to facilitate the approach to it from the city. This bridge stands upon three arches, and is a curiosity on account of its immense height. You look down from it on streets so far below you, that the people whom you see passing appear like a race of pigmies.

I cannot descend to particulars respecting the other churches of Genoa, as it would swell this volume beyond the size to which I propose to limit it. Those most worthy the attention of travellers are the Cathedral and the churches of the Annunciation, St. Cyrus, Delle Scuole Pie, and St. Stephen. The Cathedral is commonly called the church of St. Lorenzo, and is said to stand upon the spot where that Saint resided on his journey from Spain to Rome. The order of architecture is a mixed Gothic, and the want of purity and unity in the design detract greatly from the effect, which the spectator would otherwise feel in contemplating this costly edifice. The façade is incrusted with slabs of black and white marble, and has three arches, supported by sixty-four small columns of the same kind of marble. The *campanile*, which stands at one of the front angles of the church, has a similar incrustation. The interior is as rich, and sins as much against good taste, as marble, stucco and gilding can make it. The little chapel of St. John the Baptist has been particularly favoured in this respect. Its vault is one glare of gold, and the altar and walls are loaded with a profusion of decorations. There is an iron urn preserved in this chapel, which is said to contain the ashes of the saint to whom it is dedicated. Our cicerone told us a curious story about the efficacy of these ashes in calming a tempestuous sea. "When the sea," said he, "is agitated by storms, if this urn is taken down and placed upon the mole, the wind imme-

diately ceases, and the troubled waters become tranquil." This, said I, is what the priests tell you, I suppose. *Non, Signore*, he rejoined, *noi stessi l'abbiamo veduto.** It would not have been quite polite in me to question such authority, and the discussion was dropped at this point. Females are strictly excluded from this chapel, because John was beheaded through the influence of a woman. While we were there, a French lady with her two daughters entered it to examine its ornaments more closely: but as soon as the sexton perceived them within the balustrade which separates it from the nave of the church, he hastened to inform them that they were treading on forbidden ground.

In one of the vestries of this church is still kept the *Catino*, or emerald vase, so famous throughout Christendom, both for what is known and for what is not known of it. It is a sexagon, with two handles or ears, hollowed on the lower side; one of which is rough, and the other polished. The diameter of the edge is a palm seven inches and a half, and its circumference five palms wanting an inch. The cavity is six inches in perpendicular depth, and the height eight, leaving two inches for the thickness of the bottom. So much for its shape and dimensions. The opinion that it is emerald is now universally given up. It is green glass, highly polished, and of the most brilliant transparency. Its value arises from its high antiquity and its history. It was found at Cesarea, when that place was wrested from the infidels by the Christians in eleven hundred and one, and was selected by the Genoese as their part of the spoils. It was then supposed to be emerald, and therefore of much more intrinsic value than it was in reality. It was preserved with the most religious care by the city whose piety had chosen it instead of millions, till Napoleon invaded Italy and rifled her of whatever she possessed most precious in antiquities and the arts, when it was transported to Paris among the rest of his ravished trea-

* "No, sir, we ourselves have seen it."

sures. It has, however, since been restored to the Genoese, though considerably injured by a fracture which it received on its journey. This is what is *known* of it. *Conjecture* declares that it was presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and that it is the same out of which Christ and his disciples ate the Paschal Lamb.

The church of St. Cyrus is said by some traveller to be one of the handsomest in Italy. However this may be, to my taste it is decidedly one of the finest in Genoa. The quantity and richness of the marbles with which it is adorned, are prodigious. The columns which separate the naves are of beautiful white marble of the composite order, and each one of them is hewn from a single block. The great altar in front of the choir is the work of Puget. The remains of many of the bishops of Genoa and of some of the archbishops of Milan are deposited in this church.

In the richness and variety of its adornings, the church of the Annunciation perhaps surpasses any other in Genoa. The frescoes in the vault of the principal nave are by John Carlone, and are sufficient of themselves to confer immortality on the name of their author. They represent, with matchless force and beauty, our Saviour adored by the wise men,—entering glorious into Jerusalem,—praying in the garden of Gethsemane,—risen from the grave,—appearing after his resurrection to his mother,—and she herself in the act of being crowned by angels Queen of heaven.

The other two churches that I mentioned, those, to wit, of Le Scuole Pie and S. Stephen are not remarkable in themselves, but the works with which they are adorned richly repay the trouble of a visit to them. The former contains some of the most precious basso-relievos in Genoa. They relate to the mysteries of the Virgin, and were all designed by Francesco Schiaffino, and executed by him and Carlo Cacciatore, one of his pupils. The latter boasts one of the finest, perhaps the very finest painting in Genoa. No one who visits that city, and who is not destitute of all relish for the beauties of this glorious art,

would be willing to omit seeing it. It is the combined production of the pencils of Titian and Raphael—names which need no eulogy of mine to add to their fame. The subject of the piece is the Stoning of Stephen by the Jews. The great Captain of the "noble army of martyrs" is represented to have fallen to the earth, overwhelmed with the shower of stones, which the Jews are pouring upon him. The meek, benignant, forgiving expression of his countenance amid the tortures he is suffering, and with the immediate prospect of death before him, bears the same relation to the supercilious disdain and savage joy painted in the looks of his murderers, which the spirit of the gospel does to that of the world. So far the picture commits no offence against good taste; nor should I object to the appearance of the Son in the clouds, surrounded by angels, who seem waiting to receive his spirit, as soon as it is freed from the sufferings of the body. But above them all appears the Almighty Father, encircled by a halo of glory. A single glance at this attempt to embody the attributes of Divinity, is enough to make you feel how utterly incompetent the human mind is to any such effort. The boldest and most creative pencil can never express the infinite perfections of the Godhead in such a way as not to do injustice to even the weakest conceptions of created intellects. "Clouds and darkness are round about him," is the uniform language of scripture in relation to the Almighty; and, "Ye have neither heard his voice, at any time, nor seen his shape," should be thundered in the ear of every artist bold, or rather presumptuous enough to conceive the design of embodying his perfections in a picture or a statue.

In the number, beauty and magnificence of its palaces, Genoa surpasses all other Italian cities. The same objection against excessive decorations does not exist here as in the churches, for we expect more ornaments, and are not therefore offended by them. A minute description of all those which are worth examining, would of itself form quite a sizable volume, but I must content

myself with a very few general remarks. The two palaces which would perhaps excite most interest respectively in the lovers of architecture and painting, are those of Marcello Durazzo and Giulio Brignole. The former is one of the noblest edifices, and the latter contains the choicest collection of pictures in Genoa. The Brignole gallery richly merits the attention of amateurs. The pieces which pleased me most in the collection which forms this gallery, were the following:—Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, by Carlo Dolci; the Annunciation, by Coreggio; a Genoese Senator, by Rubens; the Jews showing the money to Christ, by Vandyke; Christ driving the Merchants from the Temple, by Guercino; and a burlesque painting of Rubens' family by himself. The first of these pieces is in miniature. It is inimitably executed. The bloody sweat is seen rolling down the face of the Son of God, and so strong and natural is the expression communicated to his features, that you almost fancy yourself listening to those memorable words, the mingled offspring of agony and resignation, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

The palace of the Marquis of Serra is not large, but it is remarkable for containing the richest saloon in Europe. Nothing could be conceived more gorgeous. The decorations alone are said to have amounted to a million of francs, or nearly two hundred thousand dollars. It is supported by sixteen marble columns, plated with gold. The vault and every other part of the saloon are as rich as gold and precious stones can make them. The dining hall is remarkable for a certain oddity of construction, being both an exact square and an exact circle. The square is formed by a set of round columns, and the circle by a set of angular ones. In a room communicating between the golden saloon and the dining hall there is a portrait of the Marchioness, a young lady of the family of Durazzo. If the painter has not flattered her, she must be a paragon of beauty. Many of our midshipmen were so ravished with the beauty of the picture that they knelt *to do it reverence.*

The palace of the Doges is worthy of the men who formerly occupied it. It is a noble structure, encircling a large area or court-yard. The principal stair-way leads up to a small apartment, in other times used as a counsel chamber, where there is a painting of the landing of Columbus in America, and another, opposite to it, representing the disembarkation of the ashes of St. John the Baptist at Genoa. From this apartment you enter the grand saloon or senate-chamber, which, though less rich in minute decorations than the saloon in the Serra palace, exceeds it by far in magnificence and grandeur. Its vast extent and amazing height; fifty-four immense columns of brocatello, a fine variegated Spanish marble; the admirable frescoes which adorn the vault; the beautiful pavement composed of large slabs of polished marble; all combine to fill the mind of the spectator with a sentiment of admiration and delight.

In one of the apartments of this palace there is a marble bust of Christopher Columbus, said to be an excellent likeness. There are also preserved in the same room two letters in his own handwriting. They are written in Spanish, but are such miserable scrawls that I could hardly decipher a single word. I read, however, a literal translation of one of them in Italian. It was dated at Seville on the second of April, 1502, a short time previous to setting sail on his second ill-fated voyage to America. It was addressed to the Bank of St. George in Genoa, and relates chiefly to his family affairs. It commences with a declaration that, next to David, God had been more gracious to him than to any other mortal; and the whole letter breathes such a spirit of sincere and unostentatious piety, as to prove that the boldness and originality of his genius were equalled only by the meekness and docility of his temper. He enumerates the honours conferred on him by his sovereigns in terms of the most unaffected modesty, always ascribing all the glory of his discoveries to the grace of God. These letters, together with a copy of the privileges granted to him by queen Isabella, are preserved by the

Genoese Government with the most religious care. The following is the signature of Columbus in the letters to which I have referred.

S.
S. A. S.
C. M. S.
Xro FERENS.

The explanation of which is as follows:

Supplex.
Servus. Altissimi. Salvatoris.
Christi. Mariæ. Josephi.

The name of Columbus must be dear to every true American heart; and I cannot in this place deny myself the pleasure of paying my feeble tribute of respect to its memory. On our passage to England, I often of an evening stationed myself in the main chains to look out upon the waters and meditate. At such times the genius, virtues, and achievements of Columbus were frequently my theme. "How different," I would say to myself, "how different the circumstances under which *I* am crossing the Atlantic for the first time from those of *his* first voyage over the same ocean! This mighty reservoir of water, now the highway of nations, was then an unknown and trackless wilderness. His was the first bark that ploughed its billowy brine, and his the first eye that gazed on its clear and glorious blue. Guided by the star of hope, and fed by visioned glories, he was going—he knew not where. Who can tell the anxieties that agitated his soul, as his gallant vessel dashed fearlessly along through the pathless and heaving abyss? and who but he who felt them could utter the wild ecstasies of delight, exultation and gratitude, that filled his bosom, when the new world first burst upon his strained and aching sight, and the gales from its shores wafted to his senses a sweet foretaste of its riches? Then, indeed, might he have exclaimed in the language since attributed to him,

"That thought, that longing thought, that fed this soaring heart for years,
Unchecked by aught of falsehood's chain, and unrestrained by fears,
Now bounds unfettered in its pride, unpinioned in its strength,
Its star of light is shining now, its triumph comes at length."

Spots of verdure are refreshing to the eye that has long beheld nothing but burning sands or barren rocks; so the mind in reviewing past times, delights to escape from the images of desolation and wo that throng upon it, and to fasten itself on those points in the picture, which retain somewhat of the loveliness and purity of Eden. The history of Columbus is one of those points. He was a man of profound and daring genius, but this was far from being his only or his greatest praise. He was the friend and benefactor of his species; qualities which assimilate man to his Maker, and without which genius and talents and learning only increase the capacity and the disposition to do mischief. It is good to let the characters of such men frequently engross our thoughts. By the contemplation of great and noble actions, the mind is naturally warmed into admiration of them, and pants to mount upward to the same elevated, pure and commanding region. Selfishness and prejudice melt away beneath their influence, and we learn to extend our views and sympathies beyond the limits of kin and country, and to live not more for ourselves and our own times, than for the world and posterity.

Genoa is celebrated for the number and splendid endowments of its charitable and philanthropic institutions. Multitudes of Genoese noblemen have devoted the whole of their fortunes to these benevolent objects. Ambition alone may have been their motive, but how much nobler is the ambition of living in the gratitude of the widow and the orphan, the poor and the afflicted, who have been relieved and made happy by its generous contributions, than that grovelling and contemptible sentiment which limits its desires to the wearing of purple and fine linen, to the giving of costly

entertainments, and to making the "ignoble vulgar" stare at the glitter of its equipages. I wish in God that such ambition were more prevalent in the world. It would heal the sores of many a heart, now broken and crushed beneath the weight of its own sorrows; it would gild the sunset of life to thousands whom misfortune, at one cruel blow, has stripped of wealth and friends and comfort; and finally, it would impart to all the indigent, ignorant and distressed of every class, the blessings of competency, knowledge and religion.

At the head of the philanthropic institutions of Genoa stands the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. It is one of the best regulated and most ably conducted institutions of the kind in the world. It numbered, when I was in Genoa, seventy pupils, forty of whom were females. I saw the male department only, and I was not more gratified with any thing I saw during the whole period of my absence from America, than I was with the progress which these unfortunate beings were making in the various departments of knowledge. Indeed, I was not only gratified but astonished at the excellence of many of their drawings, and the extent and accuracy of their knowledge of history. As a specimen I subjoin an extract from a dialogue which I held in writing with a boy only eighteen years of age, who, in addition to the language of his own country, understood and wrote Latin, German, Russian, French, Spanish and English. His answers were always given with the utmost promptness. The sentences embraced in quotation marks are his. Not the slightest alteration has been made in any of them in construction, orthography, punctuation, or capitals.

What Grecian General gained the battle of Marathon?

"Miltiades, whom the ungrateful athenians condemned to a fine, upon a mere suspicion of bribery."

What philosopher was said by Plato to have brought philosophy from heaven?

"his own master Socrates."

Who commanded the American army in the time of the Revolution?

"Washington—he was truly an ablest general, which can be compared to Miltiades, for he assured the Independence of his Country with a little army against the most powerful Monarchy in Europe."

How long have you been in this institution?

"13 years."

You have learned a great deal: I am extremely gratified to see your progress and that of your companions.

"I thank you; yet an application of so many years ought [to] have got me such few knowledges."

I gave him the seven following words to introduce into a single sentence;—viz. virtue, vice, piety, honour, peace, justice, indulgence. He did not stop to think certainly over two or three minutes, when he wrote and handed me the following:—

"The best support in time of Peace of a kingdom which has been illustrated by military Honour in time of war, is to maintain the rights of Justice in its [their] whole integrity, for in such a manner Vice being depressed, Virtue gets an Empire over all the inclinations of people, whilst false Piety or unbounded Indulgence can lead it by the corruption of many to a total ruin, as it happened once with the Roman Empire.

"Pray correct the faults."

He expressed a wish to visit the ship with his teacher, and I gave him a letter of introduction to an officer: whereupon he immediately addressed to me the following:—"I am very grateful for your interesting [interest in] me, and cannot compensate this but by the truest sentiments of my heart and the remembrance of your person and goodness."

Next in interest to the Asylum for Deaf Mutes is the Albergo dei Poveri, or Poor House. The building appropriated to the institution is the largest in Genoa, and it is also one of the finest specimens of architecture. It is an exact square, each side measuring one thousand seven hundred and fifty palms in length. It encloses *four gardens,* each of which is about fifty palms square,

and adorned with a fountain in the centre. It is five stories in height. The front is ornamented with two orders of architecture, the Tuscan and Corinthian. In one part of the building there is a small chapel, where mass is said for the benefit of the poor attached to the institution. This chapel contains an *alto-relievo* by Michael Angelo —the most precious piece of sculpture in Genoa. It represents Mary contemplating her Dead Son. In this little piece, nature is copied with so much accuracy that one can scarcely believe it is marble. Christ appears to be asleep; but, though a Divine benignity still rests upon his countenance, his sleep is evidently the sleep of death. Mary is in the act of embracing her Son, with her eyes fixed intently upon him. And such a look! What maternal tenderness! what heart-rending sorrow! yet what pious resignation! The works of Michael Angelo are generally stamped with a character of greatness and strength, and, while the mastery of his genius in this respect has been universally felt, it has been thought that his chisel was incapable of giving a "local habitation" to the graceful, the tender, and the lovely. The little piece which I have just described, is of itself sufficient to refute such a supposition, and to prove that, much as he excels all the sculptors of modern times in the power of animating the marble with profound thought and lofty sentiment, he is scarcely less superior to them in the power of making it express the gentler and more amiable qualities of our nature.

The number of poor of every description in the Albergo, when we were in Genoa, amounted to eighteen hundred, i. e. six hundred and sixty males, and eleven hundred and forty females. I was delighted with the neatness, good order and industry which appeared to prevail in the institution. They have stated hours for labour, when all who are not sick, or otherwise excused, are required to be at their stations. Their principal employments consist in making carpeting, cotton and linen stuffs, handkerchiefs, ribbons and lace. There was a large oblong apartment filled with girls engaged in the two *last mentioned* employments. Many of the young

women were very beautiful, and some were so abashed by our presence that they covered their faces with their handkerchiefs, ceased their work, and did not raise their heads again till we had left the room. We could not doubt that these were persons who had known what better circumstances were, and in whose mind our presence awakened bitter recollections. We were unwilling to remain long in a place where we knew that our absence would be felt as a relief, and therefore hurried out again before we had satisfied our curiosity by examining as minutely as we could have wished the beautiful operation of making ribbons. The good effects of this institution are seen in the suppression, or more properly perhaps the diminution of street-beggary. There is less of this in Genoa than in any other of the Italian cities that we visited.

There are two hospitals in Genoa, to wit, *L'Ospedale detto di Pammatone and L'Ospedale degl'Incurabili.* The former had about eight hundred patients when we were there. It is a vast edifice, capable of affording accommodations to upwards of a thousand invalids. The apartments are large, clean and airy. This hospital was originally founded by Bartolomeo Brosco in 1420, but its funds have since been greatly increased by the liberality of numerous other gentlemen, whose benefactions are commemorated by the statues, which fill the niches of the Infirmary.

In the hospital of the Incurable there were eight hundred and thirty patients; four hundred and eighty females, one hundred and twenty of whom were insane —and three hundred and fifty males, two hundred of whom were insane. Many of the victims of that terrible disease, insanity, were so bad as to be chained to their couches, but I will not shock the reader's nerves by any account of their conduct. Such exhibitions are humiliating to the pride of our nature, and ought to make us adore and love the Goodness which has hitherto preserved us from a calamity more to be dreaded than death itself—the loss of our reason, and the prostration of every faculty, that distinguishes man from the brutes.

There is another charitable institution in Genoa,

which ought not to be omitted in a description of this kind, as it does honour to its founder and to the city for whose benefit it was chiefly intended. It is an Asylum for Orphan Girls, founded in 1760, by Francesco Fieschi, a rich Genoese nobleman, and from him the girls admitted to its benefits are called Fieschine. Their chief occupation is that of making artificial fruits and flowers, and justly as the French are celebrated for their skill in this beautiful manufacture, those made by the beneficiaries of this institution are far superior to the French. At the distance of a few paces, the flowers could scarcely be distinguished from those which are natural, and the fruits—it was enough to make one's mouth water to behold the cherries, damsons, apricots, &c., which seemed to invite you to pluck and eat. The girls are kept for the most part secluded from the world, but they are allowed to marry when of a marriageable age, and to facilitate so desirable an end, there are stated public exhibitions, at which the young men of the city and country in want of wives, resort as to a fair to obtain them. On their marriage, they receive a handsome dowry from the funds of the institution. The building appropriated to the use of the Orphans occupies a delightful situation on an eminence in the suburb Zerbino. It commands a fine view of the city, the suburbs and the Mediterranean. It is sufficiently capacious to receive six hundred Orphans.

There are other buildings and institutions in Genoa, well worthy of the attention of visiters. The palace of the University is a noble edifice. Every thing about it is in a style of vastness and magnificence;—the façade, the stair-case, the court-yard, the halls, &c. At the foot of the stairs which lead up to the court-yard, are two colossal lions. The University numbers about five hundred students. It has a museum containing an extensive and valuable collection of natural curiosities. The library comprises forty thousand volumes, among which there is a number of interesting manuscripts.

The new Theatre is a beautiful specimen of architecture. It is designed and constructed after the model of San Carlo at Naples. I was present at one of the performances. It was a comedy entitled *Il Corso*, the whole interest of which arose from a succession of mistakes growing out of an advertisement of a rich old merchant, who wished to marry his daughter. It reminded me of Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors, the poorest of all his dramatic productions. Neither the piece nor the acting were of any very great merit.

In the public Promenade there is nothing worthy of particular remark. It is an agreeable and fashionable place of resort of a summer evening.

Genoa boasts a large number of beautiful gardens, but my remarks have already been extended so much beyond my original intention, that the reader will no doubt be glad to excuse me from particularizing. The grounds belonging to the palace of Pallavicini are among those which most richly repay the trouble of visiting them. There the visiter meets with grottoes whose vaults and sides are composed of pebbles of various colours, fancifully arranged, and where the freshness of a vernal evening may be enjoyed during the mid-day heats of the summer solstice, while the spirit is soothed by the sweet bubblings of the water that oozes out and trickles down their sides. There are fountains and fish-ponds—grass-plats and flower-beds—labyrinthine walks and mournful cypress trees—every thing, in short, which the most luxurious imagination could desire; and the whole so perfumed with balmy odours that one might easily fancy himself breathed upon by gales wafted from the gardens of Cashmere, or the spice groves of Arabia Felix. The palace itself is as yet unfinished and destitute of furniture, but it occupies an elevated and beautiful site a little out of the town, whence the spectator enjoys a very extensive view. Land and water, town and country, mountains and valleys, groves and pastures, are here brought beneath the eye in one enchanting whole. I will not say that the eloquent

looks and words of a young Italian beauty, with whom I visited this place, may not have had some effect upon my ideas of its charms, but leaving the reader to make whatever deductions he may please on that account, I advise him, if he ever goes to Genoa, to pay it a visit, and, if he has any taste for the beautiful in nature, I am sure he will be obliged to me for my recommendation.

No one who visits Genoa, should omit to see the villa and botanic garden of the Marquis Di Negro. The garden contains a large variety of interesting plants, and is adorned with fountains and arbours. The Marquis has also an extensive and valuable collection of curiosities both ancient and modern. He has been a great improvisitore, but is now so far advanced in life that the poetic fires have begun to cool. Unlike Italian noblemen generally, he does not allow his servants to receive any compensation for their attentions to visiters.

Our ship was visited a great deal while she lay in the harbour of Genoa, and was much admired. The first Sunday after our arrival, there could not have been less than a thousand persons on board. I formed an acquaintance that day with a respectable family from Florence, consisting of a mother and two daughters, who were on a visit to some of their friends in Genoa. I called on them frequently during our stay in that city. The old lady, when she became animated in conversation, in the true style of Florentine politeness, would slap me on the knee, as if I had been an acquaintance of some years standing.

The history of Genoa is full of incident and instruction. It was anciently a province of the Roman empire, but did not rise to much consideration. In more modern times it has stood on higher ground, and played a more important part. It has sustained one siege that has been compared to that of Troy, and its long and obstinate

contest with the Venetian Republic has been thought a worthy imitation of the second Punic War. Genoa took a more active part and distinguished herself more in the Crusades against the Infidels, than any other nation of Christendom. In navigation, commerce, enterprise, devotion to liberty and the extent of her conquests, she left all her sister republics, except that of Venice, far behind. She has left the memorials of her former greatness in almost every part of the Mediterranean and Levant. Every where in the East—in Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Thrace and the Isles and Continent of Greece, the ruins of her fortifications and of those of her great rival are seen mingled with the more hallowed relics of antiquity. To the patriotism, genius and wisdom of Andrew Doria, the greatest of all her citizens, Genoa owed two hundred years of internal quiet and prosperity, during which period she drove an active commerce with all the countries from Spain to Palestine, and from Egypt to the Black sea. It was then that her citizens amassed those princely fortunes, which they have since so liberally expended in adorning their native city with churches, palaces and edifices for charitable and other institutions. But Genoa could not resist the operation of the causes which have sapped the foundation of all the Italian Republics; and she whose navies once rode in triumph on every sea, and whose power was felt and feared by the most distant nations, is now a petty portion of the dominions of the king of Sardinia, her commerce swept from the ocean, the enterprise of her citizens paralyzed, her wealth swallowed up in the vortex of dissipation, and the spirit of liberty crushed beneath an iron despotism.

CHAPTER II.

We sailed from Genoa on the twenty-second of July, and came to an anchor in the roads off Leghorn, on the evening of the twenty-fourth. The morning of the twenty-seventh beheld me in the queen of the cities—the fair, the lovely, the glorious Florence. But I will check my raptures for the present, and tell the reader how I got there.

Immediately after breakfast on Monday morning, the twenty-sixth, I left the ship to pay a running visit to Pisa and Florence. I had declined an invitation to go with a large party of officers, chiefly for the purpose of associating more with the natives, and of improving myself in the language. Having obtained my pass-port and engaged a seat in a *vettura*, that was to pass through Pisa for Florence in the evening, I took a seat in another for the former city, anxious to see as much of it as I could in the short space of a single afternoon. My *vetturino*, as is usual in Italy, gave me a piece of money as a pledge of my seat, and assured me that his carriage would set off precisely at eleven o'clock. His eleven in the morning, as it turned out, meant nearly one in the afternoon; and it was not till those of us who had taken seats and were actually in the *vettura*, had seriously threatened him with leaving it and getting another, that we could induce him to put off. At the gate of the city we were stopped, our pass-ports called for, and our trunks all opened and examined by an officer of the customs. Having performed his duty, he bowed very politely, and wished us a *buon viaggio*.

The country between Leghorn and Pisa is low, monotonous and uninteresting. We arrived at the latter

place about three o'clock, P. M. I immediately p
cured a *cicerone*, and set off on a cruise. The four pr
cipal objects of interest at Pisa are, as every body kno
the Duomo, or Cathedral; the Baptistry; the Campo Sa
or Cemetery; and the Leaning Tower. These are
situated on a large *Piazza*, or square, at the north an
of the city. There is not another public square, in
city in the world, adorned with so rare, precious
magnificent an assemblage of objects as this. I had
time to examine them minutely, but the passing gla
I gave them, was enough to convince me of the truth
this assertion.

The Cathedral was built about the commencemen
the eleventh century, and is supposed to stand upon
site of an ancient palace of Adrian. The architect
Buschetto, and the Pisans claim for him the honou
having been the first to break the shackles of that "
praved and heavy taste adopted by the ancient Goths.
The style of architecture occupies a middle gro
between the Gothic and the Grecian. The three fr
doors are adorned with miniature bronze figures, il
trating the histories of Mary and our Saviour.
scenes were designed by Giovanni Bologna, and
cuted by various artists, among whom Pietro Ta
deserves to be particularly mentioned. They are ma
productions, and cannot fail to delight every behol
who knows how to appreciate their merits. Some h
regarded them as rivalling the three doors of the Bap
try at Florence, but in this opinion I cannot concur.
interior view of this temple produces a striking effect
its vastness and splendour, though it could be wis
that the pleasure which it gives, were not parti
destroyed by the want of purity and simplicity in
design. The sexton, a young man of about twenty-
years of age, pointed out the beauties of the building
its various ornaments, with a flippancy, astonishing e
in an Italian commentator.

* "Quel gusto depravato e pesante che adottarono gli an
Goti."

Baptistry, or church of St. John the Baptist, was about a century after the Cathedral. It is a ro- standing upon an ample basement considerably l above the ground. Many of the details, when ed separately, are chaste and beautiful, but as a whether considered externally or internally, it is 'ded with different orders, and so overloaded with ions, as to be highly offensive to good taste.

Cemetery is on many accounts the most curious eresting monument in Pisa. It is called *Campo* from the circumstance of the ground where it ected having been covered with earth brought e Holy Land by the Archbishop Ubaldo Lan- , on his return from a crusade in that country. this account held in the highest veneration by Catholics. The architect was Giovanni Pisano, mpleted it, according to the original design, in r 1283; but some additions were afterwards made direction of Filippo dei Medici, when he was shop of Pisa. It is a vast parallelogram, two d and twenty-two Italian *bracci* in length, and r-six in breadth. It has two entrances, both on th side. The interior is a vast gallery, eighteen t in width and five hundred and seventy-eight in enclosing an open cloister, covered with green- and giving support to a few sickly cypresses. der of architecture is modern Gothic. The pave- f the gallery is of white marble, and the number ulchres underneath it upwards of six hundred. alls are painted in fresco by some of the earliest and the great number of antiquities collected urnish a wide field of observation to the antiquary, hat is still dearer to him, a wider one for conjec- d speculation.

Campanile more generally known by the name Leaning Tower, is a great curiosity. It is a cir- narble structure, ninety-five *braccia* in height and -three in circumference at the base. It is sur- d by eight peristyles, rising one above another, f which is composed of twenty-six columns, mak-

waiting nearly two hours for the appearance of my friend, the *vetturino.* Several carriages passed the *Locanda* during this period, and I began to entertain serious apprehensions that mine might be among the number. At length, however, much to my relief, a *vettura* drove up and stopped before the door, and the harsh tones of the *vetturino's* voice fell like music on my ear, when I heard him inquire if the *ufiziale Americano* was there? I was not long in getting to my seat, and it was precisely ten o'clock, when we set off. During the summer months, travelling in Italy is performed almost exclusively at night. The comfort of both man and beast is consulted in this arrangement. The nights are generally clear, tranquil, and balmy; but the heats of the day are almost intolerable, and the dust set in motion by the carriages is little less than suffocating.

The direct road from Pisa to Florence lies all the way through the vale of the Arno, and frequently so near to that classic stream, that we could distinctly hear its murmurings, as it flowed along over its pebbly bottom. When I visited Florence, the Arno was reduced to a simple brook, though during the rainy season, it swells to a stream of considerable magnitude. Chateaubriand says that the rivers of America have spoiled him for those of Europe. It is a fact that, in this department of her works, nature seems both there and in Asia to have laboured on a smaller scale than in America. The Ilissus, the Pactolus and the Scamander are no more than purling rivulets; and even *Ingens Pater Inachus*, when I had the honour of seeing him, was so far advanced in his dotage, that he had not the strength of a stripling. He was dry as the sands of Lybia. But if the Arno itself did not answer my expectations, the charming valley through which it flows, more than realized all the bright visions in which fancy had ever arrayed it. Nature and art have exhausted all their resources, and lavished them upon this favoured region. The Vale of Paradise could scarcely have been more enchanting. As you approach the Tuscan Capital, the country becomes like one continued garden. It is with justice that Mad. de Staël

calls Florence "the city embalsomed with flowers;" and Milton exclaims with equal truth, "How horrible must be the despair which is not calmed by an air so sweet."

We arrived at Florence about nine o'clock the following morning. As far as I have had an opportunity of seeing Italian cities, I fully agree with Boccacio that Florence is "*oltre ad ogni altra Italica bellissima*" —beautiful beyond every other in Italy. The streets are wide, clean and elegantly paved with large square stones; the public squares are numerous and adorned with fountains, colonnades, and more than one hundred and fifty marble statues; many of the churches, palaces and public buildings are magnificent; the *Cascine* and the Gardens of *Boboli* furnish extensive and delicious promenades; and altogether the city and its environs are such as a person fond of fashion and of luxury would select for his residence. Its situation too is just what it should be; far enough in the interior to be removed from the bustle and confusion of commerce; in the midst of a vast and fertile valley, smiling with vineyards and villages, watered by a river whose very name is poetry, and which flows through it in a thousand graceful sinuosities, and terminated by a noble amphitheatre of mountains, which give an air of majesty and grandeur to a scene that would otherwise be only picturesque and beautiful.

The Arno flows through the city nearly in a right line, dividing it into two unequal parts. It is crossed by three bridges, all of which are works of great solidity, strength and convenience. That of *Santa Trinitá* is reckoned one of the finest monuments in Florence.

The public Pleasure Grounds, called the *Cascine*, are without the walls of the city, and may be said to be an island, formed on one side by a canal and on the other by the Arno. Relying upon a judgment formed merely

by the eye, I should say that they cover an extent eq
to half the city of New York. I know not in what l
guage to describe them, so as to convey to the reader a
thing like the effect they produced upon my own mi
Majestic shade trees, scented groves and verdant law
—bubbling fountains, a murmuring river and breathi
marble, are here congregated together, and compos
whole, fitted, by its beauty and harmony, to afford
highest gratification to the eye and the imaginati
Near the centre of the *Cascine*, Leopold caused to
erected a beautiful palace, which has been further i
proved and adorned with appropriate ornaments by F
dinand the Third. In front of this palace the coache
the noblemen who drive out there in the evening,
accustomed to stop, and their inmates to descend
divert themselves by promenading and conversati
The number of persons, particularly noblemen and c
zens of the richer sort, who resort to the Cascine, is p
digious. In the principal street, which is bordered
each side by two rows of tall and venerable trees, th
is a constant stream of carriages, drawn by steeds ful
spirit and richly caparisoned; while the lawns are
with a thousand fairy forms, and the sounds of mirth t
proceed from the various groups of children playing u
the green sward, fall upon the ear with a touching eff
There is indeed one drawback, and it is not a small o
to the pleasure one feels at this hour in these delight
grounds. While the evidences of luxurious wealth
simple-hearted contentment are so thick around him,
is at the same time often saluted by wretches in tatte
garments and with haggard countenances, who beg
him, in the name of the blessed Virgin, some misera
pittance to lighten the pressure of their wants.

In returning to the city, the first evening that I wa
ed out to the *Cascine*, I took the path that lies along
bank of the Arno. This was the favourite haunt of
great tragic poet of Italy—Alfieri. Here, it is said,
composed many of those sublime passages, which, wl
recited upon the stage, thrilled the multitudes who w

assembled to hear them, and which will remain everlasting monuments to his genius, and to the glory of the country that gave him birth. Here Milton was accustomed to soothe his spirit by the sweet murmurings of the classic stream that flowed at his feet, and to drink inspiration from the glorious scenery which renders the Vale of the Arno one of the most delicious spots on earth. It was on this bank that the passionate Petrarch swept those burning chords that refused to breathe but in praise of the charms of the loved and lovely Laura. Here, as well as from the top of Fiesole, "through optic glass the Tuscan Artist" studied the motions and laws of the heavenly bodies; and here too Boccacio was wont to meditate, while composing those memorable novels, distinguished alike for the licentious images and principles which they exhibit and inculcate, the originality with which they were conceived, and the fascinating graces of style which half conceal the monstrous deformity of this offspring of genius and depravity.

At ten o'clock on the morning following that of my arrival, I was at the Royal and Imperial Gallery—that vast collection of monuments of the arts, commenced by the illustrious family of the Medici, and since so enriched by the munificence of the Princes of the House of Austria, that it has become the glory and pride of Florence, and is in effect, next to that of the Vatican at Rome, the richest and most extensive in the world. The collection composing the gallery is contained in an immense edifice, called *Gli Ufizii*, designed by Giorgio Vasari, and built on both sides of the street *Lambertesca.* The building consists of two wings, each four hundred and thirty feet in length, and an intermediate part of ninety-seven feet, which crosses the street abovementioned, and connects the wings. The ascent is by a magnificent stair-way, and the entrance through two vestibules, in the first of which are placed the busts of all the princes who have enriched the Gallery, and "who seem," so says the guide book, "assembled to do the

honours of their palace to strangers." A spacious and beautiful corridor, eleven feet wide and twenty in height, extends the whole circuit of the building. It contains collections of six distinct classes of works. A suite of apartments, twenty in number, open into the corridor, and most of them communicate with each other. Here whatever is rare in antiquities, whatever is glorious in the arts, and whatever is valuable in gems and precious stones, are united to gratify the curiosity and taste of the visiter. Each of the apartments is appropriated to a particular class of works. One, for example, contains specimens of antique bronzes, another paintings of the Flemish school, a third, portraits of painters by themselves, and so on.

But I am detaining the reader longer by general descriptions than I detained myself from a sight of what every one who visits Florence is most anxious to see—the Venus de Medicis. The author of a burlesque "Trip to Rome," published a few years ago in some of the Magazines, speaking of this statue, says that he must of course admire what every body else admires, but adds,

> "Though I own it between us, there's many a Venus
> As much to my liking, and not made of stone."

I am willing to make the same admission; but those "not made of stone" please me more for that very reason, and no other; for surely, such ease, such grace, such softness, such incomparable symmetry, I have never beheld in any living Venus. This marble of Cleomenes is in fact the very perfection of beauty, and he might well have exclaimed on finishing his immortal labour, as Anacreon did when he fancied the portrait of his mistress before him,

> "Enough! 'tis done! 'tis all I ask,
> It lives, it breathes, it soon will speak!"

The first feeling I experienced on beholding this piece of sculpture, was one of disappointment; but this soon gave way to a sentiment of a very different character, *and the longer I* contemplated, the more I admired. It

has been objected to the Venus de Medicis that she is not a goddess; but in what light do the ancient poets represent her but that of a beautiful woman, fond of gaiety and devoted to pleasure? According to the showing of her most devout worshippers, the only supremacy for which she was fit, was that of being Queen in the Paradise of Coquettes.

The room in which this statue is kept is called the Tribune, and contains the choicest pieces in the Gallery both in sculpture and painting. It is a small octagonal saloon, only about twenty-one feet in diameter, but the works collected within it would of themselves richly repay the trouble of a voyage across the Atlantic. Here are the young Apollo, that model of graceful manly beauty; the Scythian Spy, so true to nature and so full of expression; the Wrestlers, conceived with so much force and executed with equal felicity; and the Faun, that breathing personification of lightness and gaiety. All these are deservedly ranked among the master-pieces of ancient sculpture. The last is supposed by many to be from the chisel of Praxitles. The head and arms have been restored by Michael Angelo in a style so like the original that few would ever suspect that the whole statue was not ancient.

In the Tribune are also collected many of the *chefs d'œuvres* of the greatest masters in the art of painting—Guercino, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Andreo del Sarto, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caraccio, Vandyke, Corregio, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and last and greatest of them all, Raphael. What a brilliant catalogue of names! And the productions brought together in this *sanctum sanctorum* of the arts are such as fully to sustain the high reputation they enjoy. Who could satiate himself with gazing on such pictures as the two Venuses of Titian, the Samian Sybil and Sleeping Endymion of Guercino, the Hercules between Vice and Virtue of Rubens, and the glorious portraits of Pope Julius the Second and Fornarina of Raphael? "We take no note of time" in such a place. So at least it was with me; for a considerable part of the day had stolen away

before I could tear myself from the enchantment of so much beauty.

I paid several other visits to the Gallery, and gave a passing glance to most of the curiosities and works of art which it embraces, but had not time to examine many of them with that attention which they deserved. Madame de Staël says that a person might spend days in the Gallery without understanding it: she might have said *weeks*—such is the number of curious and precious monuments collected within its walls. The Group of Niobe and her Children was every way equal to my expectation. The head of the Dying Alexander also merits all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. These are among the very small number of those statues that have survived the desolations of time, in which the ancients have attempted to express strong emotions. They generally limited their labours to the expression of the more light and graceful sentiments of the heart; but enough remains to show that they had equal power in delineating those stormy and violent emotions, which sometimes agitate the soul, and make it like the troubled ocean "when it cannot rest." In the group of the Niobe, the mother is undoubtedly the most striking figure—that which is conceived and executed with most force and justness. Her form possesses a majesty and grace which a goddess might envy; and her attitude is natural, dignified and commanding. But the highest merit of the conception and execution does not consist in this. The mingled expression of maternal tenderness and anguish portrayed in her countenance, as she throws her drappery around the little daughter who flies to her for protection, and lifts her eyes to heaven, not in hope, but in the vacant wildness of despair, is so true to nature that no one can behold her for the first time without an involuntary shudder—a feeling of deep and painful sympathy in her sufferings. The other figures in the group, though displaying great power and justness of conception and great force and beauty of execution, are all inferior to Niobe. I am afraid, indeed, that the attitudes of most of them cannot plead exemption

m the charge of being a little too stiff and theatrical; : the expression given to their countenances is inimi-le. Nothing could be more justly or happily con-ved. From the suddenness of the onset, all power of ought seems to be suspended, and a feeling of utter sternation and involuntary reliance upon a mother's otection, is the only one expressed. The difference expression in the mother and her daughters is most t and striking. While her feelings are evidently not s deep and heart-rending than theirs, she still pre-ves a majestic loftiness of mien and an instinctive ndeur of sentiment in the midst of her bitterest griefs; : they abandon themselves without reserve to all the olent emotions which the suddenness and weight of eir calamity naturally inspire.

The collections of ancient and modern bronzes in the lery are very full, and contain some works of rare lue. The arrangement of the paintings according to : schools to which they respectively belong is a very ppy one. It enables persons not much accustomed to amine works of this kind soon to distinguish the great aracteristics of style which belong to each of the dif-ent schools in this department of the fine arts. The llection of gems and precious stones is above all price. ere is not probably such another in the world. The ecimens are exceedingly numerous, and many of them valuable, not less on account of the beauty with which ey are wrought, than of the richness of the materials which the artists have displayed their skill. There : among them a vast number of entire figures, heads, s-reliefs and vases, wrought from gems and *pietre re*, many of them mounted in massy gold, enamelled, d enriched with diamonds, pearls, garnets, and other ecious stones. Works in jasper, rock crystal, lapis-uli, hyacinth, agate, sardonyx, amethyst, pearl, eme-d, onyx, &c. meet the eye in whatever direction it is ned. The apartment which contains this precious llection is also not undeserving of note. It is a small om in the form of a tribune, ornamented with four su-rb columns of Oriental alabaster and four of rock

crystal, each about seven feet in height. It is surroun ed by six small cabinets, which are supported by eig beautiful little columns of agate of Sienna and eight rock crystal, embellished with garnets, topazes, &c. the centre of the apartment there is a table of *pie dure*, of exquisite workmanship, in which is represent the Port of Leghorn.

I have already said that there are in the corridor distinct classes of works. These are busts of the Rom Emperors and persons belonging to the Imperial famil sarcophagi; statues; portraits of illustrious men; oth paintings in oil; and paintings in fresco over he Each series commences at the entrance, and the first fect on entering and beholding such a confused asse blage of objects, is amazement rather than delight. T collection of Imperial busts is very extensive, and t person who has time to study them, is undoubtedly t most interesting class of works which the gallery e braces. Next in interest to the busts is the collection ancient and modern statues. Of the ancient statues, t most beautiful are a Venus Genetrix, a Cupid, a B chus leaning upon a Faun, a Love and Psyche, and young Mercury. At one extremity of the corridor th is a copy of the Laocoon, executed by Baccio Ben nelli. It is said to be an excellent one; but whate merit it may possess as a copy, it is certainly a f piece of sculpture. The paintings in the corridor are generally works of very high merit. They are arrang chronologically with the design of showing the progr of the art from its revival to the present day.

Before taking leave of the Gallery, I cannot but press my gratification at the manner in which it is n naged. Men of talent and learning are employed by t Government to show to strangers the various objects curiosity which it contains, and they are not allowed accept of the slightest gratuity for their services. It always open to artists, who are liberally furnished w every facility, for making copies of whatever wo they please.

The palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, still called, from the name of its original proprietor, the Pitti palace, is a noble pile of the Tuscan or Rustic order. Notwithstanding Bell's criticism on it, the effect of its immense front, which is about five hundred feet in length and three stories high, is, to me at least, exceedingly fine. It is true, as he states, that it is utterly destitute of ornament, but its naked and majestic simplicity is above all ornament; and as to the objection which he starts from its apparent want of support, what can be more solid or firm than a wall composed of stones, every one of which is more than twenty feet in length, and of proportionate thickness and breadth? It has but one entrance in front, which leads to a spacious court yard adorned with three beautiful fountains, a grotto and numerous statues. The court exhibits three orders of architecture, rising one above the other in the three stories of the edifice. The columns are all in *mezzo relievo*. The lower order is Doric, the middle Ionic, and the upper Corinthian. This union of orders does not add to the beauty of the effect. The apartments in the palace are very numerous, and all worthy of royalty. The collection of paintings probably exceeds, both in the number and value of the works which it embraces, that of any other monarch in Europe, and is scarcely inferior to that of the Imperial Gallery. I dare not trust myself in attempting to give a particular description of any of the *chefs d'œuvres* in this vast collection, lest I should be detained too long in a field so seductive; but will merely say that almost every apartment is crowded with the works of such masters as Raphael, Buonarroti, Titian, Guido, Rubens, Vandyke, and a host of others, who, if somewhat less distinguished than these, still challenge and receive the admiration of all the votaries of the arts. The Pitti palace is not very rich in sculpture, but it contains, in a small room appropriated exclusively to her use, the celebrated Venus of Canova. This statue is of itself a treasure. Though certainly in no way comparable to the Venus de Medicis, it is nevertheless deservedly placed among the first productions of the chisel in modern times.

This palace of the Grand Duke occupies a distinguished place in the annals of Florence. It owes its origin to a sentiment of vanity. Filippo Strozzi having, near the middle of the fifteenth century, completed a large and costly palace, boasted that there was not its equal in Florence. A rich private citizen, by the name of Luca Pitti, having heard this boast, declared that there would be one whose court yard alone would be as large as the entire palace of Strozzi, and whose windows would equal in size its largest door. The work was commenced in 1440, according to the design of Filippo di Ser Brunellescho Lapi. The Pitti family having become reduced in circumstances, Bonaccorso, great grandson of Luca, found himself under the necessity of selling the palace, which he did to Eleonora di Toledo, wife of Cosmo the First, Duke of Florence. The Duchess caused a new story to be added, and the edifice to be in other respects ornamented and improved, under the superintendence of Bartolommeo Ammannato. The *plafonds* of nearly all the apartments are adorned with allegorical fresco paintings, illustrating the exploits of the Medicean family. Cosmo removed from the Palazzo Medici to this of Pitti; and it has ever since been the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany.

The Gardens of Boboli attached to the palace of the Grand Duke are very extensive, and every way worthy of the edifice to which they belong. A minute description of them would of itself fill a long chapter. I can only say that they are laid out in the purest taste, and cannot fail to afford a rich treat to every lover of horticultural beauty.

The other palaces in Florence most deserving of attention, either on account of their architecture or the works of art which they contain, are the Palazzi Vecchio, Strozzi, Ricardi, Corsini and Mozzi. The palaces and most of the other buildings of Florence look as if they were made, as they actually were, for stormy times. The windows in the lower stories are generally fortified with iron grates, and higher up may be seen the little iron *rings from which* the different parties that divided the

city used to display their respective standards. In the desperate struggles for power between the families and adherents of the Pazzi and the Medici, in the bloody contests of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, and in the desolating civil wars to which Florence has so often been a prey, it was necessary for the citizens to make their houses not less places of defence than of residence; and hence the massive, gloomy and prison-like appearance of many of the edifices which adorn this noble city.

The square, called Piazza del Gran Duca, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, is one of the most glorious spots in Florence. When it is said that it is adorned with colossal statues, which sustain the high reputation of such sculptors as Michael Angelo, Bendinelli, Ammannato and John of Bologna, enough has been said to give the reader some idea of the air of luxurious magnificence with which it is invested.

The Academy of Fine Arts is an institution to which Florence owes much of her fame. Here were educated many of those great masters in the three arts of design—painting, sculpture and architecture—whose works have filled the measure of her glory. This Academy was so much enlarged and so modified in the principles upon which it is conducted by Leopold, that he may almost be said to be its founder. It is an immense establishment, and affords every possible facility to the students who resort there for instruction. It is provided with professors of the highest talent and respectability. The President, Benvenuti, stands at the head of living historical painters in Italy. The Academy contains a large collection of copies in chalk of ancient and modern statues and bas-reliefs. It contains also a rich assemblage of cartoons of the most celebrated artists, among which may be distinguished many of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c. Besides the numerous apartments occupied by the students, there is a hall filled with the original pieces which have obtained premiums at the triennial Concorsi, and

another containing models of all the most perfect designs in architecture. There is also a gallery of pictures, next to the collections in the Imperial Gallery and the Pitti Palace, the most extensive and valuable in Florence. The paintings here, like those in the Corridor of the Gallery, are arranged chronologically, so that commencing at the revival of the art by Cimabue, you may trace its progress through all the successive stages of improvement and retrogradation down to the present moment.

The Museum of Natural History presents a rich field to the philosopher and the man of science. It is complete in all its departments—zoology, mineralogy, botany, &c. But what makes it an object of peculiar interest and curiosity is the vast collection it contains of anatomical preparations in wax. There are, if I am not mistaken, eighteen apartments filled with these preparations. The perfection with which they imitate nature cannot fail to astonish every beholder. They are not, however, quite so public as I expected to find them. "The awful region of the anatomical preparations," says Forsythe, "which should be sacred to men of science, is open to all; and the very apartment where the gravid uterus and its processes lie unveiled, is a favourite lounge of the ladies, who criticise aloud all the mysteries of the sex." *Credat Judæus, non ego.* I will not believe that the fair Florentines are so utterly destitute of delicacy, nor that the gentlemen who have the control of this establishment are so regardless of what is due to decency. There were a few ladies in some of the other anatomical apartments, but from this they were carefully excluded. The door was kept locked, and when I entered, it was immediately fastened upon me again. Other gentlemen, I observed, were treated in the same way, and when any one wished to retire, he was obliged to rap for the keeper to come and let him out.

The churches in Florence are very numerous, and the merit of their architecture ranges through all the degrees of the architectural thermometer. Many of them also possess a strong extraneous interest from the memory of important events which have occurred within them, or from other interesting circumstances associated with their history. The Duomo is the largest church in Florence, being in every respect of about the same dimensions with that of St. Peter's in Rome. It is supposed or proved by the Florentine antiquaries to stand upon a part of the Campus Martius of the ancient Etrurians. Its prodigious dimensions, being above five hundred and fifty feet in length and more than one hundred and fifty in breadth, produce, especially when seen by moonlight in the still serenity of evening, an effect of the most solemn, elevated and pleasing character. It is, however, to be regretted that the greatness of the effect is in part destroyed by the finical intermixture of black, red, green and white marbles, with which the stupendous pile is incrusted. The first view of the interior depends for its effect almost exclusively on its vastness, as the minute decorations do not attract any portion of the spectator's attention. The windows are few, and the effect of the feeble light admitted through coloured glass, is apparently to increase the natural proportions of the building to an indefinite greatness. This happy union of vastness and obscurity, aided by the profound silence which generally reigns there, is well fitted to excite those sentiments of solemnity and awe with which the Deity ought always to be approached. It is scarcely possible to conceive, without having felt it, the effect which all these circumstances combined produce upon the mind. They subdue the feelings; they elevate the soul; they fill the imagination; they almost make you afraid to speak, lest the charm should thereby be dissolved, and the rich feast upon which the mind is feeding be annihilated with it.

The dome of this Cathedral is only seven feet less in height, and about twenty in the diameter of its base, than that of St. Peter's. It is an octagon instead of a circle, a circumstance which detracts somewhat from the unity

and beauty of its effect. It was designed by the illustrious Brunellesco, but he died before it was completed. It was, however, finished according to his original plan. Its height, from the pavement of the choir to the cross that forms the summit, is two hundred and two *braccia*. Few views can surpass in richness and interest that enjoyed by a spectator on this dome. It embraces the entire city of Florence, with its massive palaces, its marble churches and its magnificent public squares; the *Cascine*, with its shade trees, its lawns and its fountains; the Gardens of *Boboli*; the winding Arno, with its undulating valley, sprinkled with villages and covered with olive groves and vineyards; and finally, the distant heights of Fiesole, Vallombrosa and other vine-clad hills. What an enchanting assemblage of objects! and how rich and varied the associations to which they give rise!

Near one of the angles of this Cathedral stands that beautiful Campanile, which Charles the Fifth said ought to be enclosed in a case, on account of the airy elegance and grace of its architecture.

Nearly in front of the Duomo, and only a few paces distant from it, is the Baptistry, a large octagonal building, interesting chiefly for those two bronze doors, the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo said ought to be placed at the gates of Paradise. On examining these exquisite productions, Corinna—that admirable conception, in which the aspirations of genius, the longings of ambition, the fire of enthusiasm, and the power of suffering are so firmly delineated—is made to exclaim, "What patience! What respect for posterity! Yet how few persons examine with attention these gates, before which the crowd passes with distraction, with ignorance, or with contempt. Oh! how difficult it is for man to avoid oblivion! and how powerful, on the other hand, is the empire of death!"

No one who visits Florence will fail to visit also, while he is there, the Church of St. Lorenzo. It is a fine specimen of architecture of the Corinthian order, designed by Brunellesco; but its highest interest arises from the circumstance that it contains the master pro-

ductions of Buonarroti in sculpture, and also that in the *Canonica* attached to it is the famous Laurentian Library. Of the latter I shall speak hereafter: the former are in the New Sacristy, otherwise called *La Capella dei Depositi.* In this chapel there are no less than seven statues of that great master, who excelled all other artists in painting and architecture, and himself in sculpture. These are Lorenzo and Julian de Medicis, Day and Night, Morning and Twilight, and a Madonna with the Infant Jesus. Though several of these are left unfinished, one may still see in them all the power, sublimity and beauty of his genius. The Lorenzo is the sublimest conception that was ever embodied. That of the Apollo Belvidere may have more majesty;—more forcible it cannot be. The Duke is represented in the act of meditating vengeance for the assassination of his brother Julian. His left elbow rests upon his knee, and he is leaning his chin upon his left hand. His helmet is thrown up from his face, and reveals a countenance, in which the workings of a soul profoundly agitated, and the vast power of a superior intellect, when all its energies are concentrated, are expressed with an accuracy and force which set rivalry at defiance. It is the triumph of genius in the delineation of passion and thought. This statue has justly been denominated *Il Pensiero.* The Thought—of Michael Angelo. The outlines of the Madonna is only roughly chiselled, but the *Bambino*—which she holds in her arms, is finished in a style which shows that the genius of Buonarroti was as elegant as it was sublime. It expresses with inimitable effect the sweetness, purity, delicacy, and all the lovely graces of infancy.

The church of Santa Croce, although the last which I shall notice particularly, was not the last that attracted my attention. It is the most interesting of all the churches of Florence, on account of the brilliant assemblage of dead, entombed within its walls;—an assemblage surpassed by no other in the world, and equalled by none, except perhaps that in Westminter Abbey. It was in *walking through* this church, and particularly in

contemplating the tomb of Michael Angelo, that Alfieri first felt the desire of glory, and resolved to enter the lists as a competitor for a fame, which should inscribe his name among the most brilliant of those to whose memories he beheld so many splendid mausoleums. It was a bold design, but the result showed that he did not over-rate his genius. His own sepulchre now occupies a place between those of Buonarroti and Machiavelli, company to which the vast powers of intellect displayed in his works fully entitle him. There can be no question that the monuments reared to the memory of the illustrious dead are calculated to inspire the living with a desire of emulating their virtues and rivalling their celebrity. It was in conformity with this belief that Rome lined the Appian Way with the tombs of her most distinguished citizens.

Near the entrance of this church are the monuments of Michael Angelo and Galileo (the one on your right and the other on your left,) each equal to the other in the interest which they excite, but differing widely in the merit of their execution. Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and died the day Sir Isaac Newton was born, a succession of births equally singular and interesting. This venerable philosopher, for the sublime discoveries which he had made and published to the world, was for many years confined to the dungeons of the Vatican, and was finally released from his imprisonment on the humiliating condition that he should abjure upon his knees the system he had taught, solemnly protesting before Heaven that he believed its tendency was to subvert social order, to propagate pernicious heresies, and to disseminate principles repudiated by a sound philosophy. Who can figure to himself the grey-haired old man, in the presence of mitred ignorance and bigotry, voluntarily submitting to this perjured act of self-abasement for the sake of adding a few miserable years to his existence, without a feeling of mortification at the infirmities, which cling even to the loftiest natures? But had he, on the contrary, suffered as a martyr to his *philosophy*, and mounted the scaffold, or been bound to

the stake, declaring his firm conviction of the truth of all his doctrines, and uttering the bold prediction that their triumph would one day be complete and universal, it would have afforded one of the sublimest moral spectacles the world ever beheld. Galileo returned to his own Florence, but not to pass the remnant of his days there in quietude and happiness. He was banished through the influence of the Medicean family. The Medici, it is true, patronized the arts and embellished their native city with palaces, statues, and pictures, but time can never obliterate the memory of their ungenerous conduct towards the father of modern astronomy, nor wash out the stain which it has left upon their reputation. But exile could not alienate his affections from the land that had given him birth. Like Demosthenes banished to the island of Poros, who still sighed for the air of his native Athens, he cast his last look towards the city of his idolatry—the Athens of modern times—and expired. The world has since united to do homage to his memory, but he, to whom this tribute would have been sweet, had it been paid when justly due, no longer lives to enjoy it. The voice of fame, though borne upon the four winds to every corner of the globe, is too feeble to penetrate the marble which enshrines the ashes of him, who was rewarded with imprisonment and exile for the discovery of the most glorious truths, and who died in sadness and disgrace, after having devoted a long life to the service of mankind.

Machiavelli, Leonardo Aretino, Filicaja, the Countess of Albany, and many other distinguished personages have also been buried in this church. There is a monument to the memory of Dante, notwithstanding the inhabitants of the little town where he died in exile, though long and earnestly solicited to do so, have hitherto refused to give up his remains. Eustace might have spared his illiberal sneer at the memory of Boccaccio, as his "impure dust" has never polluted this illustrious burial-place. I am not about to write a defence of the Decameron, for no man can deplore more sincerely than I do its immoral character; but this licentiousness is, in my opinion,

less chargeable to the individual depravity of the author, than to that of the age in which he wrote. Nothing could render this more certain to my mind than the very design of the work, as set forth by Boccaccio himself in the preface; which was to furnish amusement to ladies in their idle hours. But Boccaccio has other claims to our respect. It is to him that we are mainly indebted for the cultivation in modern times of the ancient Greek literature. On this subject I quote the language of a distinguished Italian historian—Carlo Botta. "But," says he, "as a reformer of the age, singular gratitude is due to him for having discovered various Greek manuscripts, and for having called the attention of his countrymen to the language and literature of Greece. He it is who, tearing in sunder the veil of ignorance, caused to shine upon our astonished eyes the beautiful forms of that nation, the generous and beneficent teacher of the human race. * * * * The true benefactors of the human species are Dante, Petrarch, and BOCCACCIO."

Highly as Florence is distinguished for the works of art which adorn its galleries, palaces and public places, it is scacely less so for the number and value of its public libraries. The principal of these are the Maglibechian, the Ricardian and the Laurentian. The first is the most extensive, comprising one hundred and eighty thousand printed volumes, and ten thousand in manuscript. In such a vast collection of books there must of course be a great deal of trash, but intermixed with this is most that is valuable in all the languages of ancient and modern times. Besides many manuscripts of inestimable worth, this library boasts the possession of the first book that was ever printed. It is a theological treatise by one William Duranto, entitled *Rationalia Divini Officii*, and was printed by Faust himself in 1459. The typographical execution has not of course any of the neatness of modern printing, but it is far less rude than I should have expected to find it.

The Ricardian Library is kept in the Palazzo Ricardi, and contains twenty-five thousand printed, and *three thousand* five hundred manuscript volumes. Al-

though its proprietor is a private gentleman, he generously permits the public to enjoy the benefit of using it three days in the week. In the collection of manuscripts, those of greatest rarity and value are a copy of Pliny's Natural History, of the ninth century, a Pausanius and a Dante of the thirteenth, and a Virgil of the fifteenth.

The Laurentian Library is kept in a large hall in the *Canonica* of the church of S. Lorenzo. It consists exclusively of manuscripts. This collection was commenced by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and has since been so enriched by his descendants, that it is now the most rare and precious to be met with in any part of the world. The whole number of works amounts to nine thousand. Among them I had the pleasure of seeing the famous copy of the Virgil of the third century, so many times lost and recovered, but now, it is to be hoped, restored never again to be removed; and that, scarcely less celebrated, of the Pandects of Justinian, made during the reign of that Emperor. These are both kept in small mahogany cases, with glass lids, and no one is ever allowed to touch them. This library is enriched with various copies of the Bible in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, a Geography, of the fourteenth century, according to the system of Ptolemy, a Dante of the fourteenth century, &c. Original copies of many of the letters of Petrarch, of the Decameron of Boccaccio, and of the Tragedies of Alfieri, will not, by the intelligent visiter, be regarded as among the least valuable and curious parts of the collection. All these works are chained to the benches on which they stand. Their fetters at first strike one unpleasantly, as they seem to indicate an illiberal spirit on the part of the Government; but the precaution is easily forgiven, when it is considered how many times this hall has been rifled of some of its most precious deposits. The illuminations of many of the manuscripts in this collection are most splendid, and the penmanship can scarcely be distinguished from copper-plate. Among the curiosities in this hall, I should not omit to mention the forefinger of the right hand of Galileo, piously preserved in a small glass case.

In enumerating the libraries of Florence, that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in the Pitti Palace, ought not to be passed over in silence. It is a collection consisting of fifty-four thousand printed volumes, besides about fifteen hundred in manuscript.

The last place I visited in Florence, is one which I would not have missed of seeing for the world—the house of Michael Angelo. It has only four apartments besides the vestibule, all of which are numbered and named. The first, called *la Galleria*, contains twenty-five oil and six *chiaro scuro* paintings, each of which represents some chapter in his life, or some quality of his genius. On the side of the room facing the street, is a statue of the artist, said to be an excellent likeness, with two others, emblematical of his character, representing Life in the two states of contemplation and activity. The second apartment was his bed chamber, and is known by the name of *la stanza di giorno e di notte*. It is adorned with family paintings in oil and fresco, and hung with cartoons that display all the force and originality of the genius of their author. The third room is denominated *la stanza degli Angioli*, and was used as a chapel. Its walls are hung with portraits of all the Saints and *Beati* of Florence. What it contains of greatest value are two beautifully executed Madonnas in bass-relief, one of marble and the other of bronze, by Michael Angelo. But the last and most interesting of all the apartments is *lo studio*, where, questionless, many of those gigantic and glorious conceptions were originated, which have gained for their author an immortality, such as no other human being has ever enjoyed. This room is decorated with portraits of all the distinguished men that Florence has produced, who seem assembled there to do homage to the name of him who excelled them all. Here are preserved two plain walking-sticks which he used in his old age, together with many of the implements and materials—such as brushes, chisels, oils, *&c.—with* which he laboured in his several professions.

On the evening of the thirtieth of July, I bade a reluctant adieu to Florence, having remained there only four days, a period sufficient, indeed, to enable me to get a general idea of the place, and to examine hastily the *élite* of the works of art with which it is embellished, but not long enough to *satisfy* either the eye or the mind. Those who travel on board of a man of war must often be content to see things as they can—not as they would. I arrived in Leghorn on the following morning, without any occurrences by the way worthy of note, except some impositions practised upon me by the *buona manu* gentry—that "thorn in the flesh" to all who travel in Italy.

On my arrival in Leghorn, my mind was so full of Florence and its glorious monuments, that I felt little curiosity to see it. Indeed, there is little to be seen there. When the stranger has visited the tombs of Tobias Smollet and Francis Horner in the English Cemetery, and examined the four African slaves on the Darsena by Pietro Tacca, *c'est fini.* Leghorn is a busy, bustling, commercial place, with few attractions for the man of taste or pleasure. Sea-bathing and alabaster ornaments may be had there in any quantities.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Clarke has well and truly observed that "the consciousness to a traveller of the many interesting things he cannot see, often counterbalances the satisfaction derived from the views of objects he has been permitted to contemplate." Every one who has ever travelled much, must frequently have been sensible of this feeling. We had bitter experience of it in our cruise on the coast of Italy. It was the expectation of all on board to proceed from Leghorn to Civitá Vecchia, a seaport in the Romagna near the mouth of the Tiber, whence we should have had an opportunity of visiting the Eternal City; but our money—that glittering dross so essential in travelling—gave out. The captain tried to negotiate a bill of exchange, but could not do so on such terms as he felt authorized to propose. The consequence was that, instead of getting under weigh for the Roman port, we sailed on the fifth of August for Naples, where we arrived five days afterwards. We were one day becalmed between the islands of Corsica and Elba, places whose external scenery had no particular attractions, as far as we saw it, but which it was impossible to behold without a strong interest—an interest for which they were indebted to the genius and misfortune of Napoleon.

We entered the Bay of Naples about dusk with a light breeze, which soon died away to a dead calm, and we were obliged to get out our boats and tow. Our first view of Naples and its enchanting Bay, it will thus be seen, was by night; and the effect was probably finer than it would have been by day, owing to the play which obscurity gave to the imagination. The city stands near the head of the Bay, on your left as you proceed up it. The Chiaia, or Royal Gardens, extending for a considerable distance along the coast, and not distinguishable at

that hour from the rest of the city, gave it the appearance of being illuminated as on some gala occasion. Vesuvius was before us, towering in dark and solemn grandeur, and throwing up at short intervals sheets of flame and volumes of smoke. The firmament, with its countless stars reflected from the glassy mirror beneath us, looked like the inner surface of a vast hollow globe, set with thousands of the purest brilliants. The city, the volcano, the romantic scenery of the Bay, dimly seen by the rays of the crescent moon, the serene brilliancy of the heavens, the stillness of the water, the silence of the hour, unbroken except by the regular plashing of the oars and a few mellowed sounds that reached us from the shore,—all contributed to render the scene solemn, sublime and impressive. But if the view by night was glorious, that which the following morning revealed to our eyes, was not less so. The Bay of Naples has long been celebrated for its beauty, but the reader must have seen so many descriptions of it, that I may be spared the trouble of adding another to the number. Some of its principal and most captivating features are its majestic and semicircular sweep, the islands of Ischia and Capri at its entrance, Vesuvius, and the beautiful capital which sits like a queen upon a portion of its coast.

We were twice at Naples, having returned there a second time in the month of September following, for the purpose of carrying Major Lee and his lady to that city. The whole time that we spent there, including ten days of quarantine, was nearly two months. Without designing to give any thing like a full description of the city or its curiosities, and without any particular reference to dates, I shall merely throw out a few cursory remarks, the partial result of my observations at both these visits.

Naples contains nearly half a million of inhabitants. In size and population it is the third city of Christian Europe. In some respects it has stronger claims to the attention of the intelligent traveller than any other in

Italy. Inferior to Florence in works of art, to Rome in the grandeur of its ancient remains, and to Genoa and Venice in the number and richness of its palaces, it is more interesting than either of them on account of its vast collection of those antiquities, which give an insight into the manners, domestic economy and private character of the ancients.

A gentleman in Florence, in drawing a comparison between his own city and that of Naples, said to me, *Firenze starebbe bene á Napoli.* No one who has seen both these places can fail to acknowledge the truth of this remark. Naples enjoys the advantage of a finer situation and a finer climate than Florence, but in every thing else, in its churches, palaces, public squares, fountains, promenades, &c., it is certainly inferior to that city. Its streets are generally narrow, winding and filthy; and its houses, though usually much higher and not less solid, have a less majestic appearance. Every window in the city has an iron balcony in front of it. But Naples is far from being a mean looking city. *La Strada Toledo, Santa Lucia, the Chiaia,* and the delicious promenade along the coast called *Mergellina,* are enough to entitle any city to the epithet of *magnificent.* The *coup d'œil* presented by Toledo street is indeed one of the finest and most stirring that can be imagined. Two continuous streams of carriages are constantly passing in opposite directions, while the crowds of pedestrians are like two strong currents struggling against each other, and forming by their opposite action innumerable eddies. The buildings too on this street are more stately than in any other part of the city, and the pavement is almost as smooth as that of a church, being composed of huge blocks of lava, cut in the shape of diamonds. It has more of the busy, bustling, tumultuous appearance, which the principal street of a large metropolis ought to present, than any other I have ever seen. The Neapolitans talk louder than any other people in the world. This is no doubt in part to be attributed to the *necessity* of speaking very loud in the streets in order to make themselves *heard. The habit* of loud conversation, thus acquired,

is carried out in all their intercourse with each other. Every bargain made by a shopkeeper with a customer you would think was a pitched battle between them. They are remarkable too for their gesticulation. The ancient Romans could scarcely have outdone them in this respect. If a Neapolitan wishes to tell his neighbour he is a jackass, he has only to shut his hands, cross his wrists, and stick up his thumbs, and the business is done. So extensive is their language of signs, that an intelligent ecclesiastic, the superintendent of the public library in the Studii, informed me he was engaged in the composition of a dictionary of them.

But not only does the *Strada Toledo* exhibit the lively aspect above described;—every part of the city has the appearance of a gay, luxurious, busy capital. All the public places are filled with carriages, and you cannot step out of doors without having the cry of—*volete carrozza? volete carrozza? volete carrozza?*—rung in your ears from a score of discordant voices. If you make a bargain before hand, you can generally procure a coach on the most reasonable terms; but if you omit this precaution, no matter how liberally you reward the coachman, it is ten to one that he does not, on receiving the money you offer him, give you a look of ineffable surprise, and exclaim, *questo mi date? miserabile, signore!** A Neapolitan related to me a pleasant anecdote, in illustration of this trait in the character of this class of his countrymen. A young Englishman, fresh from the straight forward honesty of his own country, arrived in Naples and took lodgings in the same house with an old acquaintance of his, who had been some time in Italy. The next morning the new-comer had occasion for a carriage to go about half a mile. "Now," said his friend, "I'll bet you five pounds that if you offer that fellow a crown when you get out of the coach, he 'll grumble at your illiberality." The wager was accepted and lost. But whether you arrange the price you are to pay to these coachmen or not previous to employing them, after

* *What! do you give me only this pittance?*

you have paid them all you intend to, and all they demand in the way of *pay*, they will still *beg* a gratuity of you to drink your health. This disposition to get as much out of you as possible, is observable in all the shop-dealing in Italy; but I remarked it more in Naples than any where else. Forsythe has said truly that Italian shopkeepers reckon only downwards. You go to one of them and demand the price of an article. He tells you the *last price* is twenty dollars.—You reply that you can't give him half of it.—"You may have it for eighteen."—"No."—"Well, what will you give?"—"Eight dollars."—"Impossible to sell for that; but let us say sixteen."—"No, I'll give you ten, and not one farthing more."—"Fifteen is a fair price; take it at that."—At length you find that you have no chance of bringing him to your price while you remain, and you start off. He lets you go till you get nearly out of hearing, and then closes the farce by bawling out to you, *Eh! Signor, prendetelo a dieci*—["take it, sir, at ten dollars."]

The other places which I mentioned as forming the distinctive features of Naples, and entitling it to the epithet of a magnificent city,—viz. S. Lucia, the Chiaia, commonly called the Villa Reale, and the Mergellina,—all lie along the margin of the Bay. The Royal Villa, though not comparable to the Cascine at Florence in any thing except the sculpture which adorns it, is nevertheless a delightful place. Its situation is the most enchanting that could be imagined, being at the foot of Pausilipo, and on the bank of the most beautiful bay in the world. A band of music is stationed there every Sunday evening for the diversion of the gay crowds who resort there to amuse themselves. The Sabbath in Catholic countries is the great day for amusements, and hence the public walks, the theatres, and all the resorts of fashion, gaiety and frivolity are on that day filled to overflowing.

Not far beyond the Royal Gardens is the entrance to the Grotto of Pausilipo, cut through the hill of the same name. Whether this grotto was excavated for the purpose of obtaining building materials, or in honour of some ancient divinity, or, as is perhaps more probable, to facilitate the communication between Naples and Puteoli, is a question which I leave to professed antiquarians. The grotto is nearly a third of a mile in length, about forty feet in height, and wide enough for two carriages to pass each other without inconvenience. There is an aperture near the centre, but it does not let in light enough to render lamps unnecessary. I rode through it, but I found it so damp and dark and disagreeable that I was glad to issue forth again into the fresh air.

Pausilipo is a Greek term signifying *repose from sadness*, and is happily applied to this hill as descriptive of its delightful situation and enchanting scenery. On its slope, and overlooking the most beautiful water scenery in the world, Lucullus and other rich Romans erected villas, in the decoration of which opulence lavished her resources, and art exhausted her ingenuity.

Not far from the Grotto of Pausilipo is a spot which has attracted the homage of the world, and which has occasioned more raptures, feigned or felt, than any other on the globe,—the Tomb of Virgil. It stands in the midst of a vineyard, about an eighth of a mile from the beach. Nothing remains at present but a small square building, flat-roofed, but vaulted within, with two modern windows. It is entirely destitute of ornaments of every kind. On a marble slab in an adjoining wall are the two lines commonly considered apocryphal:

> "Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuère, tenet nunc
> Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces."

I shall not here repeat the arguments *pro* and *con* in regard to the question whether this be the real sepulchre of Virgil or not, but will merely state that my own opinion, from all I have read on the question, inclines to those who maintain the affirmative. Those who have leisure and inclination to look into this subject, may con

sult Cluverius, Eustace, Forsythe, &c. But whether this be the real tomb or not, it is just such a place as Virgil ought to have been buried in ;—in the midst of such scenes as we may suppose he loved to contemplate,—scenes from which his kindling spirit drank in the true inspirations of poetry, and gathered strength for its glorious flights. Petrarch planted a laurel over the tomb of Virgil, the most appropriate honour he could have rendered to the shade of the poet of his idolatry; but, thanks to the unprincipled rapacity of visiters, not a trace of it now remains. But an aged ilex still overshadows the tomb, a luxuriant mantle of ivy covers its walls, and green scented shrubbery perfumes the breezes that sigh over the ashes of the Mantuan Swain.

I looked into most of the churches of Naples, but they are generally finished in worse taste than those in any other part of Italy. Gold leaf has been stuck on wherever there was a surface to receive it, and ornaments of this and every other description are crowded together with little regard to purity of design or harmony of effect. Some of them, however, contain works in sculpture and painting of great merit. The little chapel of S. Severo, owned by the Sangro family, boasts three of the rarest and most valuable statues in Naples. The first that meets your eye on entering is Vice Undeceived—a most singular production. Vice is represented under the figure of a man caught in a net, which he has broken, and from which, aided by the Genius of Good Sense, who stands by his side, he is struggling to extricate himself. The man and net are both carved from one block of marble, but the net is so fine that it is impossible to conceive how it could ever have been done. The patience with which the artist must have laboured is really astonishing. He was seven years in completing his work. This statue is chiefly remarkable for the originality of the design and the difficulty of the execution.

Nearly opposite this is another of a very different character, and of much higher merit. It is a representation of Modesty under the emblem of a very beautiful woman, covered with a light veil. The illusion of the

veil is perfect. You seem to behold the form and features of the lady through the thinnest gauze imaginable, and you cannot but be charmed with the sweet and softened and retiring expression, which the sculptor has imparted to the marble, and which appears to be half concealed by the airy robe in which he has clothed his highly poetical conception.

But the master-piece of this chapel is a Dead Christ upon a cushion, with a crown of thorns lying at his feet. It is a work of the same class with that just described, designed by the same artist, Corradino, but finished after his death by Giuseppe San Martino. The form and features, though human, are such as you might suppose ennobled by the residence of Divinity within; and the knowledge of anatomy displayed in the whole statue, but especially in the feet, is scarcely inferior to that exhibited in the works of Michael Angelo. Like Modesty, the Saviour is robed in a light veil, and the expression still lingering upon his countenance, so sweet, so tranquil and so dignified, is that which you feel to be most appropriate to the Son of God, sleeping the sleep of death. I could easily forgive the devotion of a simple-hearted peasant, who entered the church while I was there, and kneeling kissed this beautiful image of his Master.

Canova was so charmed with this statue that he offered for it to the present representative of the Sangro family—a family once very opulent but now in reduced circumstances—the weight of the whole mass in silver. The king, however, uttered his *veto*, and the poor man was obliged to keep his statue, and go without bread. What could the Sultan have done more? The despot was proud to have such a piece of sculpture in his capital, and yet unwilling to pay for it.

Between the churches of this country and those of Italy there is of course no comparison. There they are palaces in which every manner of decoration is lavished without regard to expense, and often with as little regard to good taste. The riches of the clergy, particularly in Naples, are beyond those of royalty itself, and it is

only in the erection of costly and magnificent temples that they can make a display of these immense treasures. But to what purpose all this ostentation? To me, be it prejudice or be it reason, the temples of my own beloved land, in their unadorned simplicity, appear more appropriate to the worship of the heart-searching God, than those splendid edifices consecrated to his service in Catholic countries, in whose erection and decoration millions have been expended. We have at least the satisfaction to know that our churches are in no case built upon the oppression of the people, while it is equally certain that a considerable portion of the money that purchases the gold, the frescoes and the marbles, which adorn the temples of Italy, is forced from the pocket of the poor man, who esteems himself happy if the sweat of his brow can procure for himself and his family coarse fare, coarse raiment, and a miserable hovel to shelter them from the summer's heat and the winter's cold.

There are numerous convents in Naples. Some of them are rich, and some supported by charity, but all occupy the most delightful situations in the city. I dined one day at a convent of long-bearded Capuchins. For my invitation I was indebted to a visit I paid there in company with Luigi Firrao and Luigi Marinese, two Roman gentlemen attached to the Papal Court, with whom I accidentally became acquainted on board of our ship. I spent much of my time with them during our stay in Naples, and found them two of the most accomplished gentlemen that I met with during my absence. One of them particularly spoke

> ——"the Tuscan Syren tongue,
> That music in itself, whose sounds are song."

with a purity, a sweetness, and an elegance, which made me think there was some propriety in the old adage, *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.* One who has never heard the Italian well spoken by natives, can form no idea of the effect produced by its rich and silver tones. I have sometimes found myself obliged to ask for the

repetition of a sentence, not because it was not perfectly intelligible, but because, charmed with its music, I had neglected to attend to its meaning.

We dined at twelve o'clock, for as the monks have forsaken the world, they must of course despise its fashions. Dinner was served in a small oblong cell, furnished in the plainest manner. The table was covered with a very coarse linen cloth, perfectly white, and the napkins were of the same material. It was served exclusively by younger monks, who showed the utmost deference and respect for their superiors. The dinner was plain, but so unmercifully abundant that, being obliged to eat a little of each course, I was stuffed like a sausage. I made an apology for retiring soon after dinner, and bid them adieu, protesting in my heart against ever dining with monks again. Yet I never was treated with a hospitality and politeness which appeared to proceed more directly from the heart than theirs. The excess of their attentions was the only thing of which I had any reason to complain. They gave me a pressing invitation to make their convent my home during my stay in Naples.

A few days after, I had a visit from my monkish friends on board the ship. None of them had been on board of a man of war before, and they seemed perfectly amazed and delighted with the neatness and order prevailing there. Noticing a book on each of the mess-chests on the berth deck, one of them asked me what books those were? I told him they were Bibles. "And do your sailors all know how to read?" he inquired with a good deal of apparent surprise. "Nearly all of them," I replied. *Che piacere!* he exclaimed, turning to his companions, *ma in Napoli non é cosi.**

Few of the palaces of Naples ever attract the attention of strangers. The only one I thought it worth while to visit was that of the king. This I did in company with the surgeon and purser of our ship. A ticket of admis-

* *How delightful!* but in Naples it is not so."

sion, signed by the king's steward, is generally required, but a dollar slipped into the hand of the servant enabled us to dispense with that formality. As the royal family was absent, we were admitted into all the apartments, not excepting the bed chambers of the king and queen, and of the princes and princesses. They are finished with an elegance and splendour, such as we may suppose royalty loves to contemplate. The saloon containing the throne, though less glittering and gorgeous than that in the Serra palace at Genoa, is in a style of rich simplicity, to me far more agreeable. The throne itself is as splendid as gold and the costliest of silk-damask and velvet can make it.

The collection of paintings in this palace, in proportion to its extent, is the choicest in Naples. Among the artists by whose works it is enriched, are Raphael, Annibal Caracci, M. Angelo da Caravaggio, and the Chevalier Camuccini. The two most striking pieces are by the last mentioned author. The subjects are the death of Cæsar and the death of Virginia. They are paintings which speak to the heart. The Cæsar is a glorious conception, finely embodied. The painter has chosen the moment when "burst his mighty soul" at the discovery that Brutus was among the conspirators; and the surprise and horror which that discovery occasions, seem indeed to "vanquish him."

The chapel in this palace is much celebrated for the richness of its ornaments, but as there is no dearth of such things in Italy, we merely glanced into it, and passed on to what we felt more curiosity to see,—the royal stables. These are the most interesting part of the whole establishment. They gave shelter to five hundred of the finest steeds in the kingdom, consisting of not less than a score of different breeds, each of which had a particular part of the stable appropriated to itself. A long hall was filled with the most costly and glittering caparisons, and many of the carriages were one glare of gold.

There are seven theatres in Naples. That of S. Carlo, adjoining to the royal palace, is the largest, and is generally admitted to be the most magnificent and beautiful in the world. It is capacious enough to accommodate about five thousand persons, and is finished with a splendour becoming one of the largest, gayest and most beautiful capitals in the world. On the night of the twentieth of August, it was illuminated in honour of the king's birth day. In addition to the customary lights, five candles were burning in front of every box, and the effect was most splendid and imposing. On that night the whole city was illuminated, many of the windows in the principal streets having a candle at every pane of glass, and the public places rang with the cries of *viva il re! viva il re!* such are the honours paid by the subjects of arbitrary governments,—not to the virtues of their sovereigns, but to the splendours with which they are invested. How different this hollow-hearted adoration from that spontaneous and universal burst of gratitude, with which the gallant and generous Lafayette was welcomed by the American people.

I attended a few times the little theatre of S. Carlino, frequented chiefly by the lower classes of society, but not deserted by such of the higher orders as are not averse to shaking their sides now and then by a hearty laugh. Here Puncinello, that admirable caricature—or rather personification—of the Neapolitan character, showers his graces like rain on the thirsting audience. The broad comic which distinguishes the Merry Wives of Windsor is all the rage in this theatre. The acting one sees there would, among us, be considered the most abominable affectation in the world; but in Naples it is natural to the life:—so different are the modes of intercourse in different countries.

The *Academa degli Studii* is a vast establishment, containing most that is valuable in Naples both in Antiquities and the Fine Arts. In sculpture, if we except perhaps the *Venus* de Medicis and the group of the

Niobe, it is richer than the Gallery of Florence. One half of the ground story is filled with the productions of the ancient chisel, nearly all of which were obtained either from the Palazzo Farnese at Rome, or from the excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In this collection, though it contains nothing equal to the two works above mentioned, there are a great many pieces of deservedly high celebrity—pieces on which the eye and the mind linger, as if attracted by some powerful spell, which it finds itself unable to dissolve. I am not much skilled in the technicalities of sculpture or painting, and cannot therefore discourse on statues and pictures like an artist or a connoiseur, but that is not necessary either to understand or enjoy the beauties of a fine production of the chisel or pencil. Both arts are an imitation of nature, and even the uninitiated may, with a little practice, learn to judge whether or not nature be well imitated. At least, my only mode of judging of the excellence of works of this kind, is by the effect they produce upon my own mind, according to the rule just laid down; and the reader is at liberty to make any deductions from the weight of my opinions on this account that he pleases.

Among the pieces in this collection which I felt most curiosity to see, was the Farnesian Hercules, a giant in the attitude of repose. The chief merit of this statue consists in its wonderful developement of the muscles. It was the author's design to represent bodily strength, and surely no artist ever made a nearer approach to perfection in this respect than Glycon. True, the muscles are not in a state of tension, an objection sometimes made to the statue, but in those prodigious muscular swells with which his whole frame is covered, the brawny demi-god shows what he could do, if roused to the exertion of his power. Almost the only impression, certainly the only strong impression, left upon the mind of a spectator who beholds this statue, is that he has seen the strongest man that ever lived. But how weak, how tame are the feelings which any mere bodily state or *quality excites,* compared with those deep emotions that

we feel in the contemplation of the enjoyments, the sufferings and the properties of the mind! In viewing the Hercules, we are amazed at the strength of body it expresses, but in beholding Niobe and her Children, it is their mental agony that penetrates our soul, and awakens its deepest sympathies. The burning arrows that cover their bodies, almost escape our notice, in the contemplation of that unutterable horror and despair with which the infliction of Latona's vengeance fills them, and which appear the more terrible, from the high exultation to which they have succeeded.

The Farnesian Bull, so mangled by restorations that it is scarcely possible to tell what parts are ancient and what modern, occupies a place in the same apartment with the Hercules. It is the pride of the Neapolitans and a master-piece in the art of sculpture; not the least interesting perhaps from the circumstance that so many artists have been employed on it, and yet that the whole is executed in a style so unique that it might easily be taken for the production of a single chisel. The Flora may be all that connoisseurs make it: it would be presumptuous in me to dispute their authority; but it did not strike me as I expected it would. The drapery is most admired, and most deserving of admiration; but the colossal size of the statue, and the heaviness almost necessarily resulting from such unnatural dimensions, were in conflict with all those ideas of delicacy and loveliness, inseparable, in my mind, from female beauty. The Callipigian Venus, a most lovely and fascinating creature, is considered by some as no mean rival to the Florentine Goddess. The art of the sculptor has imparted to the marble the appearance of the most delicate transparent flesh,—an appearance that gives to the statue a charm which it is impossible to describe. And here I cannot help observing how poor an idea the best casts of all the master productions of the chisel give of the originals. The size, the proportions, the minutest swells and indentures on the surface of the statue, may be perfectly copied and preserved, but the expression, the soul, the indescribable fascination which diffuses its delicious

influence through the mind in contemplating the original, all disappear, or are but dimly seen and feebly felt, in the copy. The Venus Genetrix is also another divine production. Her hands are models of delicate symmetry. The collection of statuary in the Studii abounds in Venuses. One apartment is appropriated almost exclusively to their residence. The two equestrian statues of the Balbi family, found at Herculaneum, are justly admired. The horses are executed with great truth and spirit, and do not belie the fame for beauty enjoyed by that noble animal.

But of all the statues that deserve the epithet "speaking," that of Aristides is certainly the first. Canova was so charmed with it that he marked the three points of view from which it is seen to most advantage; but seen from any point, it is always a statue that "speaks." How much more forcibly is the mind touched by that noble expression of candour and dignity and firmness, with which the genius of the sculptor has animated the Aristides, than it is by that developement of the muscular system, perfect though it be, which we admire in the Hercules of Glycon.

The Cabinet of Egyptian Antiquities contains many objects worthy of notice; and among others, four well-preserved mummies, several sepulchral monuments with inscriptions, a number of Egyptian idols, a quantity of papyrus, and some specimens of the money paid to Charon for ferrying the souls of the dead over the river Styx. Our *cicerone* was particular to inform us that it was a kind of money that would not pass any where else!

Besides the collections of marble statues and Egyptian antiquities on the ground floor of the Studii, there is also one of antique bronzes, surpassing, in extent and rarity every other in Italy.

On the second floor are galleries of foreign and Neapolitan paintings, but to one who has just been examining the glorious productions that enrich the galleries and palaces of Florence, they appear rather insignificant.

The library contains two hundred thousand volumes,

four thousand of which are manuscripts. The most curious of these are an original copy of the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, not improperly characterized by Forsythe as a "vile scrawl," and also an original of the philosophy of the "divine" Thomas Aquinas.

By far the most curious part of this immense collection of curiosities remains yet to be spoken of. I refer to the antiquities from Herculaneum, Pompeii and Nola. There is a long suite of apartments, literally crowded with these antiquities, and as you wander through them, the ages that have rolled away since the time of the old Romans, seem to be annihilated, and you almost feel as if you were mingling in the society of those stern lords of the universe. Your eyes are greeted with almost every variety of female ornaments—with carbonized eatables—kitchen utensils—household furniture—weights and measures—drinking cups—lares—sacrificatory vases—surgical instruments—dice—tickets for the theatre—ladies' dressing-boxes and combs—metallic mirrors—sepulchral urns—military armour—and a multiplicity of other objects that refuse classification, and are too numerous to specify. The paintings, though some of them possess considerable merit, particularly in strength of outline and brilliancy of colouring, are mainly interesting on account of the insight they afford into the private life and manners of the ancients. A person might spend weeks in examining and studying these remnants of by-gone ages, and still discover something new to gratify his curiosity, and something valuable to repay the labour of his researches. In viewing the pictures and other antiquities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, although considerable differences are plainly distinguishable, one is continually struck with the similarity between the customs, manners and usages of ancient and modern times. But why should they be different? The nature of man, like the great features of the physical world, is the same in all ages. The lapse of time has produced some slight changes in the surface of our globe, and accidental circumstances

modify to a certain extent human character; while the construction of the one and the elements of the other remain essentially unaltered.

The female ornaments are kept in a small room by themselves, called *la stanza d'oggetti preziosi*. They consist for the most part of gold necklaces, bracelets, eardrops and finger rings, of such clumsy workmanship that they appear to have come from the anvil of the blacksmith rather than elsewhere. The bread, flour, eggs, fruits, &c. are preserved almost in a perfect state. In a phial containing olives, the heat has extracted a few drops of the oil, which looks as pure as if it had been made but yesterday. The drinking cups, in another apartment, are of various forms and sizes, generally representing the head of some animal, and so constructed that the persons drinking were obliged to quaff off their entire contents, before they could lay them down.

In the room containing the *oggetti preziosi*, is the most beautiful Cameo in the world. It was found some years ago in Rome by a common soldier, and sold to his captain for a few crowns, who, in his turn, sold it to the Farnese family for, if I mistake not, seventy thousand. Its shape is circular, and it is about a foot in diameter. On one side of it is sculptured the head of Medusa, and on the other the marriage of the River Nile. Years must have been consumed in the execution of this beautiful work.

On our second visit to Naples, Persico, an Italian sculptor of great talents, had just finished the models of his emblematical statues of War and Peace, designed to be placed in the two niches in the eastern portico of the Capitol at Washington. The models were much praised by all the *intendenti* in Naples, and the statues, which are to be of colossal size, will, I doubt not, be well worthy of the edifice they are intended to adorn. War is represented under the figure of a man who holds a shield in his right hand, and a dagger in his left. His face is ani-

mated with an expression of courage and firmness, and his attitude is that of defence rather than defiance. But Peace was my favourite. I was charmed with the symmetry of her form, the harmony of her proportions, the benignity of her countenance, and the light and graceful folds of her drapery. Her right hand grasps the emblem of peace, and her left that of commerce.

When interrogated, as I frequently was by Italians, with regard to the state of the fine arts in the United States, I have really been ashamed to answer; but I have generally apologized for our comparative inattention to them, by saying that, as a nation, we were still in our youth; that government, commerce, and education were more important than pictures and statues; and that it was necessary first to attend to what is useful and necessary, and afterwards to what is chiefly amusing and agreeable. But this reasoning has never satisfied my own mind. While wandering through the magnificent galleries of painting and sculpture with which not only public institutions and the palaces of kings and princes, but also the residences of almost all the rich private gentlemen in Italy, are adorned, I have blushed at the indifference of my own countrymen in regard to the cultivation of these elegant arts. The master-pieces of the chisel and of the pencil ought not to be regarded as the mere pastimes of vacant brains: they constitute a part of the true glory of a nation, not less than discoveries in political economy, jurisprudence, and science; and they may be made subservient to the same beneficent ends with poetry and moral essays.

It is surprising to what an extent a taste for the grand and the beautiful in the fine arts prevails throughout Italy. It extends through all the ramifications of society, from the king on the throne down to the meanest beggar that follows and torments you, as you pass through the streets of her crowded cities. You are often surprised at the criticisms of persons belonging to the lower orders of society on a statue, a picture, or a musical composition. They sometimes, indeed, discourse with an

elegance of diction and a correctness of taste, that would shame many a long-winded speech-maker on the floor of Congress.

Great injustice has, in my opinion, been done to the Neapolitans by many travellers, who have professed to give accurate pictures of the state of society and manners prevalent among them. They have been represented not only as having no claims to be considered *virtuous*, but as destitute even of that miserable semblance of virtue—external decorum—which has been allowed to characterize the inhabitants of other parts of Italy. That the morals of the Neapolitans are of a less severe cast than those of the good people of these United States, will not be questioned; but that they are more dissolute than in other parts of the south of Europe, nothing that has ever fallen under my observation has given me reason to suppose. Mothers there take the same precautions to secure the virtue of their daughters, and young ladies are not less guarded in their manners and conversation.

The nobility in Naples are very numerous, and generally very limited in their fortunes. They are fond to excess of gaudy equipages, and often practise economy in their living to very meanness in order to make a show in public. There is no other nation on the globe so devoted to finery as the Neapolitans. The King has carriages about which nothing but gold can be seen; the butcher sticks a bit of gold leaf on his meat in the market; and all the intermediate classes, to the utmost of their means, employ the shining dross in bedizening themselves and their appendages.

The *lazzaroni* in Naples form one of the most numerous classes of the population. From some of the accounts given of them by travellers, one would suppose that they dressed with as much uniformity as a regiment of soldiers, but the fact is quite the reverse. Their appearance is as various as all the tatters in Naples could make them. They live chiefly on fruits, maccaroni, horse-

chesnuts, anchovies, and capers. They are a vacant, harmless race of beings,—more to be pitied than censured. They do not work, because they can get no employment. For a trifling compensation they are always ready to serve you in the most menial capacity. Their intellectual pleasures are of the lowest order, consisting chiefly in listening to the stupid dialogues of *Punch and Judy*, and the still more stupid holdings-forth of the *street orators*. Both these amusements are peculiar to Naples. Punch and Judy are automaton figures, carried about in upright boxes, just large enough for the person to squeeze in, who is to pull the cords that set the puppets in motion, and fill their mouths with the vulgar humour—the only seasoning of their conversation—that never fails to secure the plaudits of the populace. The street orators are persons who recite passages from the Italian classics, interlarding them with their own commentaries, and sometimes with their own effusions on the same subjects. They may be seen almost every day on the Mole and in other public places, edifying immense crowds with their learning and their eloquence.

In company with Persico, I dined one day with the Chevalier Guardati, at his country seat on one of the heights of Pausilipo back of Naples. His villa is situated on just such a spot as a poet would select for his residence. It commands a view of Naples with its peerless bay, the Mediterranean, Vesuvius, and the Campagna Felice. What more could the most enthusiastic lover of nature desire?

The dinner was neat, but not sumptuous. Each course consisted of a single dish. There was one of *maccaroni*, prepared in such a way as to be the most delicious morsel I tasted while in Naples. A bottle of wine was placed at each plate. No healths were drunk, and the gentlemen did not remain at table after the cloth was removed.

Soon after dinner, the company began to increase, and by dusk it consisted of some fifty or sixty persons, pretty equally divided between the two sexes. It was one of

those parties which the Italians call *conversazioni*. Two balloons were sent up—one in the afternoon, and the other at night;—a diversion greatly enjoyed by all who witnessed it. Music on the piano, songs, dancing, cards, and conversation, made up the other amusements of the evening. No lady touched the piano, but several favoured us with songs. The dark flashing eyes, the playful features, and the speaking attitudes of the fair performers, gave tenfold effect to the full rich tones of their voices. The first notes of the piano were not there, as among us, the signal for louder and more earnest conversation. Scarcely a whisper was to be heard during the execution of a piece of music, but at the end of their task, the performers were always applauded with a loud clapping of hands. A group of gentlemen, among whom were two priests, the eldest apparently upwards of seventy years of age, spent the whole evening at cards. They played for money, but how deeply I do not know.

The Chevalier Guardati is about fifty-five years old, urbane, intelligent, and of the most amiable disposition. He speaks English perfectly, and is a great admirer both of the language and its literature. He is a liberalist in politics, and of course opposed to the present government. He said there were only three governments that he liked,—those of England, France and the United States. He spoke in the highest terms of Murat, who has certainly left in Naples many monuments of his enterprise and public spirit.

During our last visit to Naples, the annual exhibition of the fine arts took place at the Studii. The collection, particularly in paintings, was very extensive, and composed exclusively of works executed, or at least finished, within the preceding year. Among much trash, it contained a great deal that was valuable. There was a young Cupid in sculpture,—a statue of uncommon merit. The body was faulty, but the legs, the feet, the arms, and the wings were executed with an elegance that would not have disgraced the Grecian chisel. The best painting in

the collection was the Death of Attila. The unfortunate girl is reclining in the arms of her afflicted lover, and in the act of receiving the last sacrament from the hands of an aged monk. The sentiments of love, resignation, despair and parental tenderness, are portrayed with admirable truth and effect.

Similar exhibitions are annually held in all the principal towns in Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

The environs of Naples are hallowed ground. There are three principal excursions which no one who visits that city, should fail of making. The first is to Vesuvius, Pompeii and Herculaneum; the second through the Phlegræan Fields to Pozzuoli, Cumæ, Baiæ, &c.; and the third through the most beautiful part of the Campania Felix, still called *la campagna felice*, to the ruins of ancient Capua and the royal palace near the village of Caserta.

A party, consisting of three midshipmen, Dr. ——, and myself, having obtained the captain's permission, left the Constellation on the evening following that of our arrival at Naples, and at midnight set off on the first of these excursions. At that season of the year, it was impossible to ascend Vesuvius by day on account of the excessive heats. It was a tranquil, cloudless, balmy night. The stars shone sweetly, and the full moon looked like some lovelier and happier sphere, floating through fields of ether, and shedding a portion of its pure effulgence on a dark but not ungrateful world. Our coachman took the street that lies along the quay, so that we had the city on our left and the bay on our right. The vast capital of southern Italy was like a giant reposing after the labours of the day. The occasional rattling of a carriage over the smooth pavement, the tread of a solitary pedestrian, the challenge of a sentry, or the song of a boatman, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the hour. The effect of moonlight playing on the rippled surface of the water and among the rigging of the ships that crowded the harbour, and resting on the sombre and massive edifices that line the streets of Naples and

the domes and spires that shoot up above them, was like that of the wand of some Arabian magician. How solemn, how soothing is the contemplation of such a scene at such an hour! Insensibility could not behold it without kindling into enthusiasm.

The distance from Naples to Resina is five miles, but the country seats on the road are so thick that you scarcely appear to have issued from the city at all in travelling it. Every little while we passed a lamp burning before an image of the Virgin, at which our guide and coachman would cross themselves most devoutly. We stopped at the *Fontana di Resina*, the residence of the chief of the *volcanic* ciceroni, Salvadore Madonna, where it is usual to procure guides and jackasses to ascend the mountain. We agreed to pay our Mentor half a dollar for his services, and an equal sum for each of the beasts. This is the usual price; but as I was mounting my jack, a fellow came up and offered me another for half the money. I told him I had already engaged one, and had no need of his. He was not, however, satisfied with this reply, but seized the bridle of my jackass, as if he meant to force me to accede to his wishes, and continued to urge his plea with such pertinacity that I was obliged to give him a stout blow in the face with my fist. Even this was not enough, for he followed me as I rode off, extolling his animal, and begging me to exchange mine for it.

Another adventure occurred shortly after this, not less ludicrous, and showing equally the greedy, importunate and shameless character of this class of persons in Italy. We found that each of the owners accompanied his own jackass. Supposing it would only be for a short distance, I said nothing about it; but as they still continued to follow us after we left the town, I stopped and asked them if the bargain was distinctly understood, that we were to pay half a dollar to the cicerone and the same for each of the beasts? O yes, they understood it perfectly, that we were to pay half a dollar for each beast and as much more to its owner for accompanying it. I told them that would never do—that they were expressly

excluded from the bargain—and that we wanted not their services. They persisted in maintaining that we could not do without them. At last I dismounted, turned my jackass loose, and commenced walking towards the town, declaring that I would procure a new set of animals altogether. This brought them to their senses. They turned their backs upon us and walked sullenly off, leaving us to pursue our journey without their *indispensable* company, and without the pain of listening to their interminable bawling in the harsh Neapolitan dialect.

The distance from Resina to the foot of the cone which the visiter has to ascend on foot, is about three miles. The road, during the first part of our ride, lay through the vineyards that yield the celebrated wine, called *lachrymæ Christi*. These vineyards, which are rich and flourishing at the foot of Vesuvius, become gradually less and less so, till at length they entirely disappear. They are succeeded by a little stinted and sickly shrubbery, which, in its turn, gives place to that utter desolation that reigns on the brow of the volcano, and whose empire is not disturbed by the feeblest effort of animated nature. The latter part of our ride conducted us through vast fields of lava, thrown out by the eruption of 1822, and piled together in such a manner as to present every wild outline that could be imagined. Having at length arrived at the foot of the cone, we dismounted and commenced the ascent up the steepest and most difficult part of the mountain. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.* The ascent here is at a pretty sharp angle, and the side of the mountain being covered with ashes that yielded to our feet, one half at least, and probably more, of every step was lost, so that we had the labour of ascending more than twice the real distance. We commenced with great spirit, but soon had occasion to repent our rash rapidity, for before we reached the summit, we felt the want of the strength we had foolishly thrown away at the beginning. We reached the ridge which surrounds the crater just at the peep of *day. The first* view of the interior filled us with astonish-

ment and awe. We looked down into an immense and frightful gulf, from whose bottom and sides millions of little columns of smoke were issuing, and in whose centre rose an inner mound, which threw up at short intervals flames, volumes of white smoke, pumice stones and melted lava, with a sound exactly similar to that of thunder. The world cannot contain a prospect of more dreary and sublime desolation. "Nature," says the author of Corinna, "is here no more in relation with man. He can no longer believe himself her lord, for she escapes from his tyranny by means of death."

Although the guide book cautions visiters against the "ambitious and most dangerous madness" of descending into the crater, warning them against trusting to the apparent calm of the volcano, we were rash enough to disregard the advice and venture down. It is two thousand feet deep, and can be descended only in one place. The descent was through beds of lava so hot that we were obliged to run to prevent our feet from being scorched. The surface of the crater consists of layers of solid lava, broken and thrown up by the force of the internal fires, as we sometimes see ice along the margin of our rivers. These internal fires are constantly working up, so that in some places we trode on hot lava, and in others the smell of sulphur was so strong that we were under the necessity of using our handkerchiefs to keep from suffocating. All this notwithstanding, we proceeded over the dangerous soil, till we reached the inner mound, which we had the still greater temerity to descend also. Here we had a view of what may be termed the inner crater, consisting of one principal mouth and two smaller ones, from which smoke, flame and liquid lava have been issuing for eighteen hundred years. We approached so near the fearful abyss that we could distinctly see the boiling, red-hot lava in its bowels, and with a single leap might have gained that immortality at Vesuvius, which the mad poet Empedocles did at Ætna.

The sun had risen while we were in those lower regions, and on reascending, the view from the summit of the mountain was indeed a relief to the feelings occa-

sioned by those scenes of desolate and dreary sublimity, which alone meet the eye in that abode of death. The Bay of Naples with its fairy islands and its winding, village-crowned coast; the vast sweep of the ocean; the queen-like city with its innumerable domes and spires, glittering in the clear sunlight of morning; the Phlegræan Fields, the fabled battle-ground of Gods, and the favourite haunt of the ancient Muse; Pompeii, the only perfect specimen of an ancient city which the moderns are permitted to contemplate; the Campagna Felice, that classic valley covered with the richest vineyards in the world, and gay with a thousand smiling villages; and finally, the distant Apennines, lifting their majestic summits to the clouds,—all lay spread out before us like some enchanted scene, believed to exist only in imagination, and to be seen alone on the pages of romance. What an accumulation of glories! Surely, the universe cannot contain such another prospect. Well may the Neapolitans be proud of what Nature has done for their country. No where else has she scattered her beauties with such lavish prodigality.

The mountain which it had cost us so much labour to ascend, we descended in a twinkling. The yielding nature of the ashes destroyed all apprehension of danger, and we were thus enabled to take enormous strides. We seemed scarcely to have started, before we found ourselves where we had left our jackasses. On our return to Resina, we stopped at the hermitage, which stands, as it were, between life and death, being at that point where vegetation, as if overcome in the last struggle, yields up the empire to utter and eternal sterility. It was here, the reader will recollect, that Mad. de Staël makes the irresolute but generous and noble-hearted Lord Nelvil unfold the secrets of his heart in the touching history he relates to his loved and fascinating Corinna. The hermit, a grey-bearded old man, clothed in a robe of the coarsest cloth, came out and politely invited us into his little cell. He treated us copiously to the *lachrymæ Christi* wine, which, had it been less excellent than it really was, would have been very refresh-

ing after our excessive fatigue; and fruits and cakes were placed before us in great abundance. He keeps a large book in which nearly all who ascend the mountain, record their names and residences, and put down such other notices as they think proper. We were struck at the enormous proportion of English names recorded in this book. Some of the remarks noted down there are highly amusing. On taking leave, the good old man received the money that we gave him with great apparent gratitude, and pronounced upon us a hearty benediction. We reached the Fontana di Resina about eight o'clock, where we were welcomed by the owners of our animals, who congratulated us on our safe return, inquired how we liked our jacks, and wished us "much diversion" in the rest of our excursion. We were obliged to throw away the boots we wore up the mountain,—an event for which we had prepared ourselves by taking two pair apiece.

After breakfast we rode to Pompeii. During the whole of my absence from the United States, I saw nothing that excited in me an interest equal to that produced by this precious relic of antiquity; I say *precious*, because, taken in connexion with the antiquities discovered there, and which are now in the Museum at Naples, it teaches us what we learn neither from their poetry, nor philosophy, nor history properly so called, nor yet from the few imperfect remains of temples and baths which "ruthless rapine" has left us,—I mean something of the domestic life of the ancients, considered in respect both to its manners and conveniences. It supplies in part that knowledge of the Romans which travelling now-a-days gives us of foreign countries,—a kind of knowledge which history cannot communicate, but which must be learned by mingling personally in all kinds of society, from the drawing-room of the nobleman down to the hovel of the peasant.

We entered the city near the Barracks, where we found the *gentleman* who has charge of it, and who act-

ed as our Mentor in visiting its curiosities. He would not even allow us to pick up a stone from the earth, to bear away as a memento, so Argus-like did he guard the treasure committed to his keeping. It was the hottest part of a burning day in August, when we arrived at Pompeii, but, notwithstanding the want of rest and the fatigue of ascending Vesuvius on the preceding night, we spent four hours in wandering through the city, under a broiling sun, and with the thermometer at ninety degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade. It was not time enough to enable us to examine the antiquities very minutely, but sufficient to give us a general idea of them. They are in a much better state of preservation than I had expected to find them. Indeed, the city has not undergone any material alterations for eighteen hundred years. The streets, shops and houses, the temples, theatres and public squares, remain just as they were when Pompeii was enlivened with the hum of business, and echoed to the voice of pleasure. But it is like those bodies preserved by the piety of the ancient Egyptians, which are now objects of such strong and universal curiosity: the form remains, but the soul that animated it has fled for ever.

The Appian Way passes through the city, and although the widest street there, it would not be dignified in our cities with any more honourable epithet than that of a *lane* or *avenue*. Without the city, it is lined on each side with a row of sepulchral monuments, some of which are well worthy of attention on account of the beauty of their workmanship. The other streets are much narrower than this, but well paved with lava. They differ from the streets in the towns of modern Italy in the circumstance of having side walks, and at short intervals flat stones a little elevated above the pavement for crossing them in bad weather. The marks of the carriage-wheels are still visible in several places, from which it appears that ancient carriages were on a much smaller scale than ours. Very few of the houses are more than one story high. They are generally small, *mean, and inconvenient*, compared with the magnificent

edifices of modern times. They have no front windows, and appear to have received all their light from a court-yard, round which they are built, and with which all the rooms communicate ;—a "dim" if not a "religious" light, and barely sufficient for the purposes of existence. Most of them have baths, and all, little chapels for the household gods. Their pavements are of Mosaic work, sometimes highly beautiful, and the walls, composed of stuccoed tufo or lava, were all ornamented with frescoes; but most of them have been removed to Naples. They are covered on the outside also with stucco, in which are engraven their numbers and the names of their proprietors. They are flat-roofed, like those of many modern cities in Europe and the East. Several of the streets are composed almost exclusively of shops. Those on the Appian Way are the largest, and appear to have been the most elegant. On the whole, the appearance of Pompeii, had it been composed entirely of private residences, would, in its most flourishing condition, have been mean and insignificant; but the moment your attention is turned from these to the public edifices,—the temples, theatres, porticoes, &c.,—you perceive that the city, whose inhabitants you might before have taken for a tribe of demi-barbarians, was peopled by a tasteful, luxurious, and polished nation. Art and opulence rivalled each other in the construction and decoration of these interesting monuments. To give an elaborate description of them, after all that has been written on the subject by far abler and more learned pens, would be in me at once a piece of egregious vanity, and an act of unpardonable supererogation. I shall not attempt it. The best preserved relic at Pompeii is the Amphitheatre. It stands apart from the rest of the city which has been excavated, and you arrive at it by passing through a vineyard. It is of an oval shape, and the architecture is considered singularly pure, classic, and beautiful. The temple of Isis has not suffered much. It is highly interesting from the circumstance that the secret shrine where the priests of that goddess concealed themselves to impose on the *credulity of* a superstitious age, is completely

uncovered, and exposed to the gaze of unhallowed modern curiosity. I have seen similar oracular shrines in Greece, and all the world knows of their existence in Asia Minor. It is impossible for any man of sense and reflection to behold these evidences of weakness on the one hand and cunning imposition on the other, without a sentiment of pity for the credulous multitudes who suffered themselves thus to be made the dupes of ingenious priestcraft, and of indignation toward the wretches who were wicked enough to resort to such abominable means to secure influence, wealth, and power. There is a little temple dedicated to Fortuna Augusta, built at the expense of Cicero,—a circumstance which cannot fail to give it a peculiar charm in the eyes of all who have felt the power of his eloquence. The fact of its having been so built is known from an inscription still visible on the wall.

Pompeii was surrounded by double walls. These have been entirely laid bare, and are somewhat more than three miles in circuit. They are not of homogeneous construction,—parts of them being composed of large square stones, put together without cement, but so compactly that they seem to be one solid mass, while others are rudely constructed of stones of various sizes;—a difference to be attributed probably to their having been hastily repaired after an earthquake. They had four gates, and were fortified by an equal number of square towers.

Not more than one-third of the city has yet been disinterred. The remaining two-thirds are still quietly slumbering in their grave of volcanic ashes. Had Murat continued to reign over Naples, there had, ere this, been a universal resurrection; but the present government seems to have little energy, and the business of excavating goes on slowly. *Piano piano, dice l'Italiano.** The King of Naples might better employ some thousands of the *fazzaroni,* who infest his capital, in the comple-

* "Slow and easy is the Italian's motto."

tion of this work, than to lavish so large a proportion of his revenues upon a clergy, already pampered to an unnatural and sickly fulness.

The questions as to the *when* and the *how* Pompeii was destroyed, I shall not touch; but will content myself with saying that I incline to the opinion of those who believe that it was not destroyed by any sudden fall of volcanic matter, but by ashes washed down from the side of Vesuvius by incessant rains, till its inhabitants were obliged to seek in other, perhaps in uncongenial climes, that safety which nature had denied them in the city of their nativity. But there are, after all, so many objections to this opinion, and indeed every other, hitherto advanced on this interesting subject, that I cannot bring myself to repose with confidence in any of them. Of one thing, however, we are certain—that the city *was* destroyed—and it is impossible not to be powerfully affected by the images and reflections that crowd upon the mind, as you wander through its desert streets, and gaze upon the melancholy memorials of its luxurious magnificence and bustling activity. Whether we believe its inhabitants were suddenly overwhelmed by one terrible shower from the crater of the volcano, or compelled, one by one, to abandon the loved spot to which they were bound by all the clinging recollections of childhood, to seek an asylum among strangers, and drag out an existence, embittered by a thousand regrets, their fate is equally touching.

"But," says Dr. Moore, and I quote his remarks on this subject, not more on account of their truly philosophical spirit, than for the eloquent pathos which pervades them, "are not the inhabitants of all the towns then existing, of whom we think without any emotion of pity, as completely dead as those of Pompeii? And could we take them one by one, and consider the nature of their deaths, and the circumstances attending that of each individual; some destroyed by painful bodily diseases, some by the torture of the executioner, some

bowed to the grave by the weight of accumulated sorrow, and the slow anguish of a broken heart, after having suffered the pangs of dissolution over and over again, in the death of those they loved; after having beheld the dying agonies of their children; could all this, I say, be appraised, calculated and compared, the balance of suffering might not be found with the inhabitants of Pompeii, but rather with those of the contemporary cities, who, perhaps at that time, as we do now, lamented its severe fate."

On our return, we stopped at Portici, the modern town beneath which, at the depth of from seventy-five to one hundred feet, lies the once populous and flourishing city of Herculaneum. In order to avoid the destruction of the modern city, the excavations here are filled up the moment whatever is valuable has been removed. Indeed, such is the difficulty of making them, that they are at present entirely suspended. Nothing is shown here but the theatre, by striking upon which, in digging a well, Herculaneum was discovered. You descend to it by torch-light, the guide and each of the party always bearing a torch; but the cold, damp air, and the dimness of the light, prevent its being seen with that pleasure which one feels in viewing the remains at Pompeii. It was larger and evidently more magnificent than either of those at the latter place, but resembles them in other repects.

In company with Dr. ——, I left the ship early on the morning of the fourteenth of August, on an excursion through the Phlegræan Fields,—a region that nature seems to have selected for the display of her giant powers, and which she has at the same time adorned with her divinest beauties,—a region literally "strewed hallowed ruins," and rich, above all others, in the recollections of classic mythology. Here are seen the crates of several extinct volcanoes, and mountains

thrown up by the force of their hidden fires: here was the Forum of Vulcan, where the Giants battled with Hercules: from these "Fields" the poets have gathered all the dark images of Tartarian wo, and all the bright visions of Elysian bliss, with which they have embellished their descriptions of heaven and hell; and on this coast, the luxurious old Romans, attracted by the delicious climate and scenery, sought those delights which the CITY denied them, and erected those sumptuous villas, whose ruins attest the pride of their lordly owners.

We proceeded from Naples to Pozzuoli by the new road, made by Murat along the bank of the sea. The romantic character of the scenery renders this a delightful ride, and has caused the old road through the Grotto to be almost forsaken. At about half the distance, we passed the little island of Nisida, where Cicero once had a conference with Brutus, and which he calls, "Insula clarissimi adolescentuli Luculli."

Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, the Portsmouth of the Romans, and denominated by their greatest orator Parva Roma, is now a miserable village, remarkable only for its filth and beggary. As we passed through its streets, we were disgusted by the sight of children literally naked, who followed our carriage, calling themselves "poor devils," and begging *qualche piccola cosa** to keep them from starving. Puteoli was the second place at which Paul landed in Italy, on his journey to Rome. Even there he "found brethren, and was desired to tarry with them seven days."

The two principal objects of antiquity that attract the attention at Pozzuoli, are the Temple of Jupiter Serapis and the Collisseum. The former, judging from the remains still visible, must have been more magnificent than any other of the ancient temples that I saw in Italy. The Collisseum was sufficiently capacious to accommodate forty-five thousand persons. The area is now covered

* "Some trifle."

with grape vines. Here, as in the Collisseum at Rome, the early Christians, confounded with persons convicted of the most enormous crimes, for having professed the purest and sublimest faith ever revealed to man, were exposed to be devoured by tigers and lions for the amusement of the *refined* Romans. Augustus once assisted at games given in his honour at this amphitheatre.

Having, according to the usual custom, hired a cicerone and engaged a boat to meet us at Baiæ, we proceeded to Cumæ by land, through scenes which, I need not inform the classic reader, awakened in us the deepest enthusiasm. Amid such a congregation of interesting objects as this coast presents, the mind feels little disposition for conversation. The splendid recollections that crowd upon it, absorb all its powers, and whatever breaks the revery, produces a painful feeling; as a discord in music never fails to be disagreeable to a practised ear. A little beyond Pozzuoli, we passed the ruins of Cicero's villa, where he composed the *Questiones Academicæ*, and where the Emperor Adrian is said to have been buried. Mount Gaurus, anciently celebrated for its rich vineyards, but now a sterile and rocky elevation, was on our right: before us rose *il Monte Nuovo*, thrown up, after the earthquake that swallowed the village of Tripergole, by those fires that slumber in the bowels of this coast: and on our left, lay a glassy expanse of waters, the ancient Avernian Lake, the fabled entrance to the gloomy empire of eternal night, but now stripped of all those terrors, real or imaginary, with which the poets invested it. Arrived finally at what is called *l'Arco Felice*, one of the ancient gates of Cumæ, our carriage halted, and our cicerone very politely asked us if our "excellencies would permit him to help us to descend?" We stopped a few moments to view the plain on which the first Grecian settlement was made in Italy. From this spot, with the exception of *the arch* itself and a few remains of the ancient walls, *not a vestige* was visible to mark the site of that city,

which, from the number and opulence of its inhabitants and the amenity of its situation, was thought by the ancients to be entitled to the epithet of *fortunata.* Nothing appeared but a vineyard, covering the whole of the undulating valley on which the city stood, and bending beneath the weight of the rich treasures, that were to swell the yearly vintage of that fertile and delightful country.

From this point we descended towards the sea, to the cave of the Cumæan Sibyl. It is probably to this cavern that Virgil refers in his description of the *inextricabilis error* of Dædalus:

> "Excisum Euboïcæ latus ingens rupis in antrum;
> Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum:
> Unde ruit totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ."

It was in this cave that the founder of the Roman empire, then a wandering exile in search of a stable resting place, was directed to descend to the lower regions, and informed that he would there meet with his father, and be instructed in the *arcana* of futurity. The cavern still remains, though with somewhat less than a "hundred mouths;" but the Oracle that inhabited it, has long since ceased to utter its mystical and lying prophecies to superstitious credulity. On the hill above the cave stood the temple of Apollo Sanitorius, of which a few fragments of marble are the only present remains. In this temple was kept the famous statue of that god, brought from Attica, and said to have been accustomed to weep at the misfortunes of the Cumæans.

We continued our ride to Baiæ, leaving the Fountain of Acheron, where is a little summer-house of the king, on our right. Of what Baiæ was, it is needless to speak: what it is, may be told in very few words,—a heap of ruins, with a few miserable huts, whose inmates, clothed in rags or entirely naked, came out and absolutely *entreated* us to buy of them bits of Mosaic, *verde antique* and other trifles, which they said they had gathered from the ruins of the ancient city. The most interesting re-

mains of antiquity here are the ruins of three temples —supposed by some to have been baths—those, to wit, of Venus Genetrix, Diana Lucifera, and Mercury. The latter is the best preserved, having the rotunda entire. It received its light through an aperture in the top, like the Pantheon at Rome.

In crossing the Bay of Baiæ, whose classic waters have witnessed many a proud display of Roman splendour, our guide pointed out to us, amid what appeared one undistinguishable mass of ruins, the villas of Julius Cæsar, Piso, Pompey, Marius, &c. We could also plainly distinguish the remains of palaces beneath the surface of the water. These, with the temples already mentioned, are the only remnants of that proud and luxurious city, which Horace preferred to all others on the globe, and which Seneca declared to be a residence little fitted for those who wished to maintain any dominion over their own passions. What volumes do they speak on the insignificance of human pride and grandeur! Could those haughty masters of the universe, who contended for a single acre on this coast for the display of their riches, have looked forward with prophetic eye to the desolations that time would make in the proudest monuments they had reared to their luxury and power, a sentiment of humiliating sadness must have taken possession of their minds, and dislodged those inebriating images of glory and superiority, which chiefly haunted their imaginations.

This whole region abounds with warm and mineral baths. Those of Nero at Baiæ are so called from the belief that that tyrant had a villa in their vicinity, and that the excavations were made by his order. A dense column of steam is constantly issuing from their mouth, and the water in them is sufficiently warm to boil an egg in a few moments. The fellow who attends there stripped himself of every thing but his pantaloons, and we did the same, determined, if possible, to follow him till we reached the boiling fountain. We had, however,

scarcely advanced a half dozen steps, when from a sensation of suffocation, we were obliged to abandon the attempt, and return to the fresh air. The salamander returned in about two minutes, completely drenched with sweat, and with his face and body as red from inflammation as if they had been covered with a mustard plaster. He had taken a vessel with him, which he brought back full of water. Two eggs were soon cooked in it, and as the doctor did not choose to appropriate either of them, I had the pleasure of devouring both. It is customary to boil as many eggs as the party contains persons.

From the Baths of Nero, having glided for a few rods along the golden strand, we again disembarked to visit the Lucrine and Avernian Lakes,—both equally celebrated, though for different reasons, by the ancient poets, and both the subjects of many a brilliant page in the books of modern travellers. The former furnished those "delicious" oysters,—*delicious* only because those of our American waters were then unknown,—which loaded the tables and regaled the palates of the Roman nobility; while the latter was employed to awe the imagination and work upon the fears of ignorant credulity. On the margin of Lake Avernus is a grotto, considered by some as the cave of the Sibyl, to which Virgil alludes in the sixth book of the Ænead. I have already given my opinion on that point. The appearance of the other, I think, corresponds better with the poet's description; and the account seems to place the one there referred to nearer to the sea than that on the bank of Avernus. I have, however, little doubt that this was also the seat of an ancient oracle. Buried in an almost impenetrable forest, and on the border of a lake regarded as the descent to the infernal regions, it was a spot peculiarly favourable to that mystical obscurity, which was the main pillar of all the systems of ancient mythology. In the open and ingenuous character of Christianity, what a beautiful *contrast is* furnished to the dark and dubious

folds that enveloped the false religions of antiquity! How different its Divine Founder, publishing his doctrines in the highways, to multitudes who "trode one upon another," and in language so simple that he that ran might read, from those self-styled apostles of the Gods of Egypt, Greece and Rome, who selected the dens and caves of the earth as the fittest places for the delivery of the divine will, and who veiled their revelations in such mystical and double language, that, even when their predictions failed of accomplishment, they could always shelter themselves behind the impenetrable shield of misinterpretation!

The next place at which we disembarked was Bauli. Here we found a greater population than at Baiæ, and beggary and wretchedness proportionably increased. It is impossible to convey by writing any idea of the earnestness with which these wretches beg of you to buy their little *antiques*, or of the modes in which they force their services upon you for the sake of a copper. They seem to read your slightest wishes, and if you have none, they imagine that they read them, in your looks, and they fly to execute them like a slave goaded by the lash of the task-master.

The coast of Bauli is also strewed with ruins; among which we visited the *Cento Camarelle*, a vast labyrinth of subterraneous apartments, probably designed for a prison; the *Piscina Mirabile*, built by order of Lucullus, as a reservoir of sweet water for the use of the Roman fleet; and the *Sepolcro d'Agrippina* that abominable woman, whose crimes were equalled only by those of her son.

The souls of the dead might now cross the river Styx without the trouble of being ferried over, but Elysium, once invested with an atmosphere of purple light, clothed in undying verdure, and fanned by breezes, pure, fragrant and invigorating, at present scarcely presents a temptation to so cheap an entrance upon its joys. Surely, that paradise of ancient heroes must have undergone

sad changes, since the poor ghosts were willing to submit to be bawled at and quarrelled with by that peevish old scold of a ferryman, Charon, for the sake of enjoying its pleasures.

Having closed this part of our trip by a peep at the Dragon's Grotto on the promontory of Misenum, we again embarked and crossed over to Pozzuoli, passing the remains of the bridge erected by Caligula from that city to Baiæ. The heat and dust were so excessive, and had so exhausted our strength, that we were obliged to forego visiting, as we had intended, Solfatara, the Grotto of the Dog, and the Lake of Agnano, all of which are generally included in this excursion.

The last trip I made in the vicinity of Naples was on the eighteenth of August. It was to Caserta and Capua, the former of which is thirteen, and the latter fifteen miles, from Naples. Dr. ——, as usual on such occasions, was my companion. Our ride both in going and returning, but particularly the latter, lay through the richest and most beautiful part of the Campania Felix. The traveller may well be excused for bursting into raptures in describing this enchanting valley. The roads are bordered with the laurel, the myrtle, the oak and the elm, whose luxuriant branches are married to the laughing vines, which creep from tree to tree, hanging in beautiful festoons, and forming continuous arbours almost impervious to the rays of the sun. What a pity that the numerous villages in this valley, which appear beautiful at a distance, do not in reality harmonize with the natural charms that surround them! They are composed for the most part of miserable huts, and present a most squalid and beggarly appearance. The streets are filled with dirt and half-naked children.

The Royal Palace at Caserta was commenced by Charles the Third of Spain, the modern Herodes Atticus, with the avowed design of producing an edifice that should rival the vastness and splendour of the abode of the ancient *Cæsars*. It embraces four court yards, each

of which is capable of containing one of the largest buildings in the city of New York. It is capacious enough to accommodate the largest court in Europe, with all its retinue of ministers, stewards, lackeys, attendants, &c. Millions have already been expended on it, and scarcely any part of it, except the grand stairway and the vestibule, is yet completed; nor is it probable that it ever will be. The king of Naples has no less than five palaces in different parts of his dominions, most of which are among the most costly in Italy. One half of the money they have cost, would have given employment to all the lazzaroni in Naples. Such are the blessings of regal government.

The pleasure grounds belonging to the Caserta palace are very extensive. They are terminated by a mountain, down whose sides tumbles, for a distance of several hundred feet, a broad artificial cascade, the whole of which is visible from the palace. It affords one of the most delicious prospects in the world. The Royal Silk Manufactory and the prodigious Aqueduct that supplies the city of Naples with water, are both in this vicinity, but we had not time to visit them.

The only relic of much interest at Capua is the Amphitheatre. This is better preserved than that at Pozzuoli and more dilapidated than that at Pompeii, but was much larger than either. It had five corridors extending the whole circuit, and sixty-two entrances. The subterraneous apartments in which the prisoners and wild beasts were kept, are still almost perfect. It is not long since a considerable quantity of gold was found secreted in one of these cells. It is supposed that some prisoner found means to smuggle it in there. It is impossible to behold specimens of this class of ancient ruins, and reflect on the horrid spectacles that were accustomed to be exhibited in them, without congratulating ourselves on the superior refinement of modern times. There is but one national amusement in our days—the bull-fight of Spain—that bears any analogy to those barbarous pastimes of the ancient Romans.

CHAPTER V.

When we left Mahon in the month of September, it was the intention of Capt. Wadsworth to have visited all the principal Sicilian ports, but the varioloid broke out on board the ship while we were at Naples, rendering it of course impossible to get pratique in any of them. In addition to this, a terrible influenza ran through the ship, scarcely an officer or man escaping. This disease was attributed to the heavy dews which fell every night. After sunset, the quarter deck and every thing else exposed to the external air, were as wet as they would have been after a shower of rain. The varioloid was of a very mild kind, and although a considerable number of the crew and some of the midshipmen were affected by it, very few died.

We sailed from Naples on the twentieth of October, and anchored off Cape Carthage on the twenty-fifth. Here we found a much purer climate, and the influenza soon made its exit. No new cases of varioloid appeared after leaving Naples, and on the thirtieth, it was thought safe to get under weigh for Mahon; where, after a boisterous and disagreeable passage, we arrived on the sixth of November. A quarantine of ten days,—with plenty of letters and newspapers from America, was not long in passing away. Immediately on its expiration, I applied for permission to live ashore, and established myself at my old quarters, of which I remained, for nearly five months, the undisturbed and happy occupant. The schoolmaster of the Boston, a young gentleman who was graduated with the first honour at Yale College, occupied an adjoining room. He was familiar with the classics, and full of the enthusiasm of the scholar and the man of feeling. It is refreshing to meet with such persons, and we passed many a cozy hour in

discussing the beauties of Tully and Flaccus, and in reviving the reminiscences of classic boyhood. The recollections of college life are remembrances that cling to the soul, as the vine does to the elm to which it is wedded. They are the *oases* of human life—the green spots that cheer its sterility and desolation.

I shall take advantage of our long stay in Mahon to call back the attention of the reader to the Navy, of which I was in danger of losing sight altogether amid the glories of classic Italy.

No American can have been long in the naval service of his country, and have observed with attention the system of things prevalent on board of our public vessels, without a feeling of patriotic pride in the arrangement and discipline of our ships, and in the intelligence and energy of our officers. He will have observed with the highest gratification many things, which scarcely admit of improvement. The great cleanliness and excellent order in which our ships are kept, the indefatigable training of their crews to a thorough practical knowledge of their duty, the strict subordination of rank, and the ready obedience paid by inferior officers to the orders of their superiors, are points in which there is scarcely any thing left to be desired: and they are all points of vital importance. Cleanliness and order are indispensable to the health and comfort of both officers and men; and in these respects, so far as I have had opportunities to observe, our men of war surpass those of all other nations, not even excepting Great Britain. Wherever we went, the Constellation was admired and praised beyond measure on both these accounts; and it is but justice to the officers to whose supervising care these commendations were due, to say that they were all well deserved.

Great credit is also due to our officers for their constant exertions to make the crews of our vessels of war thoroughly acquainted with the whole routine of their duties. The vast importance of such knowledge in time of war cannot but be obvious to the most unthinking

mind. It was to a superiority of this kind that the splendid triumphs of our Navy in the late war with England, were mainly attributable. English writers, in apologizing to their countrymen for the disgraces they experienced in that contest, have never failed to dwell upon the superior gunnery of our seamen, alleging that the crews of our vessels were composed of "*picked men.*" They will always be composed of such men, so long as their officers continue as indefatigable as at present in their efforts to make them expert gunners and skilful seamen.

Nor are the subordination of rank and implicit obedience to the orders of superiors of less importance. They are the essential elements of promptness and efficiency.

But while an observer in the Navy will see much to afford him gratification, and to awaken his pride of country, he cannot fail to discover much also which needs to be rectified, and a deficiency of much that ought to be supplied. Indeed, the defects of the present system are such that I cannot hesitate to give it as my opinion,—and this opinion is fortified by those of gentlemen better qualified than myself to judge in this matter,—that the condition of the service demands an entire re-organization of the Navy. This subject has engaged the attention of the Naval Committees in both Houses of Congress for some years past, and bills have been reported, containing important modifications of the existing system; but they do not, according to my conception, cover the whole ground, or embrace all the improvements of which the service is susceptible. I am not vain enough to suppose that the suggestions I am about to throw out, if carried into effect, would entirely supply what is wanting: such as they are, however, I invite for them the serious consideration of all who feel any interest in the reputation and prosperity of our infant Navy. They are the combined result of my own observations and frequent conversations with intelligent naval and other gentlemen.

The alterations, then, which, in my judgment, ought

to take place in any re-organization of the Navy, are in the establishment of the grades of Admiral and Rear Admiral; in the establishment of a Naval Academy; in the pay and rank of some of the officers; in the modes of discipline; and in the domestic economy of the ships.

Multitudes of my fellow-citizens, I am well aware, are opposed to the establishment of an Admiralty in our Navy. In their eye, it smacks of monarchy. It offends their republican notions. In the infancy of our Navy, it may not indeed have been desirable or proper to copy, in respect to rank, the naval systems of Europe. Modesty and economy may both have demanded greater simplicity. But,—now that our naval reputation is second only to that of England, and our public treasury is overflowing with plenty,—neither of these objections has any longer an existence. A large majority of our naval officers with whom I am acquainted, and who are certainly better qualified than any others to judge of the expediency of establishing an Admiralty, are decidedly in favour of it. It would place our Navy in point of rank on an equality with the Navies of foreign countries; and why should it be inferior in this respect? It might, and, in my opinion, would be expedient to establish the grades of Admiral and Rear Admiral merely for the sake of etiquette; but other and higher considerations demand it. Every body knows that military command goes entirely by rank. No officer in our Navy, as it is at present organized, could ever take command of a combined fleet. In such a case, an Austrian or Dutch Admiral would take precedence of our most gallant and experienced Captains.

The establishment of an Academy for the education of our naval officers, on a plan analogous to that of the Military Academy at West Point, is an object of great importance, and cannot but be earnestly desired by every friend of his country, who will take the trouble seriously

to reflect upon its advantages. High as our Navy deservedly stands in the estimation of our citizens, it will never possess that reputation for intellectual and moral worth, which it would be easy to confer upon it, so long as the mode of receiving midshipmen into the service and their subsequent education continues to be what they are at present. They are generally received at an age when neither the intellectual nor moral character can possibly have been formed, and without any examination to ascertain their capacities or acquirements. They are immediately put upon the active duties of their profession, and three of the five years that precede their examination, must be spent at sea: and I appeal to any one who knows what a man of war is, if the bustle, the excitement, the novelties, and the evil examples, into the midst of which they are there thrown, are favourable to the improvement of either the mind or heart? Of the two remaining years, one at least is devoted to visiting friends, and during a portion of the other, the young officer manages to muster up resolution enough to wage a feeble warfare on the habits he has formed at sea, and is too apt to be satisfied, if he learn just enough of mathematics to prevent a failure in his examination. Such a system may make good sailors, but it will never make thorough navigators. If any of the officers—as I know many much to their own credit do—become good mathematicians, and well read in history and the law of nations, they do so, not by the facilities afforded them by the government, but in spite of the embarrassments it throws in their way. The apathy of Congress on this subject, is to me equally surprising and unaccountable. Is it the result of inattention, or a misguided economy, or a disregard to the public honour and interests? Or what can be the occasion of it? This subject, that is the establishment of a Naval Academy, is one on which I had never reflected much previous to entering the service; but I now regard it as that in which the fame and prosperity of the Navy are most deeply involved.

I have already, in the second chapter of this work,

spoken of the importance to a naval officer of having his mind thoroughly disciplined, and richly stored with the various treasures of knowledge. It is unnecessary to repeat here what I have there said in relation to this subject. The difficulty of training the mind to habits of systematic thinking and philosophical reasoning on board a man of war, furnishes one of the strongest arguments that can be urged in favour of the establishment of a Naval Academy. This difficulty, though it may be presented in strong colours, can never be fully comprehended except by those who have had personal observation or experience of it. Under a different system of sea-instruction, it might be considerably diminished, though no system could ever supersede the necessity of previous study; but the schools on board of our public vessels at present are in most cases little better than useless, and in some it is to be feared that they are absolutely pernicious. The office of schoolmaster is not a permanent one. He has no regular rank, and no authority whatever over the midshipmen, who are his pupils. On board some of our ships, there is no regular plan of instruction, and on board all, it varies according to the varying caprice of the commanding officer or the first lieutenant. The schoolmaster himself has no power to enforce obedience, and cannot hold his pupils accountable for the neglect of their studies; and few of our commanders feel it to be a part of their necessary duty to superintend the scientific education of the midshipmen. Hence most of the schools are regulated upon the principle of convenience, which means generally little else than no regulation at all.

Add to this original imperfection in the plan of instruction, the necessary irregularities in the execution of any plan, and the endless interruptions to which students on board of a man of war must always be subject from the calls of duty on the one hand and the distractions of pleasure on the other, and some idea may be formed of the very little progress a young midshipman, unused *to the* toils of study and cheated into idle habits by the *seductive belief* that there is "time enough yet" to pre-

pare for his examination, might be expected to make in the study of navigation and the other sciences connected with it. I cannot illustrate these remarks better than by giving some account of my own school, which I do the more readily, as I shall thereby redeem a promise made to the reader in a former part of this work.

I commenced my official duties in the English Channel, a few days after we landed the foreign ministers. At first I taught two hours in the morning and two in the evening; but when we arrived in the Mediterranean, we shipped a master of French and Spanish, who occupied one half of the day, and the remainder only was afterwards devoted to mathematics. During the first winter that we spent in Mahon, even of this the dancing master had a moiety, so that only one poor hour out of the twenty-four was given to those severer studies, on which their future reputation and usefulness as professional men mainly depended.

In summer our school-room was no more than the space between three of the guns on the half deck, screened off by a canvass curtain. At first not even this screen was allowed us, and we were open to the gaze of every passer-by. In the winter Capt. Wadsworth gave us the use of the forward cabin. Two watches—that is, generally from ten to fifteen midshipmen—attended school at the same time. The only report I was required to make, was of their attendance; and as a schoolmaster in the navy has no absolute control over his pupils, it was very difficult to confine them to any regular course of study. Persons accustomed to systematic investigation will be surprised when I tell them that, in spite of all remonstrances against such rambling habits of study, I have been applied to by the same person, within the space of two hours, for instruction in all the following branches—viz. Decimal Arithmetic, Geometry, Trigonometry, the Sailings, Lunar Observations, the use of the Instruments, and the doctrine of Tides. Such outrageously eccentric orbits were not indeed common to our mathematico-aqueous comets, but they were generally more or *less irregular*, owing to a want of a proper

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reciprocity of action between the centripetal and centrifugal forces.

Our school was always subject to a great many interruptions and irregularities. The Babel of noises on the gun deck does not, to say the least, afford any aid to a man in search of mathematical truth. Indeed, such is the confusion, that one would be tempted to think every thing like an attempt at study, under such circumstances, little less than farcical: yet the interruption from this cause is not so great as might at first be imagined. Familiarity with these noises gradually diminishes their power over the attention; and wherever the attention can be controlled, whether in the camp of an army or the cell of a hermit, there a course of study may be advantageously prosecuted. But the "mind" is not always "its own place." Circumstances often affect it powerfully, and sometimes control it completely.

We were subject to irregularities from other causes. During our summer cruises, port was always fatal to the school; so that the proportion of time in which it was suspended to that in which it was in operation, was at least three to one. It was only while in winter quarters that any thing like regularity was ever observed by the midshipmen in the prosecution of their studies.

The midshipmen on board the Constellation were generally young, and their minds had not previously been trained to habits of systematic investigation. There was no lack of talent or enterprise among them, but there was certainly some little dearth of what Reid considers the very essence of genius, and what is at least the "one thing needful" in pursuing a course of study, *the power of confining the attention exclusively to the subject under consideration.* I commenced by dividing them into classes according to the watches, the only classification practicable; and even this, from the very small control I could exercise over them, I soon found to be impracticable. Some of them could not or would not get the lessons, others could get more and did not wish to be kept back, and others again were dissatisfied if they did not recite individually all they

learned. Our discussions in the school-room were sometimes not a little amusing. "Mr. ——," one would say to me, "it says here 'that an acute angle is less than a right angle; thus the angle ABC is less than a right angle:' now how do you know that ABC is less than a right angle?"—It is evident from inspection.—"Yes, but how do you *prove* it?"—It is a definition, and does not require proof: if you wish to *measure* it, there are instruments for that purpose, and the method of doing it you will learn in its proper place.—"No, I want to *prove* that ABC is less than a right angle, and I have heard there is a way of proving it by Algebra." Another, in demonstrating a theorem in geometry, would come to a certain step in the process: "Now how does that conclusion follow?"—It is based upon a preceding proposition.—"But how do I know whether or not that proposition be true?"—You have already proved it, and what you have once established by demonstration, though you cannot remember the whole process of reasoning that led you to the result, you may ever afterwards take for granted—"But I don't wish to take *any thing* for granted: other people don't take things for granted, and why should I?"

I find that I am extending my remarks under this head to an unwarrantable length. In the argument thus far, it has been taken for granted that the Navy ought to be officered by accomplished mathematicians and thoroughly educated gentlemen. If those who admit this position, are not yet convinced that the facilities afforded for study on board of our public vessels are but ill fitted to make such officers, I am sure that one cruise would cure them of all their scepticism. Let them act upon the principle of the old Spanish proverb, *El que no sabe lo que es la guerra, que vaya á ver.**

The importance of forming the moral character to habits of virtue and propriety, and of establishing it upon the firm basis of an inwrought and immovable regard to moral obligation, affords an argument, and to a well con-

* "He who is ignorant of what war is, let him become a soldier."

stituted mind, an argument of great weight, in favour of the establishment of a Naval Academy. What freeman of correct principles and sentiments, would be willing to commit the defence of his country's rights to the hands of men, who could trifle with the sacred principles of morality, or who would feel no kindling emotions in the contemplation of moral excellence and beauty? The benevolent Author of our being has in his wisdom seen fit to make our moral constitution in its infancy as plastic as the forest sapling, and in its maturity as immovable as the sturdy oak that feels the sweeping hurricane, and laughs, unhurt, at the impotency of its power.

If it be important that a healthful tone be given to the moral character of our naval officers, it is equally important that it should be imparted before they enter upon the active duties of their profession; for there is surely little wisdom in leaving the moral stamp to be impressed upon the man beneath the noxious and sometimes fatal influences to which naval life is exposed. To say nothing of the modification the character might receive on shipboard, the seaport towns frequented by our vessels in the Old World, abound in evil examples and alluring temptations. The gaming-table spreads its glittering piles of dollars and doubloons before the unsuspecting eye and fragile bulwarks of youthful virtue; the delights of social intercourse on shore after long confinement at sea, tempt the generous spirit of youth to too free an indulgence in the pleasures of the glass; and the strongest passion of our nature finds aliment in the corner of every street, and a justifying apology for its gratification in its own growing fires, and in the sanction of public opinion.

Thus it appears that a proper regard for the intellectual and moral standing of our Navy, demands the establishment of a Naval Academy; for he who has not already learned to think and reason for himself, stands but a miserable chance of securing this invaluable part of mental discipline on board a man of war; and many of the moral influences that would there contribute to the *formation of his* character, are calculated to debase and *pollute the soul,* rather than to elevate and fit it for the

enjoyment of those pure and healthful pleasures, that flow from the contemplation and practice of virtue.

Other considerations go to make the demand for such an institution still more urgent. It has never been possible for me to conceive upon what principle it is that we have an academy—and one of which we may well be proud—for the training of military officers, while the scientific education of our naval officers is left almost entirely to chance, or caprice, or the unaided enterprise of the young aspirant himself. Where are the grounds of distinction? And if any exist, what are the superior claims of the Army? Is not the Navy the most efficient branch of the public service? And if any distinctions of this kind are to be made, a thing which no naval gentleman would desire, does not every consideration, relating to the interests and credit of our country with foreign Governments, point out the Navy as the appropriate favourite of the nation? Do not naval gentlemen much more frequently than military, come in contact with foreign Governments? And are not the opinions therefore of foreigners in relation to our country much more likely to be modified by the Navy than by the Army? Are navigation and seamanship, and the branches of mathematics connected with them, of less importance than engineering and fortification, and their concomitant sciences? Is it, in short, of less moment that the officers of our Navy should be men of sound principles, of correct habits, and of enlarged intelligence, than that those connected with the military service of the country should possess this character? I leave these questions to be answered by the candour of every gentleman, who will take the trouble to consider them.

Native enterprise and sagacity are generally characteristic of our naval officers. They are, with scarcely an exception, good seamen; many have laboured successfully to store their minds with the necessary quantum of mathematical and general knowledge: but they themselves are ready to admit that there are few among them, who ever become finished mathematicians and scholars. *In a Naval* Academy the courses of mathema-

tics and philosophy should be made as thorough as they are at West Point, and French and Spanish ought by all means to be made indispensable to promotion. At present it is a rare thing for midshipmen to learn more of mathematics than is contained in Bowditch, and it ought not to be concealed that our officers are lamentably deficient in their knowledge of modern languages. In this they can scarcely be considered excusable, for they enjoy every facility that could be desired for learning to speak them, and their deficiency therefore can be attributed only to that want of a habit of study, which, I have insisted, ought to be formed before they enter actively upon their profession.

I have often been mortified beyond measure by exemplifications of this deficiency. An officer meets with an intelligent foreigner, who commences by interrogating him—"Do you speak French?"—"No."—"Do you speak Italian?"—"No."—"Spanish?"—"No."—He may add perhaps one or two languages more, in relation to which he receives the same answer, and here the conversation is usually dropped. While the Constellation was lying at anchor off Napoli di Romania, I was at Argos in company with Dr. ——, who conversed only through an interpreter. A Greek who happened to be present, observing this, whispered in an English surgeon's ear to know if we had no schools for languages in America? On being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined, "Why, how is that? Here's a doctor, and he can't speak Italian!" This is one instance of a species of surprise that I have found more common than I could wish the occasion of it were.

The importance to naval gentlemen of a familiar acquaintance with the popular modern languages, is incalculable. It would be idle to undertake to prove, to those who know it by experience, the value of the study of languages as a mental discipline and embellishment, and as a key to the history and character of foreign nations; but even they, if they have never been abroad, *cannot feel* the advantages of speaking a foreign language, like one who has mingled in foreign society.

Place a man in the company of foreigners, and unless he can speak their language, whatever may be his accomplishments, he feels like a clown in the midst of a polished circle. Then as to travelling in foreign countries, its paramount advantage, the acquisition of a knowledge of national character in its various modifications of habits, manners, and customs—of thought, reasoning, and sentiment, is almost entirely lost to one who knows only his mother tongue.

In re-organizing the Navy, some alterations would perhaps be advisable in the pay and rank of some of the officers. The pay of midshipmen, for example, is, in my estimation, exceedingly deficient. If they have the rank of officers, why not allow them a sufficient compensation to support it respectably? What are twenty dollars a month to enable any officer to clothe himself as he ought, and make a decent appearance in foreign society? A full dress uniform, exclusive of sword and hat, cannot cost less than fifty or sixty dollars—a sum equal to about three months' pay. It is desirable for officers to have not merely uniform but citizens' dresses; but midshipmen cannot, without other resources than their pay, possess both, and frequently do not possess either in such quantity and quality, as to enable them to appear genteelly among strangers.

My reader would be amused to see a party of midshipmen in a foreign port "rig out," as they term it, for a "cruise" on shore. He would in many instances see them borrowing a coat from one of their companions, a hat from another, a pair of boots from a third, and so on of almost every other article of dress. Could all the midshipmen on board of the Constellation have been spared from duty at the same time to attend a party, I verily believe that not more than one half of them could have gone for want of suitable apparel. Let the government seize one horn of the dilemma,—either to take from them their rank, or give them more money. It may be said that they are thoughtless, and if their pay was increased,

they would squander it. They would, in my opinion, be less likely to do so in that case than at present. Many of them are now allured to the gaming table by the lying but seductive hope that they may thereby make up the deficiencies of their purses. Give them a sufficiency to supply their wants, and to enable them to support the character of officers and gentlemen, and let any disposition, resulting from the thoughtlessness of inexperience, to use their money improperly, be checked by a strict watchfulness over their expenditures.

Some modification needs also to be made in the law regulating the pay of chaplains. This class of officers receive, when doing duty in the Yards, something like twelve hundred dollars a year; but the moment one of them is ordered to sea, he is cut down to six hundred and sixty. In this regulation there is not a shadow of justice or reason. Are not the duties of a chaplain as arduous, and his privations a hundred fold greater, at sea than on shore? And must not his expenses be necessarily increased, when he has two tables to provide for;—one for himself, and another for his family? Besides, ought not the government to use a little liberality, and put a few dollars in his pocket for the purpose of enabling him to see the various objects of interest that attract the attention of the curious in foreign countries?

If it is desirable to have schoolmasters in the Navy at all, a just regard to the interests of the service would seem to demand that some alteration should be made in relation to their pay, rank and duties. The present compensation of schoolmasters is twenty-five dollars a month and two rations. They have no definite rank and no specific duties. The bill, re-organizing the Navy, reported by Mr. Branch in the House of Representatives during the present session of Congress, (1831-2) makes the office of schoolmaster, heretofore merely temporary, a permanent one. So far all is well; but further than this I cannot approve. It fixes his pay at eight hundred and fifty dollars a year when in actual service, and three hundred and fifty when *on* leave of absence. Now, let me ask, where is the *Secretary of the* Navy to find persons of suitable qualifi-

cations, who will be willing to enter the service for life, with a rank below that of midshipmen, and condemned eternally to the boisterous merriment of the steerage, or the putrid bilge water of the cockpit? As to the pay, I know not upon what principle either of justice or expediency, it is to be cut down from eight hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty, the moment the poor pedagogue sets foot on his native soil. Such a regulation would be perfectly anomalous.

In regard to the rank, there are urgent motives why it should be made higher. It would give the teacher greater respectability in the eyes of his pupils, and induce gentlemen of talents and learning to enter the service in that capacity. Shakspeare is great authority, but I must beg leave to believe that there is something even in a "name," and that of *schoolmaster* does not convey associations of the most elevated or agreeable kind. If it be expedient to have a permanent office of this kind, let the incumbent be denominated Professor of Mathematics, and enjoy a rank and receive a compensation, equal at least to those of a chaplain; and let none be appointed to the office but those who are thoroughly and beyond a doubt qualified to fill it.

The duties of a schoolmaster ought to be specific, and the hours for school regulated upon a settled plan, which should be made common throughout all the ships in the Navy. He should have at least authority enough over his pupils to control their intellectual pursuits, and should be required to make, at stated periods, minute reports to the Secretary of the Navy of the conduct, studies, progress and application of each midshipman under him.

The military discipline of the Navy is certainly of a very high order. I have already borne cheerful and honest testimony to its excellence: but in giving a new organization to the naval service, the propriety of making some changes in the *modes of discipline* might perhaps be judiciously considered. The most common punishment of the men now-a-days is flogging, which, I

am sorry to say, is carried to what I conceive to be an unnecessary extent. Debased as sailors are, there are still some generous traits in their character, and they are capable of being controlled in their conduct by nobler motives than those which influence the stubborn ass and grazing ox. I would have the power of flogging with the colt limited to the captain and first lieutenant, and the cats should never be used but by order of a court martial; while some honourable distinctions should reward the tar who has distinguished himself by the propriety of his conduct and the discharge of his duty, and some notorious disgrace should be inflicted upon him who had proved faithless to his trust, or violated the rules of decorum. The scourge would not, indeed, then as at present be perpetually held up *in terrorem* over the head of the poor sailor to frighten him into his duty, but his moral sentiments would act with tenfold vigour; and the crews of our vessels would soon begin to feel and act like a different order of beings from what they now do.

The naval service is also susceptible of improvement in the domestic economy which prevails on board of our ships. I employ the phrase *domestic economy*, because I can find no other that so nearly expresses my meaning; but I limit its application chiefly to the messes of the inferior officers. The wardroom table on board of the Constellation was as well regulated as any Ordinary in the United States; but in all the officers' messes below this, consisting of the forward officer's mess, the cockpit mess, and the three steerage messes, an utter want of system and comfort was apparent. To all these messes, for which of course there could be no community of cooking, as there was no community of expenditure, during the first three-fourths of the cruize, only one cook was allowed. A second was at last granted, and his services made a material difference in our tables: but a scarcity of wood was always complained of, and it was a rare thing that either the steerage or cockpit could get a dish cook-

ed, so as to have been fit to be placed on a decent man's table on shore. None of the messes below the wardroom was permitted to have more than one mess-boy. Two were repeatedly and earnestly asked by the cockpit, but never granted. I know not what just grounds there are for a distinction frequently made between the higher officers and their inferiors in the quantity of certain articles of provision, which they are allowed to draw from the ship's stores. On board of our ship, the steerage was never restricted in their allowance of salt beef, nor were they ever permitted to draw as much flour and butter as they desired. When at sea, there were only two days in the week, on which they could have butter and fresh bread. The living of midshipmen at sea, I cannot but think, is very unwholesome; and, were it not for their active exercise and the vigour of their digestive organs, there is reason to fear that it would in many instances prove ruinous to their health.

Thus much for the service, cooking and food of the inferior officers. If we look at the arrangement of their messes, we shall find still greater room for reform. The —— I was upon the point of lifting the curtain, and spreading the whole scene before my readers; but I forbear. Let it suffice to say that whatever credit, and I am far from denying that much is due to the higher officers for the watchful care they extend to the midshipmen in all that relates to military discipline and professional duties, they take no supervision whatsoever over their domestic concerns; and these are therefore managed, as it might be expected that youth, without experience and judgment above their years, would manage them. I am well aware that this is not a matter for legislation: still I do not believe that the evil is without a remedy. Hints, though not very judicious in themselves, often set people to thinking, who are more fruitful in expedients of improvement; and, thus encouraged, I venture to ask if it would not be well for the captain, or some one appointed by him, to take an oversight of the domestic affairs of the midshipmen, and for some one of the *superior officers*, like the prefect of a college, always

to be present at their meals? The first of these suggestions I regard as all-important: the second I throw out as a hint for consideration; not as a measure upon which I have thought sufficiently to recommend it.

But whatever may be the system of internal polity and discipline on board of our public vessels, all will agree that it ought to be uniform. In this respect there is at present a great defect. Such is the diversity in the arrangement and government prevalent in different ships, that one would scarcely know what the details of the service are, from an observation of the system, as developed on board of any single one of them.

Many of our naval officers possess a great fondness for reading, and it is important that each of our vessels of war in active service, should be supplied with a public library. This has of late years been customary, and, in the New Regulations published by the present Secretary of the Navy, I have perceived with pleasure that that judicious and efficient officer has given a list of the works to be furnished to every ship in commission. The catalogue does not contain a book that ought not to be there; and in the quality and quantity of solid aliment, it leaves perhaps little to be desired. Still I think it might be judiciously enlarged; but in the suggestion I am about to make, should this paragraph ever fall under the eye of the Secretary, I beg he would not consider me as recommending my own book to his patronage. I have spoken of a suggestion, but I will merely state a fact. Those books most sought after by officers on foreign stations, are such as contain descriptions of the countries and places they visit—whether in the shape of poetry, travels or romances. A judicious selection of works of this kind would, I am persuaded, be generally acceptable to naval gentlemen; nor could they fail to produce *the most* beneficial effects in awakening a thirst for in-

formation, in whetting the curiosity, and inducing a habit of extending and digesting their observations.

A taste for reading is invaluable to naval officers. They have generally abundance of leisure, and therefore ample opportunities of laying up funds of useful knowledge, from which they can draw for their own amusement and that of their friends. The diffusion of such a taste throughout the Navy would be among the happiest results of a Naval Academy. In many cases, it would be an effectual bar to those offences, for which midshipmen are now most frequently court-martialed;—viz. running in debt, gaming and intemperance.

The first of these is very common; and the poor people who give credits, often suffer great inconveniences from being kept out of their just dues. I knew midshipmen in the Mediterranean who, without any resources but their pay, were in debt in Mahon to the amount of two, three and even four hundred dollars. Commodore Biddle had one mess of midshipmen on board of his ship, who, on account of their debts, were entirely debarred the privilege of going ashore; and who were obliged to live within their ration, and a very small allowance of their monthly pay. Captain Wadsworth did not allow his midshipmen to draw money from the purser, even when it was due them, without an order from himself. They complained bitterly of this regulation as tyrannical and unjust, but it had the good effect of keeping nearly all of them out of debt.

Gaming is also practised to a very great extent. The Monté tables at Mahon are the ruin of many a hopeful young midshipman. In frequenting them, I am sorry to say, they are too much countenanced by the example of their superiors in office. In the whole catalogue of vices, there is none, at once so seductive and so dangerous, so destructive of character and happiness, and so blighting to the understanding and the heart, as gaming. A confirmed gambler is a ruined man. To his darling passion and his lying hopes he will sacrifice every thing; —honour, honesty, and friendship,—the holiest instincts of nature, and the loftiest principles of moral virtue.

There is no crime, which, in the madness of disappointment, he may not be tempted to commit; and no moral sentiment, which, even in his coolest moments, he will not violate without compunction. Forgery, robbery, and murder, when driven to desperation by ill success, will float, in horrid and startling colours, before his imagination; and he will take his seat at the card-table, ere the earth has settled over the remains of a parent or a wife,—insensible to the tenderness, and regardless of the respect, due the memory of the guardian of his youth, and the partner of his manhood.

This is no fancy-picture. No one can have arrived at mature years, and mingled much in the world, without having seen, alas! too many originals. I shall not of course be understood as intimating that I know any naval gentleman to whom the description will apply; but let the young officer beware. Many a youth,—endowed with the finest genius, and adorned with every virtue,—at once the happiness, the hope, and the pride of his parents,—has commenced with small bets in the fashionable circle; has afterwards been, through curiosity or politeness, induced to visit the regular gaming house; and thence has proceeded from one degree of infatuation to another, till he has ended with being chained to his bedstead in the cell of a maniac, or exhibited to the gaze of the populace, a victim upon the gallows, with the guilt of murder on his soul.

In former parts of this work, I have made frequent allusions to the character of our seamen, and given a variety of characteristic anecdotes. Sailors—I speak of them as a class—are made up of an odd assortment of elements. Generosity; a sort of grumbling contentment; susceptibility to kindness; a mixture of credulity and scepticism; a superstitious dread of imaginary, and a contempt of real dangers; a strong love of the marvellous; a rough, open-hearted simplicity of manners and language; gross sensuality; shocking profaneness; imperturbable effrontery in lying; and an insatiable thirst for strong drink,—will generally be found to be the constituent parts of a sailor's

character, when carefully analyzed. On the whole, the bad qualities preponderate, and the character of our seamen as a body is very low in the scale of moral excellence.

Sailors, however, are in my opinion, far from being irreclaimable. The disuse of ardent spirits among them; the providing of libraries for their use, adapted to their capacities and pursuits; and the regular communication of moral and religious instruction, would, I am persuaded, be productive of the happiest results both to themselves and to the service. Having merely thrown out these hints, I flatter myself that they will so commend themselves to the good sense of all, under whose eyes they may fall, as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge much upon them.

The disuse of intoxicating liquors alone would be a revolution most cheering in itself, and most propitious in its tendency. This is beginning to be felt to be the truth by the officers of the Navy themselves. For their exertions to induce the crew of the Constellation to discontinue the use of them, Captain Wadsworth and Mr. Paulding are worthy of all praise; and the success they met with, was beyond any thing before known in the service. About two-thirds of the crew stopped their grog, and received money instead of it. Since then still greater efforts have been made; and there is not a man attached to the John Adams, now in the Mediterranean, who draws his grog. On board of some of the other ships on that station, the proportion of stop-grogs is more than two to one. Let this spirit continue to be cherished by the officers, and let them encourage the men by their own example, and in five years not a drop of spirits will be required for any of our vessels of war. If any stimulating drinks are necessary, let light wines or beer be provided; and by all means, let tea and coffee be made parts of the regular ration. What justice is there in making our seamen purchase with their own money articles, now universally classed among the necessaries of life?

The sailors on board of the Constellation were con-

tinually applying to the officers for books. A taste for reading, if encouraged and provided with proper aliment, would not only be a perpetual source of amusement to this useful class of our citizens, but it might be made to contribute essentially to the elevation of their moral character. The subject is certainly of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the Department. I have sometimes thought also that the employment of one or two persons in the capacity of schoolmasters to the boys, and such others of the crew of each of our men of war, as might choose to profit by their instructions, would be a judicious measure.

But the great lever to be employed in raising the moral character of the seamen in our naval service, is undoubtedly the labours of a pious, intelligent, and judicious body of chaplains. The law at present requires that prayers be read every morning and evening, and a sermon preached every Sunday morning, on board each of our ships, provided with a chaplain. The first part of the law being entirely dead letter, Mr. Jones recommends its repeal. I respect his opinion; yet I cannot but think that the requirement was wisely made, and that therefore its enforcement would be attended with happier consequences than its abandonment.

There can be no good reason, in my apprehension, why sloops should not be allowed chaplains, as well as larger vessels. Is the inferiority in the number of their crews an adequate reason why their moral improvement should be neglected?

The question, how can a chaplain in the Navy be most useful?—is somewhat difficult to be answered. The wisdom of Solomon would scarcely be sufficient to guide him on all occasions. He may be assured, however, that any thing like cant in his language, or ministerial twang in his enunciation, or affected solemnity in his looks and deportment, will effectually defeat his usefulness. He should be cheerful, condescending and affable; —but at the same time, serious, firm and dignified. Let him mingle with the sailors; respect their prejudices; be *indulgent to* their errors; listen to their adventures—and

he will often hear in them much to amuse and interest him; exhibit an affectionate interest in their comfort and welfare; and he will soon find a way to their hearts, and gain a high place in their respect. Thus fortified by their esteem, his appeals to their consciences would be attended with a tenfold effect. In his public services, he should always study conciseness and simplicity. A single idea, clearly and forcibly developed, is enough for a sailor at once. I do not feel myself capable of multiplying directions, but by pursuing and persevering in a perfectly judicious course, I cannot doubt that a moral revolution would be effected in the Navy, astonishing even to its authors.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
> And the waves bound beneath me like a steed,
> That knows his rider."

As the light of the sun to a culprit long imn within the damp cells of a dungeon, such are the air and the bounding waves to a sailor, who has fo months been pent up in winter quarters. With th turn of spring, the officers on board of a man o always become impatient to get to sea again. I therefore with exhilarated feelings that we heard all called to "unmoor ship" on Wednesday, the thirti March, 1831. In the present instance, this feeli gladness was increased to a tenfold intensity by th ticipation of a visit to those hallowed regions, a which cluster all the glorious recollections and bri images of Grecian history and fiction.

The Boston sailed in company with us, havir board Lieutenant Ridgway, of the United States N appointed temporary Consul at Tripoli, to suppl vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Coxe. S a much finer sailer than the Ontario, our companio preceding summer. Indeed, with the wind free could hold her way with the Constellation under sail; but in beating, the latter would have to lie-to n a third of the time. On our passage to Tripoli, w head winds constantly, so that we did not arrive o town till the eighth of April. The Constellation h communication with the shore, but hove-to and w for the Boston two days. Even the bomb-boats not allowed to come near us,—a precaution to whic *were all* willing to submit in order to avoid a long

rantine at Malta. On the tenth, the Boston stood out from the harbour, and both ships filled away for the capital of that island, where we arrived four days afterwards.

On our passage from Mahon to Malta, and during the remainder of the cruise, one would have said that our ship was more like a music school than a floating fortress. While in winter quarters, most of the midshipmen had taken lessons on the guitar, and there was not a moment, from nine o'clock in the morning to the same hour at night, that our ears were not greeted and grated with their eternal thumbings. The men too caught the musical infection, and about the galley and on the forecastle, fiddles, fifes and clarionets became the order of the day.

On our arrival at Malta, we found a number of English men of war there; and as soon as we were moored, our band was ordered to play "God save the king." A few days after, the Britannia, a new and beautiful three decker, came in, and, with an insulting but characteristic haughtiness, *her* band was ordered to play, "Rule Britannia." The instant it had ceased, ours struck up "Hail Columbia." The British never can forgive us for having humbled their naval pride during the last war. They may put on a show of good fellowship, but a lurking jealousy may almost always be discovered through the gossamer with which they endeavour to conceal it.

La Valetta, the capital of Malta, is built on a peninsula in the northeast part of the island. It has a harbour on each side. One of them is appropriated exclusively to merchant ships, performing quarantine. The Lazaretto is on an island near the centre. The other harbour, called Marza, on the southeast side of the town, is much the largest and most commodious. It is one of the finest in the Mediterranean. Its entrance resembles that of Mahon, and it is generally of about the same width, though not more than half as deep. Men of war are allowed to perform quarantine there, and the regulations

are such that you can get provision as well and cheap in quarantine as in pratique. This is the case in no other port in the Mediterranean, except that of Mahon.

The Constellation was quarantined five days, and the Boston fifteen. We remained only three days after we got pratique,—barely time enough to give us a glance at the fortifications and other curiosities of the place. The most striking feature of the capital of Malta is undoubtedly the prodigious military works by which it is defended. These surpass, beyond all comparison, in extent, strength and beauty, those of Gibraltar itself. Malta is not as strong a place as Gibraltar, but the superior strength of the latter results, not from the superiority of its fortifications, but from its position and other natural advantages. In Malta the art of fortifying has been exhausted. Human ingenuity is not competent to devise, nor human imagination to conceive, any thing more solid, substantial and durable, or more admirably adapted to the purposes of defence. No fleet can approach it, for the mouth of the harbour is defended on each side by one of the strongest fortresses in the world;—on the right by the castle of St. Elmo, and on the left by that of St. Angelo. The walls that encompass the city are of prodigious thickness, and the places in the ramparts for retreating and making new stands against the enemy, form a perfect labyrinth. So much was Napoleon struck with the strength of these works, that when the city was surrendered to him by treachery, in passing under the arch in the wall, through the principal entrance on the land side, he observed to his Aid, "General, it was well that there was some one within to open the gate to us; otherwise, we never should have been able to get possession of the town."

La Valetta is a much neater, cleaner and more modern looking town than any of the cities on the peninsula of Italy. It is, indeed, less magnificent, because

it is less rich in costly palaces, churches and works of art. The houses are all of stone, and have a solid, massive and almost prison-like appearance. They are flat-roofed, and to a spectator who can look down upon them, they present about sunset a picturesque, gay and animating spectacle. The roofs are then covered with innumerable family groups, engaged in almost as great a variety of amusements. Some are promenading, and others seated and enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse; some are watering their flowers and admiring the ten thousand beauties which they offer to their contemplation; while others are drawing such tones from the gay guitar, as set the feet of all the merry-hearted listeners in motion.

La Valetta is built on ground so uneven that the sidewalks in some parts of the city consist of long flights of stone stairs. After the Fortifications, the great lions of the place are St. John's Church, the Palace of the Governor and the Armoury. The first of these any city in Italy would be proud to count among the number of its temples. It is possessed of immense riches, and is finished in the most costly style. Some of the balustrades are of massy silver. It is, however, at present less rich than formerly, as Buonaparte robbed it of a large proportion of its treasures. In one of the chapels of this church are suspended upon the walls, the huge keys of the city of Rhodes, which the Knights of St. John brought with them, when they abandoned that place, to take possession of the island of Malta. There is also in this church one of the finest specimens of Mosaic I have ever seen,—the head of the grand master, Emanuel Pinto. At the distance of a few paces, you cannot distinguish it from painting.

The Governor's palace is a large and sumptuous edifice, but after having seen those of Genoa and Florence, it possesses few attractions, except some very curious specimens of tapestry, with which the ceiling of one of the halls is hung. The paintings, though lauded to the skies by the little guide-book of Malta, are none of them above third or fourth rate merit, and they

are generally far below even that. The lover of the fine arts will find Malta extremely barren of entertainment. He will, indeed, have the pleasure of contemplating some specimens of sculpture in the corners of the streets, and in the highways in the country, but they are generally lost spirits encircled with the flames of purgatory.

Since Malta fell into the hands of the English, the armours of all the most distinguished Knights of the order of St. John have been removed to England; but the armoury is still the greatest curiosity in Malta, and well worthy of attention on account of the number and variety of specimens it contains of the weapons of defence, used in the middle ages. It seems almost incredible that any but a race of giants could have supported the prodigious weight of some of the armours. How they could not only support them, but, while encumbered with them, engage in tilts and tournaments and feats which required agility as well as skill, is still more inconceivable. That Milo should have been able to raise the ox, having lifted it every day from a calf, is to me no longer mysterious or incredible. What a wonderful being is man! How vast his powers and susceptibilities! If God has made our physical nature susceptible of such astonishing improvement, with how much higher capabilities for advancement must he have endowed our mind, that nobler part of our being, on which, as it came originally from his hand, was stamped an image of his own infinite perfections!

In the old city—Citta Vittoriosa—on the opposite side of the harbour, I saw the remains of the palace of the Grand Masters of the order, with the dungeons in which they confined their infidel prisoners. Dismal cells and heavy fetters were the portion of all the wretches who fell into their hands. Near this is an arsenal, containing naval stores for the use of the British squadron in the Mediterranean. The amount of these was prodigious.

While the Constellation remained at Malta, I spent *most of my time* with the American Missionaries stationed

there. The Mission at that time consisted of the Rev. Messrs. Temple and Goodell, and Mr. Halleck, printer, with their families. I found them kind and hospitable; simple in their manners, and plain in their living; and apparently anxious for nothing but to promote the moral and religious condition of the people among whom they were sent to labour. They formed, indeed, a contented and happy little community, and three of the most delightful days I saw during my absence from America were spent in their society.

The object of the missionary establishment at Malta, if I understand it, is chiefly to print Bibles, tracts and other books for the use of the missions in the East, but more particularly, those established in Greece and Asia Minor. In this respect, it has undoubtedly been very useful, and its friends have no reason to complain; but I question whether it is as useful in Malta as it would be in some other places. When the missionary press was established at Malta, there were insuperable objections to fixing upon any other point on the shores of the Mediterranean; but the most important of them have been obviated by the change that has since been effected in the political and civil relations of the Greeks and Turks. The most zealous friends of the missionary enterprise could not fail to be convinced, by personal observation, of the inexpediency of continuing the press at Malta, when there are so many more eligible places farther east. The prejudices and influence of the Catholic clergy in that island cause the labours of the missionaries to be confined almost exclusively to the primary object of the mission; but in Athens, Napoli, Hydra, Syra, or Smyrna, they would be enabled to wield a mighty influence for good over almost the entire mass of people, with whom they might come in contact.

The first day I was ashore in Malta, I rode in the evening with Mr. Goodell to St. Paul's Bay, so called from its being the supposed place of the shipwreck, described in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts. It

is about eight miles from La Valetta. Our driver went on foot, and trotted the horse nearly all the way. On leaving the city, I observed that he put a loaf of coarse bread into the carriage, and to an inquiry whether he intended to eat while we were gone, he replied "*Non, signore, é mangiare pel cavallo.*"*

Our road led us through a barren, rocky and uninteresting country. The island of Malta is about sixty miles in circumference. It is a soft, porous, limestone rock, in its natural state almost entirely destitute of soil, and where there is any native earth, it is not generally more than ten or twelve inches deep. A large proportion of the present soil of the island is composed of earth brought from the neighbouring island of Sicily. Every few years, an incrustation takes place on the surface of the native rock, which destroys all fertility, and renders it necessary to remove the earth, and restore it, at great expense and labour. We saw people in several places engaged either at this operation, or in making new soil, for they were carting earth from large piles, and distributing it over the surface of the rock. But with all this trouble, Malta does not produce any thing like a sufficient quantity of provisions for the support of its own inhabitants. Large draughts are constantly made upon England and Sicily to make up the deficiency. It produces, however, in abundance many excellent fruits. The oranges that grow there are the most delicious of any to be met with in the Mediterranean. It is a remarkable fact that one of the most barren islands in the world,—an island which the Knights of St. John hesitated to accept as a present when first offered to them by Charles the Fifth,—should have a denser population than any other portion of the globe, not excepting China itself. The whole number of inhabitants, including those on the island of Gozo, is about one hundred and twenty thousand. This amazing denseness of population must be owing chiefly to the combined operation of three causes,—its advantageous position, the excellence of its

* "No, sir, it's food for the horse."

harbour and the enterprise of its former and present possessors.

My ride, however, although through a monotonous and uninteresting region, was rendered not only tolerable, but delightful, by the conversation of Mr. Goodell. He entertained me with characteristic anecdotes of his residence among the Arabs in Palestine, and with the relation of many interesting circumstances, illustrating the nature and difficulties of the missionary enterprise. He is a man of great research and learning in the languages and customs of the East, and filled with a generous but not intemperate enthusiasm in the cause to which he has devoted his life. Mr. Temple is a gentleman of milder virtues, of less determined energy of character, and not so deeply versed in Eastern lore, but equally zealous for the moral improvement of his species, and equally devoted to the enterprise in which he is engaged. Humanity and religion would lose much in the death of either.

In St. Paul's Bay there is little to interest the visiter, except the associations connected with it. It is on the north side of the island, near its centre. An examination of the place has convinced me (and Messrs. Temple and Goodell are of the same opinion) that this is the real scene of the shipwreck of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, described with so much effect by the graphic pen of the Apostolic Physician. It is a deep indenture in the coast, with a neck of land running out and dividing it into two parts. Beyond the point in which this protuberance terminates, the water is very shallow for a considerable distance out at sea, a circumstance which renders it particularly dangerous in a dark and stormy night. Not far from the point above mentioned there is a small island, between which and the coast, the waves, when the wind blows from the north, naturally come into collision with each other. This corresponds exactly with that part of the description which calls the scene of shipwreck a "place where two seas met." Mr. Temple, however, is of opinion that the passage ought to be rendered *a place washed on both* sides by the sea, and

the description would then be equally applicable, as this is actually the case with the neck of land already pointed out. The creek into which, in the morning, "they were minded, if possible, to thrust in the ship," was probably that long arm of the sea, which forms the southern division of the bay. On the whole, I think no reasonable doubt can remain of the identity of this place and that described in the account of St. Paul's shipwreck. Whether the little church dedicated to that Apostle, which stands near the water's edge, really occupies, as they say it does, the site of the house of Publius, in which Paul effected the miraculous cure on the Governor's son, is somewhat more questionable. But there is one circumstance connected with our visit to it, that deserves to be recorded for its singularity. The sexton absolutely refused to receive any compensation for his trouble—the first and the last refusal of the kind that I recollect to have occurred during our whole cruise. In Citta Vecchia, a town about equally distant with St. Paul's Bay from La Valetta, there is a cave which the priests declare to have been Paul's residence the winter he was detained on the island. I had not time to visit it. Fragments of the rock, both from the cave and the bay, are eagerly sought after and highly valued by the simple-minded sailors, who have been educated in the Catholic faith, as a charm against disasters at sea. I got a specimen from the latter place, and my Catholic friends in Mahon assured me that I had nothing more to fear from the violence of the waves. From the tone in which this assurance was given, I will not answer for its sincerity; but there are thousands who believe in the efficacy of such charms.

Fiction and history each lends its own peculiar charm to the recollections connected with this island. The Cave of Calypso is by many placed in this instead of the neighbouring island of Gozo. Others suppose it to be merely the summit of one of the highest mountains in *Atlantis, which,* they say, was swept away or over-

whelmed by the rush of waters into the Mediterranean, when the angry tides of the ocean met and forced a passage through the isthmus that connected the continents of Europe and Africa. Before that dire event, far below this then rocky and towering elevation, lay those ever verdant valleys,—the peaceful and happy abode of the citizens of Plato's Republic.

But leaving the regions of fiction, come we to those of history. Few isolated spots, so insignificant and valueless in themselves, have ever been the theatre of so many important revolutions and occurrences. The first inhabitants of the island were Phæacians. It was wrested from them by the Phœnicians, and afterwards fell successively into the hands of the Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, Modern Italians, French and English. The most important revolution it has ever experienced was that by which it was annexed to the dominions of Charles the Fifth, who gave it, on certain conditions, the chief of which was eternal enmity and opposition to the Turks, to the Knights of the celebrated order of St. John of Jerusalem, called also the Knights of Rhodes and Malta. While in their possession, it sustained a number of sieges, the most remarkable and glorious of which was that directed against it in 1565, by the Turkish Sultan Soliman, during the grand-mastership of Lavalette. When requested by his friends to retire from the field, the generous old soldier, with the weight of seventy-one years upon his shoulders, nobly refused to comply with their solicitations, declaring *that he could not die more honourably than in the defence of his country, and the service of his God.* With a comparative handful of soldiers, he defended the place against thirty thousand of the *élite* of the Sultan's forces, and compelled them at last to retire ingloriously, after a long and fruitless attempt to reduce the garrison to submission. Christendom was more indebted to the Knights of Malta, for their efforts against the Turks, than to any other Power. While Europe trembled at the very name of the Othman Despot, this little band of military religious scorned his power, and defied his

wrath. Bold, haughty, resolute, and superstitious,—breathing hatred to the very name of *Infidel*, fond of glory, and jealous of their honour,—they waged an incessant and destructive warfare against the Corsairs that infested the Mediterranean. With the decline of the Turkish power, the motive to active exertion was proportionably diminished, and those energies which had before been employed in efforts for the good of Europe, soon began to be wasted in dissipation. The love of glory yielded to the desire of amusement, and cruises of pleasure on the coasts of Italy, France and Spain were substituted for those in which they had formerly engaged against the Infidels. In this way their moral and military virtues gradually became corrupted and lost their lustre, and that fortress which, two centuries and a half before, had nobly withstood the strongest efforts of a Monarch, seated upon a throne at whose footstool prostrate Europe was not ashamed to offer up her prayers, in 1798 was basely surrendered by treachery to a young aspirant for military power and fame.

Immediately on the surrender of La Valetta to the French, it was blockaded by an English squadron. The blockade continued for two years, at the expiration of which the French garrison, reduced almost to a state of starvation, and after having suffered whatever human nature is capable of enduring, capitulated to the English on honourable terms. In 1802, at the peace of Amiens the island was conditionally restored to the Knights, but at the earnest remonstrances of the natives against having their liberties and possessions again committed to the guardianship of such faithless defenders, Great Britain continued to retain possession of it until the general peace of 1814, when it was confirmed to her by the treaty ratified at the city of Paris.

The order of the Knights of Malta is now nearly extinct, and it is not probable that it will ever be revived. A solitary survivor remains at Malta, and I know not but a few stragglers may still be scattered in different parts of Europe; but in a few years, not one will be "*left alive*" to tell the tale of their glory and disgrace.

On the twenty-first, both ships got under weigh, and on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the bay of Navarino and the coasts of Messina and Laconia, and the distant, snow-capped summits of Taygetus, were full in sight. We had a light breeze, a smooth sea and a cloudless sky. Every sail that would draw, even to the royal studding sails, was set. We sailed all day along the southern coast of Greece,—a wild, rocky, iron-bound region, with here and there a miserable little village, planted in the midst of desolation. There was not, therefore, much in the scenery itself to awaken interest, but it was Grecian soil, and that was enough: the burial-places of memory gave up their dead.

We were becalmed a little after sunset, near the entrance of the narrow passage between the main land and the island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythera. The approach of evening was indescribably beautiful. The glowing splendours of day seemed to melt imperceptibly into the milder radiance of night, and when the last traces of twilight had disappeared from the west, the sky, unobscured by the lightest cloud, was so pure that the very stars appeared to be parts of the same shining vault, differing from the rest only in their superior brilliancy. About ten o'clock, the full moon shot up from behind the rugged cliffs of Cerigo, so soft, so tranquil, so lovely and so pure, that a lively imagination might have fancied it beheld the goddess of Beauty rising from the ocean-foam, and advancing to take possession of the island, destined to be for ever associated with her name.

On the following morning the wind sprang up in a direction that rendered it impossible for us to lay through the passage, and, in order to pass to the southward of Cerigo, we spent the whole day in beating to windward of it. The ancient port of this island was Scandea, and here the Phœnician and Egyptian sailors used to stop on their voyages to the west, to pay their *devoirs* to the goddess whose worship they had introduced into Greece. The town of Cythera, where stood the most ancient and venerated temple of Venus in Greece, was about ten stadia *from the port*. The statue of the goddess, preserved

in that temple, was of rude workmanship and unseemly proportions, and clad in armour from head to foot,—a circumstance that proves it to have been of high antiquity. Some insignificant remains of the city are said still to be visible. The name of Cythera awakens smiling images and tender thoughts; but the classic voyager who approaches it for the first time, and beholds the rocky, sterile, dreary aspect which it presents, feels an instinctive disposition to applaud the taste of the Goddess of Love and Beauty, who, though she rose from the foam of the sea near this island, and first sought an abode upon its shores, soon abandoned it to its original inhabitants, who were too avaricious to feel or acknowledge her dominion, and fled to the softer clime, the lovelier vales and the more congenial spirits of Cyprus.

Nearly opposite the island of Cerigo, we had a view of the ancient port and promontory of Tenarum. On the latter, as on almost all the promontories of Greece, stood a temple, dedicated to Neptune. Near this temple there was a cavern fabled to have been one of the five descents to hell; and for which the priests of Neptune, who ministered there, claimed the peculiar honour of having been the one, where Hercules overcame the three-headed monster Cerberus, and through which Orpheus brought back his wife Euridice.

Cerigo is the southernmost of those islands, comprehended in the Ionian group, and is of course under British protection. We saw the bloody cross of St. George waving over the little capital of the island, situated on an eminence at some distance from the sea.

A little after night-fall, just as we were doubling the southern extremity of Cerigo, the breeze suddenly freshened up to a gale, the upper masts were immediately housed, all the canvass was furled except the fore and main topsails, which were close-reefed, and thus we entered the Archipelago, "riding on the whirlwind," if not "directing the storm." It was indeed a sublime and a beautiful scene. The clouds, wild, silvery and broken; the stars, seen in little groups on spots of azure purity; the queen of night, now concealed by passing

vapours, and now peering from behind them in all her native loveliness; the dark blue waters of the Ægean, lashed to a sheet of foam, and rolling their angry waves in rapid succession; the roar of the winds, as they swept through the rigging of the vessel, and over the surface of the waters; and last of all, the gallant ship herself, dashing on through the warring elements, as if in the pride of conscious majesty, and the confidence of undoubting security,—were features of the picture, which justify the epithets applied to it. And what new interest was given to a scene, so absorbing in itself, by the thought that we were on Grecian waters, canopied by Grecian skies, and in sight of places consecrated by the Grecian Muse!

Early the next morning, we were off the island of Milo, and the union jack was hoisted at the fore-top-mast head for a pilot. The town of Milo stands on the very summit of a high conical mountain, and may well be denominated a "city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid." It is inhabited principally by pilots, who are employed by nearly all the vessels, merchantmen as well as men of war, that navigate the waters of the Archipelago. Each of our public vessels always has two on board. Their compensation is thirty dollars per month and two rations. When the boat came alongside with our pilots, we were all struck with the fine appearance of the men employed to manage her;—an appearance so different from that of persons of the same class in Italy and Spain. The Greeks are certainly the noblest-looking race of men I ever saw.

We filled away again between nine and ten o'clock, with a fresh breeze dead aft, and before sunset the last of the Cyclades was astern of us, while far ahead could be seen, dimly breaking through the distance, the outlines of "Scio's rocky Isle." All the islands composing the group of the Cyclades, are rugged and rocky in the extreme; but the sight of them awakened a thousand beautiful recollections. Not to enumerate other islands less distinguished, Naxos and Delos are names which fill the mind of the scholar, even in the retirement of his own closet, with enthusiasm. How then must the ima-

gination kindle and blaze, and the soul be touched and warmed, as the strained eye catches the first glimpse of these classic isles,—the birth-places and the abodes of the Gods of Pleasure and of Poetry! What images of gladness, gaiety and beauty crowd upon the mind! You almost fancy that you see the gay procession of people, assembled from all parts of Greece, to celebrate the birth of Apollo and Diana, and listen to the songs and shouts with which they make the air reverberate. But a nearer approach dissolves the illusion. The temple of the Poet-God, which once reared its proud columns of Parian marble on the shores of Delos, has disappeared; the city, with its superb edifices, its elegant porticoes, and its forest of columns, has shared the same fate; and the Daughter of Latona no longer leads the vernal dance with her wood nymphs on the Cynthian cliffs.

We passed through the Straits of Scio in the night, and on the morning of the twenty-eighth, found ourselves near the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna. What a contrast in the scenery of Asia Minor to that of the Cyclades! Instead of shapeless rocks, wildly piled upon each other, the eye was here gratified with the sight of regular and fertile slopes, extending several miles in succession, and clothed in a covering of the richest verdure.

After we entered the Gulf of Smyrna, we were two days in getting up to the town, having been obliged to come-to three different times. All the winds in the universe seem to meet in that Gulf. I have seen ships there sailing in opposite directions within a few hundred paces of each other, each with her yards nearly squared; and it has often happened on board the Constellation, that the helm would be ordered to be put down, and the ship would come up to the wind till the sails began to shake, but before the order was given to let go and haul, she would fill away again with a fresh breeze on her quarter.

CHAPTER VII.

It was on Monday morning, the second of May, that, in company with several other officers, I first set foot on the shores of Asia, and in a city which contended more strenuously than either of the other six for the honour of having given birth to the Father of poetry and the Prince of poets. What a crowd of beautiful and mournful reminiscences does it awaken in the mind, to land for the first time upon the coast of Asia Minor;—a coast once peopled by the haughty Trojan, the luxurious Lydian, and the ingenious, cultivated, etherial Greek; the birthplace of many of the most exalted geniuses that have ever appeared to shine on the pathway of the vulgar herd of men; adorned with cities and monuments, at once the perfection of taste and the triumph of art; the theatre of apostolic labours and apostolic success; but now utterly changed in the elements of society, and in those physical appearances which depend upon the hand of man; presenting, instead of regions enlivened by a dense population and smiling beneath the hand of cultivation, immense tracts of territory, characterised by cheerless sterility, and as destitute of inhabitants as the site of Babylon; sprinkled, not with marble cities adorned by taste and genius, but with filthy, mud-hut villages; and peopled by a race of men, possessing indeed some sterling qualities, but still ignorant, bigoted, haughty and vindictive, and not less separated from the rest of the world in their sympathies, than by the peculiar dogmas of their religion.

Such are the natural associations of place which present themselves to the mind of the traveller on approaching this coast, but they are violently interrupted the moment he sets foot on the quay in Smyrna. So at least it was with us. We were instantly surrounded

by some dozen Jews and about an equal number of Greeks, who offered their services, or rather undertook to force themselves upon us, as guides and interpreters. "Do you wish to see the bazars—would you like to purchase some *angora?*—they'll cheat you if you go alone—they'll ask you twice as much as they would me—I know where all the best shops are"—and a little infinity of like questions and declarations were poured, without mercy, into our ears. These rogues who make it their business to show strangers the lions, are the greatest annoyance—barring the fleas and multipeds—that Smyrna contains. The Jews especially are beyond all endurance. It is sometimes impossible to get rid of them. Dr. —— and myself were one day beset by one of these fellows, who insisted upon accompanying us. We turned every corner to dodge him, but without success. At last the doctor's wrath was kindled, and he gave him a sound beating with his fists. The tame-spirited Israelite crouched down beneath it without making the slightest resistence, or uttering a syllable of compilant. In the course of the afternoon, we met him again in another part of the town, and he renewed the proffer of his services, but did not deem it prudent to urge our acceptance quite so perseveringly as before.

Having letters of introducton to Mr. Brewer, immediately on landing, I called on him at his residence, which was between Frank Street and the Marina. His house was the first I had seen, since entering the Mediterranean, with wooden stairs and floors, and it had the oddest appearance that can be imagined.

I received a hearty welcome from Mr. B. and his family, and soon found myself at home there. Mr. B. is employed as a missionary by a society of ladies in New Haven, and the primary object of his mission is the education of Greek females. He is known to the world as the author of an interesting work on Turkey, the result of his observations while employed as a travelling missionary by the American Board. His character is

marked by mildness, modesty, good sense and unaffected piety. His wife is uncommonly beautiful, and a woman of the finest intelligence and most fascinating manners. Associated with Mr. B. in his enterprise, and a member of his family, is a Miss Reynolds,—a young lady possessing high qualifications for her station in point of talent, cultivation and piety. A brother of Mrs. B.'s, a lad of spirit and promise, and two or three charming little children, completed the family circle, and it was one of the happiest and most agreeable I have ever known. Mr. J. of the Boston, my friend and companion, knew them intimately before he left the United States, and while we remained in Smyrna, we used to spend almost all our evenings under their hospitable roof. We were often gratified at seeing the little groups of black-eyed, dark-complexioned, intelligent-looking Greek girls, who would enter the house with trifling presents of fruits or flowers, and who seemed to cherish towards their benefactors the affection of daughters. There was one who spent nearly all her days in the family, for the purpose of learning embroidery and English, and whose truly classic face, whose modest and sprightly manners, and lisping English, pronounced with a voice of uncommon richness, and in tones of faltering distrust, could not have failed to awaken an interest even in one who had never heard of her progenitors.

Mr. Brewer and Miss Reynolds have generously given up the whole of their salaries to the support of the Greek schools, and gain a livelihood for themselves by keeping a Frank school, for which they have been guaranteed two hundred pounds a year for five years. This school is made up of the children of European and American merchants, and is the first of the kind ever known in Smyrna. The pupils of different sexes have separate apartments, and form interesting groups. They dress in the costumes of their different countries, and the conversation of those who belong to each nation is usually carried on in their own language; but the common medium of communication is the modern Greek. One of Mr. B's pupils was an Armenian, by the name of

Tackvor, who was learning English, and who interested greatly all our officers. He was a young man of about twenty, with dark eyes and intelligent features, of mild and engaging manners, and a disposition full of kindness and sincerity. We were greatly indebted to him for the services he rendered us as interpreter in our intercourse with the Turks, and as a guide in showing us the curiosities of the place.

During our stay in Smyrna, I often visited the Greek female schools under Mr. B.'s charge, and was not more delighted than surprised at the order with which they were conducted, the eager desire of knowledge which the pupils appeared to feel, and the rapid progress they made in their studies. They were conducted on the Lancasterian plan, by native teachers, and the children were instructed not only in all the branches taught in our own common schools, but in knitting, needle-work, embroidery, &c. I saw little girls, who had been attached to the schools only a few months, who could write a fair hand and read with tolerable facility in the Testament. The needle-work of some of the older girls would scarcely have discredited any lady in the United States. The whole number of children in all the schools was somewhat rising of two hundred.

Mr. Brewer's schools were the first ever established in Smyrna,—at least in modern times,—for the cultivation of the female mind. They threw the whole Smyrniot population into amazement. Females—by the servile Greek as well as by the haughty, self-complacent Othman regarded as the mere slaves and playthings of man—females capable of intellectual culture and refinement! The thing was unheard of, and produced a dreadful whirling in men's ideas of truth and propriety. But the experiment was confidently made, and has succeeded even beyond the anticipation of its authors. Its effects are not limited to the schools which Mr. B. has established, but are seen also in the revolution they have effected in public sentiment, and the consequent exertions made on the part of many of the more wealthy and respectable Greeks to educate their daughters.

The education of boys was not before altogether ne-

glected; but a new impulse has been given to this also, and several male schools have recently been established, which I visited with great pleasure. The principal establishment for the education of Greek lads is the College of Abraham,—a talented and learned Armenian Greek, whose character is marked by great originality, and whose history is strongly spiced with the romantic. Possessing an inquisitive and energetic mind; at first a devotee—then an infidel—and finally a consistent believer; his orbit has been eccentric and devious to the last degree; but throughout the whole of it he has retained two master sentiments—an enthusiast's love of Grecian literature, and a patriot's devotion to Grecian liberty. He is profoundly read in his country's classics; and the wish that his countrymen may again imbibe the generous spirit, and emulate the heroic virtues, and rival the intellectual supremacy of their ancestors, has been so long and so deeply cherished, that it has become a part of his being. His school is large, though I cannot give the exact number of pupils, as, by some unaccountable inadvertency, I omitted to insert it in my notes. It is very flourishing, and supplies in part the loss of that invaluable institution, the College of Scio.

There is also in Smyrna a school for Armenian boys, numbering, when we were there, about one hundred and fifty pupils,—besides several for the sons of the Faithful.

Besides Mr. Brewer's family, there are several others of American merchants, chiefly from Boston and New York; and it is a singular circumstance, that, on the coast of Asia and in the heart of the Turkish Empire, we should have met with a heartier welcome, and found more that reminded us of home, than we had in any part of Christian Europe. The American society at Smyrna is intelligent, cultivated and agreeable; and they live there like members of the same family. The thought of the vast distance at which they are placed from their own particular *friends*, draws them closer to each other,

and their intercourse is marked by the familiarity and harmony of brethren. They have a way there of calling their servants, odd enough to one who has never been in Turkey, which is by a loud clapping of hands.

There is also at Smyrna a large and select society of English, French and Italian merchants. In winter that seat of Eastern commerce is as gay as the Gallic capital; and the assembly rooms of the Casino glitter with the fashion, and echo to the revelry of the merry Christians, whose pleasures are not a whit dampened or disturbed by the gloomy reign of Islamism. The Frank merchants have a reading-room in one of the halls of the Casino, well supplied with the current news from all parts of the globe, and it affords to the stranger as well as to the resident one of the most agreeable lounges in Smyrna.

Smyrna, in its physical appearance and moral elements, is a place *sui generis*—distinct and different from all others on the face of the globe. Seen at a distance, it appears to merit the epithets—"glory of Asia"—"Ismir the lovely"—applied to it by ancient writers; but it is only at a distance that it is "glorious" and "lovely." The immense mass of buildings, of various colours and nearly all visible in the approach; the graceful minarets and muezzin towers that shoot up above them; and more than all, the vast cypress groves, climbing to the heavens, and waving in pensive beauty over the Mohammedan burial-places, naturally cause the stranger to form high expectations; but the instant he enters the place, the fairy net-work of the fancy is broken, and he perceives that its three great characteristics are disgusting odours, miserable architecture, and filthy lanes, there dignified, by some unaccountable misnomer, with the name of streets. The houses are for the most part built of wood, two stories high, with huge balconies on the second story, projecting so as almost to meet over the centre of their narrow streets. Those of the Turks all have latticed windows, through which we could sometimes catch a rapid and imperfect view of a Turkish

beauty, who, if she perceived that she was discovered, would vanish with the swiftness of lightning. But Smyrna is peopled by so many different tribes, and has been so often destroyed and rebuilt, that its architecture is of a motley character, presenting specimens of the varying styles of almost every age and nation. When we arrived there, the passover had just been celebrated; and we could distinguish the houses of the Greeks and Armenians by the festoons of flowers with which the outsides of their windows were adorned.

The different sections of Smyrna are known by the appellation of *Quarters*. Thus you hear of Frank quarter, Turkish quarter, Armenian quarter, &c.; and although these different sections are not exclusively inhabited by the nations whose names they bear, yet they are chiefly so. Frank quarter is along the Marina: with the other localities I am not sufficiently familiar to point them out.

The three parts of the town particularly deserving of attention are the Marina, Frank street and the Bazars. The former would furnish one of the finest schools that could be desired by a moral painter. The distinctive features of almost every nation of the East, and the whole wide range of human passions, modified by as wide a range of accidents, would there be open to his inspection. The keen eye of a Hogarth would discover much in this diversified field, which his graphic pencil might transfer to the canvass to amuse and instruct the world. The only promenade within the city is along one part of the Marina.

Frank street traverses nearly the whole of the city in a winding direction. It is narrow, filthy and without attractions of any kind. The Bazars are the only part of the town that approaches to the *beautiful*. These are numerous and extensive, and, the streets on which they stand being covered, present the appearance of vast halls, indented on each side with a succession of little alcoves. They are clean, cool and airy. Each street of them is appropriated to a single class of merchandise, and the quantity they display is beyond all credibility.

The generality of the streets in Smyrna are so narrow that a camel cannot be passed on horseback, and when he lies down to have his load removed, he usually blocks up the pass completely.

The architecture of Smyrna is not more various than its inhabitants. It is astonishing to observe the great diversity and entire distinctness of national character, costume and physiognomy, that distinguish that place. One week's residence there is enough to enable you to determine, with almost infallible certainty, to what nation every man that meets you in the street, belongs. The MOSLEM is known by his dignity, his arms and his high red flannel cap,—the ARMENIAN by his huge calpec, his regular features, and his good-natured, merchant-like air,—the JEW by his close-folded, checkered calico turban, his sharp physiognomy, his arch, sparkling black eye, and his fawn-like activity,—the GREEK by his greasy red flannel skull-cap, his elastic tread, his large rich eye, his symmetrical form, and his everlasting restlessness,—whilst all, of every nation and from every clime, who mount the European hat, are ranged under the general, heterogeneous, nondescript class of FRANKS.

It is amusing to visit the bazars, and observe how the shopkeepers of different nations employ their leisure during the intervals of business. The Turk, squatted on his divan, whiffs his much loved chibouque, or sips the precious juice of his idol plant: the Armenian lies cozily upon his oars, with his eye still alert, and an evident anxiety to be counting the money for his merchandise: the Jew employs every moment in some useful occupation: and the Greek bawls out to every passer by to know if he does not wish to purchase of his wares. They called all our officers by the common name of "John;" and when we purchased any thing, generally begged a few *paras* to drink our health. There is more *honesty* among the Turks than any other class of *Smyrniot* merchants. Vindictive, supercilious, and re-

gardless of the feelings of their fellow-men, they are nevertheless above the commission of petty frauds. The Armenians also are tolerably fair in their dealings; but he who deals with an Israelite or a Greek, let him look well to his purse strings, and trust to nothing but his own eyes and judgment. I had a commission from an apothecary in Mahon to procure a quantity of opium. A Jew, with whom I undertook to negotiate the purchase, when demanding nearly twice the real value of his opium, swore "by the sacred law of his father Moses," that he *believed* I could not get it of any other merchant in Smyrna at so moderate a price as he offered it.

I was introduced by Mr. Brewer to a number of Greek and Armenian families. Sweetmeats, lemonade and pipes were usually offered to us, when we visited them. In the warm climate of Asia Minor, iced lemonade is the most delicious of drinks. The lemons of Smyrna are the largest and most juicy I have ever seen, and they generally squeeze two or three into a single glass. Sherbet is a fashionable Eastern drink, and is sold at the corner of almost every street in Smyrna. Attention is usually attracted to the stands where it is sold by the clattering of a little wheel, turned by a continual dripping of the liquor. It is not a beverage that I would ever drink, where lemonade was to be procured.

Those of my countrymen who contributed any thing to aid the poor Greeks in their recent struggle for emancipation from Turkish thraldom, may rest assured that their beneficence is remembered and often spoken of with gratitude, by the subjects of it. "Good Americans"—"Generous Americans"—"Kind-hearted, sympathizing Americans"—were the epithets with which we were greeted, not only in Smyrna, but in all parts of Greece and her Islands.

The Greeks resident at Smyrna are greatly oppressed by the Turks. These latter hate them more than ever since the *revolution*, and as they are the masters, their

hatred of course has a tendency to make the other residents eye them with more jealousy and disrespect. They are reminded of their servitude in a thousand ways and at almost every moment—in the deprivation of their rights—in the indignities daily heaped upon them in the public streets by their scornful masters—and in the confiscation of their property. They are not allowed to go armed, nor to wear the red flannel cap, recently adopted by the fashionable Moslems in place of the now antiquated turban. Their possessions are held by the feeblest tenure, and they live in eternal apprehension of having them wrested from them under colour of pretended crimes. I have often heard them speak with strong emotion of their degraded and precarious condition; but they cannot tear themselves away from the scenes and associations of their childhood, even though it be to seek a safer home in a country inhabited only by their kindred. The modern Greeks certainly possess many of the distinguishing qualities of their ancestors; and such is the elastic spring of their spirits, that they cannot be chained by oppression, but, though temporarily depressed, they soon bound upward again to their own etherial region.

On Tuesday, the seventeenth, Mr. J., of the Boston, and myself, with Mr. Brewer's Armenian pupil for an interpreter, paid a visit to the Pacha's eldest son, who is governor of the city. His residence is in his father's palace, which occupies an elevated site in the south-west part of the town, and so near to the water's edge as to enjoy the full benefit of that greatest of luxuries at Smyrna—the daily *inbat** from the Ægean. The present palace was built only a few years ago, and is three stories in height. The lower part of it is occupied for a prison, but the two upper stories are finished in the true style of Oriental architecture—light, graceful and airy. The height of the windows is nearly equal to that of the

* Sea breeze.

walls, and the spaces between them are very narrow. The apartments of the seraglio are indicated by the elegant lattice-work of their windows.

We were conducted up one flight of stairs, and at the door of the Governor's apartment our interpreter took off his slippers, but told us to keep our boots on. We were announced as in attendance, and instantly invited to enter. Our Armenian advanced, fell on his knees, and kissed the gubernatorial robe, while the haughty but complaisant Othman extended to each of us his fat, pulpy hand, and condescended to honour us with a dignified smile and a gracious bow. He was a middle-aged man, of noble figure and commanding mien, with uncommon energy of expression, and dressed in the style of a rich luxurious Turk. His room was an oblong apartment facing the bay, surrounded by a beautiful cushioned divan, with an elegant marble pavement, and a fountain of cool transparent water playing at one end of it. Coffee was immediately served in little China cups with gilt edges, made in the shape of an egg-shell cut in two in the middle, and placed in small silver holders in order to be handed round. Then followed smoking with long chibouques of wood, with bright silver bowls and huge transparent amber mouth-pieces. Next came large goblets of lemonade, clear as spring water, which a happy mixture of sweet and sour made vastly agreeable to the palate. The pipes were replenished as often as a deficiency in their contents made it necessary.

Our host poured out torrents of compliments to the Americans, which we of course had the politeness to repay in kind and quantity. There was no stiffness in his manner, and no reserve in his conversation. He made numerous inquiries of us in relation to our trip to Sardis, and seemed delighted to hear that we preferred Smyrna to Magnesia. It was, however, only during the intervals of business that he conversed with us; for his palace was thronged with his subjects, who came to spread their cases before him, either for redress or justification. All who approached him saluted his robe on bended knees, and, having performed this requisite act of sub-

missive deference, they were graciously permitted to rise, and stand up in his presence. They would then state their cases to him in the most respectful manner, but with great earnestness and animation, gesticulating with much violence, and often very gracefully. The cautious Moslem scarcely ever failed to institute a sort of lawyer-like inquisition, but when the facts were all before him, he decided with surprising promptness. I shall never forget one scene that occurred while there. A Jew entered the hall, advanced and went through with the necessary marks of respect, and then, with evident agitation, placed a paper in the Governor's hand. He glanced his eye over what was written on the outside, and instantly hurled it from him with great violence and a look of ineffable scorn. The poor Israelite picked up his manuscript, and slunk out of the apartment.

Our visit at the palace being ended, we went to see the new Turkish Barracks, only a short distance off. They are well built, commodious, and kept with tolerable cleanliness. The soldiers wear the European trowsers, which, as they are not yet accustomed to it, makes them appear stiff and awkward. We called upon one of the officers, a young dandy sort of a fellow, who received us with great politeness, and was as pert and talkative as a Frenchman. His apartment was without a single ornament, and surrounded by a board divan, covered only with a mat. Coffee, pipes and lemonade were served, though in a style somewhat less ostentatious than that with which we had been treated at the palace. Our Commissary was dressed in the present military costume of Turkey,—half Moslem half Christian. He displayed his whole wardrobe to us with the most perfect *naïveté*, and we saw there—what neither of us had ever expected to see in such a place—a quantity of *false collars*. He descanted with great flippancy on the superiority of the new over the old costume, not forgetting to mention a circumstance of great importance to the labour-hating Turk, that he could now dress with *much greater* despatch than formerly. But whatever

the Turks may have gained by this innovation, they have lost much on the score of personal beauty. In the multitude of his exhibitions, our host did not omit to point out to us the mode he had adopted to rid himself of the annoyance of a certain animal very common in Smyrna. This was by placing the feet of his bedstead in small vessels filled with water. The quantity of these animals in all Eastern cities is frightful. Mr. Brewer assured us that once, after he had made a visit to a very respectable family in Smyrna, on his return home, fifty of them were found in his clothes.

It is well that the Koran inculcates personal cleanliness, for a want of this, added to the filth of their cities and houses, could scarcely fail of generating epidemics, that would sweep the whole Ottoman race from the earth. It is one of the most interesting sights in Smyrna to see the Moslems, when the hour of prayer is sounded from the tops of the Muezzin towers, performing their evening ablutions at the various fountains, scattered through the city.

The Mosques in Smyrna are neither as numerous nor as beautiful as in most other Mohammedan cities. The Smyrniot Turks, however, pride themselves much on the new Mosque, where the Pacha worships, called Hiss-hargiamisi. Its exterior is ornamented with black and white marble, said to have been obtained by rifling Christian burial-places; and its shape is that of an oblong rectangle, differing only slightly from a square. As the Mohammedans in Smyrna are much less bigoted and exclusive than those of Barbary, we had no difficulty in getting admission, by the payment of a few piastres, and the slight respect of taking off our shoes when we entered. I visited it several times, and had an opportunity not only of examining its architecture, but also of observing the modes of Moslem worship.

The Mosque is supported by six immense stuccoed pillars of the Composite Order. It has one grand central dome, and eight smaller ones. There are two pulpits

on the side opposite the entrance,—one to be used at any time, and the other only on their Sabbath, and on festival occasions. It receives its light through two hundred windows, forty of which are in the great dome, and one hundred in the other eight. Between the pulpits are two windows in the shape of hearts, and ornamented, as some of the others are also, with coloured glass. Upwards of four hundred lamps are suspended in different parts of the temple. The pavement is carpeted, and the walls are adorned with stucco and filagree work, containing extracts from the Koran. Near one of the pulpits there is a small painting of the City of Mecca, and another of the Tomb of Mohammed. The colouring and perspective are passable.

The forms of the Moslem worship, though they at first strike a stranger somewhat singularly, are simple, solemn, and touching. They consist in a succession of genuflexions and prostrations, accompanied with a low murmur of confession and prayer. The worshipper leaves his shoes and his turban behind, and stands with his face toward the city of Mecca. He first makes a low inclination of the head, then falls upon his knees, and finally bows his forehead to the earth, pausing between each different movement to pour his guilt and his desires into the ears of Allah. The number of genuflexions and prostrations, gone through with by each devotee, marks the amount of his piety. The frequency with which the forehead comes in contact with the earth, is supposed to give it a certain callousness, which is closely scrutinized at the Gates of Paradise.

There are in Smyrna a Catholic, an Armenian, two Greek Churches, and several Jewish Synagogues. The architecture of the Greek Churches in the East, is generally in wretched taste, and their ornaments consist of a profusion of carved work, gilding, and daubs of tutelary saints. The Greek worship, though equally *formal*, has none of the imposing splendours of the *Catholic*. The dresses of the ecclesiastics are black, and

have a mean appearance, and their low brimless hats give them a sort of harlequin appearance. Near the door of the Greek Churches, there are always pictures of our Saviour and the Virgin, which on entering and going away, every worshipper kneels and kisses. The more devout may frequently be seen engaged for fifteen or twenty minutes in continual genuflexions and kissings. The sprinkling of incense constitutes one of the most important parts of the Greek service. The censor is shaken under the nose of each individual, who, as he inhales its fragrant fumes, bows his head almost to the earth. Women are not allowed to worship in the same part of the church with the men: it is too honourable a place for them.

The Armenian worship occupies a middle ground between the Turkish and the Greek, partaking of the characteristics of both. The walls of the court in front of the Armenian church at Smyrna are ornamented with a great variety of religious pictures. The most remarkable are those representing the Last Judgment, the Archangel Michael in conflict with the Dragon, and the Rich Man and Lazarus both before and after death. They are executed with some force of expression, but are as stiff as a board, and all horribly bedizened with gilding. The Rich Man is represented under the figure of a luxurious old Turk. The Armenian burying ground is in an enclosure encircling the church. The tomb-stones are all placed horizontally over the graves, and generally contain devices representing the profession of the persons whom they commemorate.

One of the most striking, and certainly the most beautiful feature in Smyrna, is the extensive cypress groves, that overshadow the burial-places of the followers of the Prophet, situated at the two extremities of the town. That on the north-east side, beyond the river Meles, is much the largest, lining each side of the street for nearly half a mile with its luxuriant foliage and its deep undying verdure. The palm tree does not flourish out of

Africa, and the cypress finds its most congenial soil on the shores of Asia. In its perfection, it is at once the most beautiful and the most melancholy of trees. Its shape, from the part where the branches commence, is that of a slender and gently tapered cone; its height rivals the flight of the eagle; its foliage is impervious to the sun, and of a dark rich green; and the breezes that play among the groves that shade the Moslem's last resting place, cause them to wave with an effect inexpressibly solemn, pensive, and soothing, and occasion sounds which, in the deep stillness of midnight, might easily be mistaken for the sighs of bereavement.

The Turkish tomb-stones are generally round, with a spiral groove running from the top to the bottom, and those of the men are all surmounted by a turban. Their burial places are usually the most fashionable promenades in their cities; and veiled females are often seen decking with flowers and watering with tears the graves of departed friends. How heart-rending must it be for a Turkish female who loves her lord, to impress the last kiss upon his cold and quivering lips, and how cheerless to visit the spot that covers his remains! To her, the dying embrace is an everlasting farewell. No glimmer of a re-union in another world relieves the darkness of her bereavement, and no fluttering hope of catching another glance at his cherished features, soothes the anguish of her despair. Through life a slave, in death she has the dreary prospect of an eternal separation from him she loves, embittered by the belief that he is indeed to burst the fetters of the grave, and rise in immortal vigour and beauty, but no longer to take delight in *her* person or her society. Her charms are to give place to beauties of a higher order, and the Houris that crowd the bowers of Paradise, are to make up the pastimes of eternity. O Christianity! were thy sublimest truths but a gilded phantom, he would be the deadliest foe to his species, who should seek to tear from before their eyes the blessed illusion. If the religion of the Bible had no *other* claims to our regard and respect than that of raising females to their proper rank and influence in society,

how heavy would be our obligations to it! Let the elevation of their sex be a motive with my fair countrywomen for redoubling their efforts to diffuse the light and blessings of Christianity over every portion of the globe.

The recollections connected with Symrna are of a diversified and deeply interesting character; but the antiquities found there are insignificant, and may be soon described. The classic Meles still flows, with a music as sweet and a beauty as enchanting, as when its inspiration poured divinity into the lays of the Chian Bard. On its banks are pointed out to the stranger the site of the temple of Diana, and the cave where Homer is said to have composed his Iliad. Just above the town are some uninteresting remains of the ancient theatre; and the lofty hill, the Mount Pagus of antiquity, that rises in its rear, is crowned with the ruins of an old deserted castle. In the walls may be distinctly traced three different periods of erection. The foundations are attributed to Alexander,—the second part to a Roman General of the Lower Empire,—and the last to the Venetian Republic. Near one of the gates, there is, inserted in the walls, an antique marble head of colossal size, by some supposed to be that of the Amazon Smyrna, and by others one of Apollo. It is so defaced that the lineaments cannot be traced, and no judgment can be formed of the merits of the sculpture. The view from the top of the walls is commanding, and highly beautiful. The gulf, the city, and the plains of Smyrna, with their ships, their minarets, their cypress groves, their streams, and their villages, and the rocky sides and towering summits of Sipylus, Corax, and other mountains celebrated in the writings of antiquity, afford a prospect, which cannot fail to awaken a deep and enthusiastic interest.

One of the seven churches of Asia is supposed to have occupied a site near the summit of Mount Pagus, but no remains are left to mark it. The form of the amphitheatre where St. Polycarp suffered martyrdom, can still be traced.

On our return from the castle, we passed the grave of a Mohammedan Saint. The monument, a plain block of marble, was completely covered with linen and cotton rags. These had been fastened to it by devotees, who expected thereby to imbibe the virtues and secure the influence in heaven of the deceased. A number of Turkish boys were collected near the grave. They beset us for money, and when they found it was refused, they commenced pelting us with stones. We passed also several groups of unveiled, sprightly Turkish girls, whose finger nails were all stained of a dark brown colour, and whose hair hung in a thousand braids behind.

CHAPTER VIII.

On Wednesday, the fourth of May, Mr. J. of the Boston, Dr. C. of the Constellation, and myself, set off on an excursion to Sardis. Mr. Brewer, who knew well the requisites for travelling in Asia Minor, had kindly provided every thing necessary for our journey, on the preceding day, and Mrs. B. had arranged the whole as nicely and with as much interest, as if we had been her own children. Our provision bags contained a knife and fork for each of the party, a tin mug, a small wooden kid, a half dozen pork tongues, a piece of boiled ham, three or four brown loaves and a quantity of sea biscuit, two dozen boiled eggs, a paper of salt and another of sugar, and a supply of lemons till we reached Magnesia.

The horses had been ordered at sunrise. We were at the appointed rendezvous at the proper hour, and had the pleasure of experiencing a specimen of Turkish punctuality in waiting till noon for the arrival of our beasts. We were not long in lashing our cloaks and bed clothes to the saddles, and mounting upon the backs of our steeds. The clattering of their flat shoes over the rough pavements of Smyrna and the anticipations of our journey soon restored our irritated nerves to their natural state.

When we were fairly out of town, so that we had an opportunity of surveying our party and observing the appearance we made, it would have been difficult, had we attempted it, to repress our laughter; but having no inducement to make such an attempt, we gave full vent to our risible propensities. First there were ourselves mounted on coursers that looked as if the first crow we met with would dispute the possession of them with us. They were caparisoned with saddles—*genuine antiques*—just long enough to admit of being comfortably seated upon them, with perpendicular walls about a

foot high both before and behind, and long iron plates with elevated edges for stirrups. Our whips were straps of braided leather, fastened to the reins of the bridles. Then there was Antonio, a young Greek employed as teacher in one of Mr. Brewer's schools, who accompanied us in the capacity of interpreter. He was dressed in Turkish costume, of a muscular, well proportioned frame and a genuine olive complexion, with keen black eyes, and a graver expression of countenance than belongs to most of his countrymen. Last of all came our *Surigee*, Memet,—a perfect nondescript,—a being who might easily enough have been mistaken for one of the imps of the lower regions, had it not been for an eternal smirk that was playing on his countenance. He was large and bony; his complexion a deep brown; his beard jet black, coarse and curly; and his harsh but good-natured features indicated an utter vacancy of thought. He was a true-blue Moslem. I once offered him my razor, at the same time making a motion for him to shave. He shrugged up his shoulders, and drily pointed to a dog that was standing near. At another time I motioned him to sit like a Christian with one knee over the other. In this case he was less scrupulous, and made the attempt. He would first grasp one leg and then the other, exerting himself to the utmost to bring it to the right point, but he was at last compelled to give it up for a bad business.

The only mode of reckoning distances in the East is by hours. The rate of travelling is regulated by the caravans of camels. These go about three miles an hour. In travelling on horseback in Eastern countries, it is a rare thing to go at any other gait than that of a walk. Excessive heats and stony roads are the principal causes of travelling so slow. Sardis is seventeen hours from Smyrna, or about two days' journey.

We had a hot and dusty, but not uninteresting ride of four hours through the rich and picturesque vale of Smyrna, to the foot of Mount Sipylus. We met and passed a number of caravans of camels, bringing the productions of the interior to *Ismir*, and carrying back the merchandise of that emporium of commerce. Smyrna

supplies a circuit of several hundred miles with the various foreign commodities required for its consumption, and the whole vast amount is transported on the backs of camels, an animal of prodigious strength and endurance; and without which, in the present state of society in the East, it would be almost impossible to carry on the ordinary communications of life. In the course of our journey we passed one caravan of upwards of two hundred camels. This was made up of a great number of smaller caravans, accidentally united by travelling the same direction, each of which was headed by a jackass with a Turk mounted upon his back. The camels composing each of the minor caravans were tied to each other by means of halters fastened to the saddles.

We stopped to dine at a little *cafènet* at the foot of Sipylus. Our Surigee did not water his horses immediately, nor suffer them to stand still, but walked them about for several minutes after we had dismounted. A Turkish *cafènet* is a singular affair. It is the only kind of public house met with in Turkey, with the exception of the Khan in cities. In the country, on the great caravan roads, these *cafènets* occur every few miles, and wretched as they are, the jaded traveller finds them an essential alleviation of the discomforts of travelling. They are mud or stone huts, without floors, and generally with only one small apartment, and little furniture except a number of time-tinged chibouques, a set of gilt-edged China coffee cups, with their little rusty metallic holders, and implements for preparing the precious Moslem beverage. In front there is usually a small platform, paved with round stones, and a sort of piazza commonly covered with the branches of trees. Here the traveller and the lounger recline together on dirty coarse reed mats, and throughout the whole wide variety of life, scarcely any scene could be selected for the canvass, more characteristic than those often witnessed in front of the little country *cafènet*. Groups of idle Turks are col-

lected there at almost all hours of the day. Some of them may be seen stretched upon the hard pavement, and locked in deep slumbers; some are sipping the juice of the plant of Mocha; others are whiffing away at their pipes, with an air of supreme complacency in themselves and utter indifference to all the world besides; while, on a corner of the platform, a party of Christians are devouring their homely meal, each with his portion in his fingers, and all amusing themselves with remarks on their own grotesque appearance, and the lazy, inane, and self-important airs of their Moslem neighbours.

The Turks are a far less gloomy and ascetic race of men than I had expected to find them. Grave, dignified, and reserved in their intercourse with foreigners, among themselves they often relax to playfulness and familiarity. I have often seen them in the *cafenets*, chatting as merrily and laughing as heartily, as a group of Christians under similar circumstances. Our Surigee was singing songs by the way nearly half his time, and we observed the same jovial turn in many others that we either met or passed. That the Turks are as cheerful as other nations, it would be preposterous to assert; but that they possess no social, generous, and playful traits, is equally untrue. Nor in their intercourse with Christians, so far as I have had opportunities of observing, do they show any thing like disdain. That they feel it, cannot be doubted; but their politeness leads them to disguise their real sentiments. In our trip to Sardis, we were uniformly treated by them with more attention and respect than their own brethren.

We spread our dinner upon a mat in front of the *cafenet*, and ate as heartily and with as good a relish as if our table had been in the saloon of a palace. Travellers, if they choose to be mean enough, are not obliged to feed their Surigees. Our old man always partook with us, and his whimsical appearance and everlasting oddities afforded us an infinite deal of amusement. He would not *touch the meat*, and he was not over fond of sea-biscuit;

but he never refused a boiled egg, a mug of lemonade, or a cup of the delectable *liqueur*. The method of making coffee in Turkey is the following: the coffee is ground fine, thrown into an open copper kettle, and the necessary quantity of water poured upon it. It is then placed over a fire of coals and stirred till sufficiently cooked, when it is poured, grounds and all, into little oval cups, contained in metallic holders, and handed to guests or customers. The Turks drink it without cream or sugar. One soon becomes fond of coffee prepared in this way.

At five o'clock we set off and began the ascent up the first ridge of Sipylus. At its summit we paused a few moments to enjoy the glorious prospect that met the eye when turned in the direction of "Ismir the Lovely," and then commenced descending on the opposite side. Soon after we left the *cafénet*, we were joined by a party of five Greek merchants, who had been to Smyrna, and were returning to their residences near Philadelphia. They wore larger pantaloons and turbans, but carried no arms, as the Greeks in Turkey are forbidden to do so. They were all well formed, fine looking fellows, and as full of jollity as if they had always been accustomed to command instead of obey. One of them had an empty glass bottle which he would often bring to his mouth and make a pretence of drinking, and then smack his lips with an air of satisfaction, such as we may suppose lighted up the features of an ancient god, after he had quaffed a cup of nectar. They bore us company all the way over the mountain to Magnesia, and diverted us greatly with their merry pranks. As Mr. J. spoke modern Greek fluently, he had a good deal of conversation with them. There was no end to their talking.

About sunset we stopped at a *cafénet* near a mud-hut village, to rest and bait our horses. Our Greeks got a large pan of coagulated milk, round which they all seated themselves on the floor, and, with wooden spoons that looked as if they had not been washed for some centuries back, commenced hostilities upon it. This, with a loaf

of coarse gritty bread, made up the whole of their meal, but they seemed perfectly contented, and ate as gleefully as so many lords, seated round a table loaded with dainties.

The scenery through which we passed after leaving the *cafénet* at the foot of the mountain, was generally wild, rugged and broken; being made up of precipices, chasms, rocks and sterility. Several times we had to dismount and lead our horses on account of the steepness of the roads. We, however, passed a number of streams, that flowed murmuring and meandering through narrow strips of verdant and cultivated land, more lovely and romantic from their contrast with the surrounding desolation.

After evening had closed in upon us, we proceeded at a round trot, and between ten and eleven o'clock, arrived at Magnesia, bruised and exhausted by our ride. We stopped at the only Khan in the place, and were crammed, surigee, interpreter, baggage, arms, horse gear and all, into an apartment on the second floor about fifteen feet square, as filthy as a pig-stye, and without an article of furniture of any kind. Here we spread our blankets, and stretched ourselves upon the floor, to be tormented by ten thousand fleas. These animals, millions of which may be found in almost every house, are the greatest drawback upon one's comfort in travelling in the East. The natives seem scarcely to regard them as a nuisance. Our eyes "prevented the morning," and we were up by peep of day.

A Turkish Khan, or Caravan-Serai, as it is indifferently called, is constructed in a style very similar to that of a Catholic Convent. It is built round a large open court yard, with a corridor and colonnade to each story. You generally enter the court through a long covered passage, with a board divan on each side, on which, in the cool of the day, are always seen two rows of Turks, whiling away the idle hours with their eternal companions, the pipe and the coffee cup. At one extremity of the passage, you will see the proprietor, usually a fat, glossy, well dressed Moslem, seated at the receipt of

custom, either dealing out coffee, or counting *paras* in his huge wooden shovel. All the accommodations afforded by the best Caravan-Serai are a room to sleep in, stables for your horses, and a cup of coffee. For provision, bed, or blankets, the traveller would call in vain.

The Caravan-Serai was originally a purely charitable establishment, enjoined by an express command of Mohammed, to facilitate the travels of pilgrims to and from the city of Mecca. Lodgings only were furnished, and the proprietors neither expected nor received any compensation, other than the benedictions and prayers of the devotees, who honoured them with their company, the approbation of the Prophet, and the smiles of Allah. In process of time gratuities were offered and accepted. These came at length to be a matter of course, and at present, though no demand is made, and the traveller is left to pay according to his own sense of propriety, the keeper of a Khan in Turkey expects his reward as much as an inn-keeper in Christian Europe.

We took advantage of the cool of the morning to ascend the ancient Acropolis, which rises to a height of several hundred feet back of the town. We found no antiquities there of any interest, but the view it afforded, was an ample compensation for our toils. At our feet lay the city with its innumerable minarets, reflecting the earliest rays of the sun, and beyond it stretched in either direction the immense Vale of the Hermus; whose windings could be distinctly traced for many miles in succession.

Magnesia is the capital of a Pachalic of the same name, governed by the family of Oglou, so distinguished in Turkish annals, and whose military virtues Byron has celebrated in his "Bride of Abydos." It was destroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Tiberius, and rebuilt by order of that Emperor. Near it is the battle-ground, where Antiochus was defeated by the Romans. It is difficult to ascertain the true number of inhabitants. By some, its population is said to equal that of Smyrna, while by others, it is brought down to a moiety of that number. It covers a great extent of territory, but the houses are

generally low, and the population apparently much less dense than that of its neighbour and rival. Its streets are much meaner, narrower and more filthy than those of Smyrna. Its mosques, however, are more numerous, and are said greatly to surpass in beauty those of that city. We tried to get admission to the one that passes for the most beautiful, but it was too early in the morning.

Having diminished somewhat the contents of our provision bag, a little after nine o'clock, we mounted again and set off. The terrible bruising of the preceding day had made us so sore that it was sometime before we began to enjoy our ride. On our right we had the lofty range of Sipylus, and on our left the extensive and fertile valley of the Sarabat.* About an hour beyond Magnesia, we had the gratification of discovering that natural phenomenon on the side of Mount Sipylus, which, from its resemblance to the shape of a woman in distress, caused the ancient poets to make this the scene of the metamorphose of Niobe into a stone; and the rock in which the resemblance exists, or the peculiar reflection of light that occasions the illusion, which ever it may be, since the days of Homer down to the present time, has been known by the name of "The Niobe." Some time after this, we passed another natural curiosity in the side of the mountain, nearer to the highway. It was a figure in a niche, strikingly similar to an Egyptian mummy in a sarcophagus.

In the course of our morning ride, we stopped to repose beneath the spreading branches of an aged plane tree, that friend of the weary traveller in the hot climates of the East. It was by one of those fountains, so common and so necessary, along the public roads of Asia Minor. Some passage from the Koran is usually engraven on the rudely sculptured stones of which they are constructed; and thus, while the water that oozes through the orifice

* The modern name of the Hermus.

enables the Mussulman to perform his customary ablutions, the words of the Prophet guide his meditations, and prepare him for the worship of the all-powerful Allah.

In the afternoon we passed a company of Turkomans, who had pitched their goats' hair tents along the margin of a branch of the Hermus. These are a sort of Nomades, who, when they tire of one place, bind their tents upon the backs of their mules, and, with their flocks and herds and wives and little ones, wander till they find another that suits their fancy better. They are far behind the Turks in civilization. They came out from their tents and stopped us to inquire if we wished to purchase any of their horses. These are an article in which they deal more extensively than any other.

We arrived at Cassaba, a miserable Turkish town, containing about five thousand inhabitants, at six o'clock, P. M. Something like two-thirds of the population are Turks, and the remainder is divided between Jews, Greeks and Armenians. The houses are built of mud and small unwrought stones, only one story high, and without any windows in front. Most of the streets, through which we passed were flooded with water. We rode into the court yard of the Khan, dismounted, and were shown into an apartment, where our accommodations and comforts were much the same as on the preceding night. We sent out for a bottle of wine, but found it such execrable stuff that we could not drink it.

We took a stroll through the town, and stepped in to see the Greek church. The priests appeared gratified at our visit, and invited us into their house. There we were treated to sweetmeats and cordial. Cassaba is famed all over the East for the excellence of its melons. In the evening, one of Antonio's friends, who resided there, politely brought us one that had been kept over winter. It had lost much of its flavour, but was still pleasant to the taste, and we ate it as a curiosity.

Our old friends, the fleas, were quite as loving at Cassaba as elsewhere, and somewhat before daylight, we

were up and on our way. We breakfasted at the *cafénet* of Achmet Leigh, a young, intelligent, fine looking Turk, to whom we carried some Greek books,—a present from Mr. Brewer. His establishment, was more extensive, and kept much neater, than any we had before seen, and the accommodations it afforded were proportionably improved. He amused us with playing on the Turkish guitar, an instrument somewhat similar to the Italian, but with fewer strings and of much ruder workmanship. Its tones were very fine, but of little compass or variety. The Turks assembled there seemed delighted with the music, but it would have puzzled a Rossini to discover any thing like a regular tune in it.

We set off from Achmet's *cafénet* about eight o'clock, and a little before ten, crossed the golden-sanded Pactolus, and found ourselves among the ruins of a city, once the glory of Asia Minor, and the seat of riches, luxury, refinement and power,—a city, whose annals, extending through a long succession of ages, from their diversity, splendour and importance, impart to the spot on which it stood, an interest such as belongs to few others on the globe. The names of Halyattes, Crœsus, Cyrus, Xerxes, Alexander, Seleucus, Antiochus, Adrian, Antonine, and numerous others, whose histories are interwoven with that of Sardis, give rise to associations, rich, various and absorbing.

It was a burning day, but we nevertheless determined not to forego the pleasure of the view from the top of the ancient Acropolis. The rock on which it was built is southeast of the ruins, and its perpendicular elevation cannot be less than from eight to ten hundred feet. It is of a triangular shape, and its outlines are uncommonly wild and craggy. That the Lydians should have neglected to fortify it on the outside, on account of the supposed impossibility of scaling it, does not seem at all wonderful, and how the soldiers of Cyrus ever found the means of climbing up in that part, it is difficult to conceive. In those parts of the hill which were less strong *by nature*, fortifications were planted at different points *in the ascent*, considerable remains of which are still *visible*. Those portions of the walls that remain are

of massive construction, and appear to have been built almost wholly of ruins. In many places we saw entire tambours of columns, and large fragments of entablature.

Parts of the ascent we found exceedingly dangerous. In some places, we could keep from falling only by clinging to the shrubbery that had inserted itself among the crags of the mountain. The view we had on reaching the summit was indeed magnificent. It is one of the most extensive and diversified that a traveller ever enjoys;—embracing the vast and fertile plains of Sardis and Magnesia, watered by the Hermus, the Pactolus and other classic streams,—the snowy summits of Mount Tmolus, glittering through an atmosphere of ethereal purity,—the Gygæan Lake, its waters quiet and placid as the slumbers of infancy; and the extensive burying ground of the Lydian Kings, lifting its green and pensive Tumuli, in beautiful relief, from the level soil that surrounds them. Among the Tumuli may be distinguished that of Halyattes, father of Crœsus, which is nearly a mile in the circumference of its base and of proportional dimensions in other respects, and which Herodotus classes with the Pyramids of Egypt and the Colossus of Rhodes.

At the foot of the Acropolis, and not far from the banks of the Pactolus, are the ruins of the temple of Cybele. The sight of these splendid remains would of themselves repay the toils and privations of a long journey through the heart of Turkey. Only two entire columns are standing, but the harmonious proportions and exquisite finish of their capitals, and entablature, being one of the very few perfect specimens of the Ionic order left, afford a pleasure of the purest and liveliest kind. They are of coarse white marble, without flutings, and about six and a half feet in diameter. Their height, according to the true proportions of the order, cannot be less than fifty feet, but soil has been formed over the foundations of the temple to the depth of twenty odd feet. Portions of other columns were standing, and prodigious piles of fragments were scattered about in the vicinity.

The other remains at Sardis are considerably extensive, but they consist principally of undistinguishable masses of rubbish. There is a pile of ruins pointed out as those of one of the seven churches of Asia, but the strong suspicion from which one cannot escape that they are apocryphal, destroys in a great measure the pleasure he would otherwise feel in contemplating them. The ruin that passes under the name of the palace of Crœsus, is better preserved than any other except the temple, and was evidently a building of great magnificence, and of prodigious extent and solidity; but whether it was really the palace of the richest of monarchs, or a gymnasium, or a public bath-house, cannot, at this time of day be determined.

Near the site of the ancient city there is a little village of wretched huts, and these, with a few Turkomans' tents pitched on the banks of the Pactolus, were the only visible representative of the life and bustle and eager activity of the Lydian Capital and the seat of an Eastern Satrap.

We dined under a plane tree near that beautiful river, which once flowed over sands of gold, and washed down our sea-biscuit and cold tongue with copious draughts of its crystal waters. We bid adieu to Sardis a little after three o'clock, and arrived at Cassaba the same evening after dark. We were followed through the streets by a bevy of dogs, so ferocious in their looks and so fierce in their barkings, that we rode in a state of real apprehension. Large companies of Turks were seated in the streets in front of the coffee-houses, and engaged in their customary employments.

The next morning at four o'clock we set off, and returned to Smyrna by a different route. We arrived there about an hour before sunset, and were welcome by our friends with a great many kind inquiries and congratulations.

On the twentieth of the month we got under weigh *from Smyrna,* and dropped our anchor in the bay of

Vourla. Here we spent three days in watering ship. We paid a visit to the Island of Clazomene, on which there once stood a rich, refined, and populous city, famous for having been the birth-place of Anaxagoras, the first philosopher who entertained and taught any thing like correct notions of the Deity. The most interesting remains are the ruins of a mole, built by Alexander the Great. The other relics consist of a few foundations of houses, and immense quantities of fine fragments of marble and terra cotta.

CHAPTER IX.

On Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of May, the Boston and Constellation weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The wind, as usual in the Bay of Smyrna, blew from all points of the compass in the course of an hour. Our progress was slow during the night, but on the following morning, a favourable breeze sprang up, and we had a delightful day's sail. We left Ipsara on our left early in the day. The late revolution has given a melancholy celebrity and interest to this rocky little island. Only a few years ago, it was inhabited by one of the most enterprizing, intelligent, and thrifty communities to be met with in the East. Its women were distinguished for their beauty, sprightliness and modesty. It was the birth-place of the modern Themistocles—the generous and heroic Canaris. The canvass of its little navy of merchantmen whitened every part of the Black Sea, the Archipelago, and the Mediterranean; and the shops and warehouses of its merchants were enriched by the commerce which it carried on with the countries bordering upon these seas. It was, in short, one of the few places in the Turkish dominions, inhabited exclusively by Greeks, where prosperity and contentment had made the descendants of Leonidas forget that they were slaves. But one night was sufficient for Turkish ferocity to destroy the result of so many years of commercial enterprise. The city was reduced to a heap of ruins, its inhabitants were either massacred or driven into the sea, and the island abandoned to solitude and sterility.

About sunset we entered the Doria Passage between Negropont and Andros. The breeze soon died away to a calm, and we had nothing to do but to feast upon the *serene and* matchless beauty of a moonlight evening in *Greece.* The next morning when I turned out, the

ancient Sunium—now Cape Colonna—was far astern, and the ruins of the temple of Minerva appeared like a white speck on the horizon. Hydra was on our starboard bow. This island was so rocky and barren that the ancient Greeks, with all their enterprise, never attempted to make a settlement upon it. There is, in effect, scarcely soil enough upon it to give sustenance to a blade of grass. Yet in the dark periods of Turkish oppression, *Liberty*, to adopt the eloquent expression of one of its own distinguished sons, *selected it for an asylum*, and the town built upon its harbour is now the most opulent, flourishing and beautiful in Greece. There are some edifices in it, said to rival the splendour of European palaces. Spezzia is a few miles beyond Hydra, and at the entrance of the Argolic Gulf. Most of its surface admits of being cultivated. The green hills and valleys that compose its coast, on which could be seen a few comfortable looking villages and farm-houses, presented a refreshing contrast to the wild rocks and utter desolation, which form the only features in the scenery of Hydra. It is also a place of no small commercial and political importance. In these two islands was concentrated the most vigorous opposition to the government of Capodistrias: but of this more hereafter.

We were becalmed, as usual, in the evening, just in the entrance of the Gulf. We had the land breeze in the night, but could not make much progress by beating; and the sea breeze did not spring up till after breakfast the following morning. It is surprising with how much regularity the land and sea breezes blow in every port in the Archipelago. The former usually sets in about ten o'clock, A. M., and blows with considerable freshness till towards sunset, when it dies away to a dead calm. This lasts till nine or ten in the evening, when the sea breeze starts up, and continues till about daybreak on the following morning. This, in summer, is the usual course of things, and the exceptions to it are extremely rare. During the whole of the four months that the Constellation was up the Arches, I scarcely recollect a failure of this regular succession of inbats and

outbats, as they are called, in any of the ports that we visited.

It was a beautiful day towards the end of the most beautiful of months, that we sailed up that Gulf, which was ploughed by the first vessel that bore an Egyptian colony to the shores of Greece, and whose waters were once gay with the proud ships of Agamemnon. We left the little town of Astros, with its grove of orange trees, beneath whose shade the second Congress of modern Greece held its deliberations, on our left, and dashed along through the classic waves, amid scenes embracing every variety of beauty, from the loveliest picturesque to the wildest sublimity, till the Palamedi of Napoli, the Acropolis of Argos, and the rich plain of the Argolide, backed by its amphitheatre of mountains of grey breccia, were distinctly visible from the deck of our ship. A little after twelve o'clock, meridian, we anchored just below the cliff called Ihkhali which entirely cuts off the view of the town as you approach it from sea. We were within a few miles of the Lake of Lerna and the ruins of Argos, Mycenæ and Tirynthus. In such a place, whose heart would not rise to his mouth, and whose pulse could fail to beat quicker and stronger than its wont? What mind could resist the magic influence of such names as those of Hercules, Danaus, Inachus, Io, Acrisius, Danaæ, Alcmeon, Amphitrion, Pelops, Atrius, Agamemnon, Perseus, Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, and a host of others not less distinguished, with which this region is inseparably associated? The shades of these illustrious personages, whose memory is embalmed in deathless song, seem still to haunt the places, which their own virtues or their crimes have rendered objects of such thrilling interest. May I not rather say that the aspect of these places annihilates time, that the fictions of poetry and the records of remote history seem to be realized, and the spectator almost fancies himself actually witnessing scenes, which have perhaps never had an existence but in the imagination of the wandering bard?

On the day of our arrival I did not go ashore, but abandoned myself to the reveries, which the vicinity of

where the Catholic religion prevails, the Sabbath is indeed a day of rest from labour, but of abandonment to every species of amusement and pleasure. The public promenade without the walls of the city, of a Sunday evening, used to remind me of the Villa Reale at Naples. The view presented by the former is, if possible, even gayer than that of the latter. The number of richly mounted horsemen, arrayed in their Albanian costumes of red caps, variegated jackets and frocks of snowy whiteness, give to the scene an air of indescribable animation and gayety. Temporary booths, covered with the boughs of trees, are erected along the road, where cakes, coffee, ice creams, lemonades, &c., are retailed. Multitudes of the people go singing by the way, and in a little village about half a mile beyond the town, music and dancing are rife in almost every house. The coffee-houses both here and in the city are crowded with card parties, playing for amusement. Such is the picture of a Sabbath in Napoli di Romania.

Napoli has improved infinitely since the close of the late war, if the accounts of travellers, who visited it about that time, are to be relied on. Many of the old Turkish houses have been torn down, and elegant stone buildings, after the European style of architecture, have been erected in their stead. Some entire streets have been formed in this way. These are handsomely gravelled, and kept tolerably clean. They would not discredit any city in Europe. Changes of this kind are constantly taking place. Many new buildings were going up when we were there. By far the largest part of the town, however, is miserably built, and extremely filthy. The streets are narrow, irregular, crowded and unwholesome. Coffee-houses are the most numerous class of buildings, and the most fashionable places of resort. On holidays they are literally thronged, and at no time do they have occasion to complain of a want of custom. The principal refreshments that they afford are *coffee, ice creams* and lemonades. The only amuse-

ments are billiards and cards. Of both the Greeks are excessively fond, but of the latter almost to madness. There are six churches in Napoli, but none of them are worthy of a particular description. They are wretched hovels, whose only decorations are tasteless carvings and gilded daubs. The public houses have not many attractions for epicures. Their cooking is execrable.

Napoli is the most important military post in Greece. It is capable of being made a second Gibraltar, but the works are at present greatly out of repair. There are three batteries on the sea wall, called *la Batterie des Cinque Pères, la Batterie de la Terre,* and *la Batterie de la Mer.* The first is so called from the circumstance of its formerly mounting five superb Venetian sixty pounders. The necessities of the revolution have caused these, as well as nearly all the other brass pieces in the country, to be removed for the purpose of converting them into money. This battery at present mounts nine pieces of various calibres. It commands the approach to the town by sea. The Sea Battery has twenty-five embrasures, but no cannon mounted. Within the enclosure of this battery are the arsenal and military workshops. My guide, although one of the professors in the military school, could not tell me the number of stands of arms in the arsenal, but I judged from their appearance that there must have been about eight thousand. The Land Battery has twenty embrasures, but no pieces mounted. It is designed to command the approach to the town by land between the bay and the rock Palamedi. There are also military works on the cliff of Ihkhali, which rises to the southward of the town. But the glory of Napoli as a military post, is the towering rock of the Palamedi, which completely commands the town and the approach to it in every direction. It is from eight hundred to one thousand feet high, and nearly perpendicular on the side facing the sea. Here therefore there is no necessity for artificial bulwarks. On the opposite side there is a wall about twenty feet in height, and ten in thickness. It has a great many embrasures for cannon, and loop-holes with-

such classic regions and the anticipation of a visit to them could not fail to awaken. Images of the heroism, genius and taste of the ancient Greeks, as displayed in their wars, their poetry, their philosophy, and their sculpture, sprang up in throngs, as if evoked from their repose by some wizard power. But I thought of the degeneracy of modern times, and the comparison filled me with mortification. I could not but breathe an earnest prayer to Heaven that the descendants of Leonidas and Themistocles might be wholly and for ever freed from the iron despotism of the barbarous Othman; and that the land where the Morning Stars of Poetry first sang together, might again be made to echo with strains, sweet and sublime as those which charmed into mildness the fury of the tiger, converted to delighted compliance the else relentless rigour of the King of Hell, and caused assembled millions to rend the heavens with their acclamations amid the cliffs of Delphi, and along the vales of Elis. Oh! who can think of the beings, airy and graceful as the genius that created them, that once peopled every mountain and valley, every cliff and fountain, every grove and grotto in Greece, and not sigh at the thought that her mountains are no longer the abodes of Divinities, nor her valleys hung with Æolian harps; that the shepherd waters his flock without knowing that Naïads and Goddesses once bathed their celestial forms in the stream that murmurs at his feet; that the groves where Diana pursued the chase have been levelled with the earth; and that grottoes in the green day-spring of the imagination, formed by fairy fingered nymphs into rustic palaces, are now the lurking places of the lawless *Klepht*, or afford a precarious shelter to wretches who have no where else to lay their heads.

Early on the following morning, the twenty-eighth of the month, I was ashore at the capital of modern Greece;—by the Greeks called, as anciently, Nauplia—by the Franks, Napoli di Romania. It is not a place of

much commerce at present, but it presents a busy, bustling appearance. As its limits are small, the population is very dense, and the restless, active disposition of the Greeks makes them appear to be full of business. On a gala day, it is as gay as any city in France or Italy. The population, amounting to about twelve thousand souls, is entirely Greek, and most of them wear the Albanian costume, that gayest and most graceful of dresses. It consists of a tight jacket, extending down to the waist, and curiously ornamented with lace and needle-work, a a pair of pantalets that set to the skin and are frequently ornamented in the same way, a white ruffle round the neck, and a frock of white muslin, gathered full round the waist, and extending somewhat below the knees in a thousand gracefully swelling folds. A pair of cloth or morocco slippers well adjusted to the foot, and a red flannel cap, with a flat top and a huge silk tassel dangling behind, complete the *tout ensemble;* and when the person of a Greek is set off with one of the handsomest of these dresses, and he is mounted on a spirited charger, richly caparisoned, all his wants are satisfied. His bliss admits of no augmentation. The ladies of the higher classes follow, in their dresses, the fashions of Paris. I saw some who were quite pretty, but generally they have greatly degenerated in beauty from their ancestors. A counterpart to the Trojan war is not likely to occur in modern times. But the men of Greece are models of manly beauty; and most of them are excessively vain of their personal appearance. They lace themselves like women in this country, and their dress is so contrived as to display the minutest proportions of a form of the most perfect symmetry and grace. Their physical constitution is as elastic, as their intellectual is versatile and gay. The harmonious developement of their muscles, the graceful expansion of their chests, and the lofty expression of their large dark eyes, make them appear like a race of men fitted to rule rather than to obey—to be masters, instead of slaves.

I have spoken of the gay appearance of Napoli on a *gala day*. In countries where the Greek, as well as

out number for the use of musketry. Within the enclosure are eight large stone cisterns, and as these are supplied from the rains that fall on the top of the rock, no garrison that might be necessary to defend the place, would ever suffer from the want of water. But this fortress, notwithstanding it is so extensive, and capable of being made impregnable, would, in its present condition, be of very little service in the event of war. Not more than sixty pieces of cannon of all kinds and sizes are to be found in it, and most of them are mounted on carriages that would not stand the wear of a half dozen fires. When I visited it, the garrison consisted of only three companies of eighty men each, commanded by a captain, lieutenant and sublieutenant. I carried a letter of introduction to one of the lieutenants, a young German officer, by whom I was politely received. His wife was a Greek lady, a native of Missolonghi, and present at the ever memorable siege and ever-to-be-lamented fall of that proud-spirited city. She spoke Italian a little, but was so diffident of her ability to speak it correctly, that I did not succeed in drawing her into a conversation. According to the usual custom among the Greeks, sweetmeats were served, and then pipes were brought in and offered us. Dr. —— was opposed to this custom of treating visiters to sweetmeats, as they always make the whole company use the same spoon. The public Penitentiary of Greece is within the fortress of the Palamedi. It is an immense building, with walls of prodigious thickness, and from forty to sixty feet in height. About forty prisoners were confined within its cells when we were there. A short time previous, one poor fellow had attempted to escape by throwing himself from the top of the wall, to which, somehow or other, he had managed to climb. His body was dreadfully mangled by the fall, and he died in three days.

There are no remains of antiquity at Napoli, except a small fragment of the walls of the ancient city, constructed in the second style of Cyclopian masonry. It is seen, as you approach the town, near the water's edge on the cliff of Ihkhali. Pausanias says that, even in his

time, Nauplia was utterly desolate, there mains except portions of the walls, the ruins of Neptune, and the fountain Kanathos, wh accustomed to bathe, once a year to preser loveliness. The temple has entirely dis the fountain may still be seen, about a mil the city, and near the little village of A visit to it in company with Mr. J. of the H C. of the Constellation. We changed our times, and, having searched more than an success, we were about giving up in deep of the men who were with us jumped upon near an old dilapidated chapel below the vi us that the "water" for which we were underneath. We immediately set the moving the stone, which they effected in minutes. We then descended by means placed in a shelving position, to a fountain pure as crystal and of delicious freshnes wash the limbs and assuage the thirst Kanathos still gushes up from its perenn Juno lives only in poetry. As there are desses to appropriate its waters, the sacrile litans have constructed an aqueduct to their own abodes, there to be applied to th poses (*pro pudor!*) of boiling potatoes and urchins.

Area presented a lively, bustling, cheer the day we visited it. Almost the entire well women as men, were collected in th of the village, and engaged in threshing their yearly crops. Their mode of thres commodious spot is selected, the turf is the soil, and the earth is then hardened by grain in sheaves is thrown on this surface vices of asses, horses and cattle are put to tread it out. Clubs, used by men and wom times also employed for the same purpose *tion of* winnowing and sifting, like that of *performed* upon the ground. Hence it is

prospect was hailed
ty. In another half
stone hut, dignified
is Kourtese, and the
Cleonæ. Here we
der two large trees in
re was a fountain of
panions were lounging
the neighbouring hills
mentioned by some of
ruins of considerable
than, but they appeared

lly, sterile, and but lit-
few villages in it, and
After leaving Kour-
considerable magnitude
ter courses. Knolls co-
and stunted shrubbery,
ecipitous sides, made up
Having rode for about
interesting in themselves
ve ascended the last ele-
nth, and obtained our first
Acropolis, its isthmus, its
ious mountains of North-
mits, clothed in eternal
o shall describe the magic
ous warning—no gradual
ole glorious scene burst at
used a few moments to
d the descent towards that
regarded as the most fer-
, in the eye of the Greek
al distinction. We were
ching Corinth. It was a
ved, and we stopped near
at the only public house
ney.

Works on military science are interspersed through all the years, and several hours each day are devoted to active military exercises. The young gentlemen exhibited the most gratifying proofs of their intelligence, and of the good use they make of the opportunities they enjoy. It is to be hoped that this Academy will continue to share largely in the fostering care of the government, and that through its instrumentality a body of intelligent, well-disciplined, patriotic and efficient officers may be raised up to answer the demands of the state in times of emergency.

There is also at Napoli a public school for boys, established three years before our visit there, and conducted on the Lancasterian system, or, as it is called in Greece, the plan of mutual instruction. An intelligent and amiable young gentleman, by the name of Alexander D'Say, is at the head of it. It is composed of about two hundred scholars, divided into eight classes. They are of all ages from five to fifteen, and a more sprightly, intelligent, industrious and orderly collection of boys I have never seen. Some of them looked as if they had intellects and souls to rival the heroes from whom they are descended. I was delighted with the perfect system of discipline which prevailed in the school. Every scholar attended to his own business alone, and all general movements had the regularity and precision of machinery. Each of the boys had a port-folio slung over his shoulders, and an ink-horn inserted in the girdle that surrounded his waist. The walls of the school-room were covered with cards, containing elementary lessons in large capitals. The principal studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, drawing, sacred and profane history and ancient Greek. The facility of the Greeks for acquiring knowledge, and the consequent rapid progress made by the children in the acquisition of it, would scarcely be believed by any one who had never seen them. A few months are sufficient to enable them to read with perfect fluency, and to write almost *with the* ease and elegance of a master; and in this same

Lancasterian school at Napoli, which had been in operation only three years, I saw specimens of drawing that would have done credit to the academies of Italy. But in this, as well as all the other schools in Greece, there was a great deficiency of books. The missionary press at Malta has done much towards supplying the demand, and I trust that the conductors of that now established at Athens by the Episcopalians, will have a special eye to that important object.

About a month before our arrival at Napoli, a classical school had been established there. It numbered eighty scholars, chiefly young gentlemen from the higher classes of society. The principal studies pursued by them were the ancient Greek classics, geography, mathematics and astronomy. I heard the class in astronomy recite, and such intense interest as the pupils exhibited I have rarely witnessed. One of them disputed a proposition in the lesson relating to the movements of the heavenly bodies, and boldly joined issue with his teacher on the point in question. The discussion was long, bold and animated; and the result was a complete victory on the part of the teacher. When the young sceptic was forced to strike his colours to the power of truth, a murmur of approbation ran through the class, and the master doubtless gained much in the estimation of his pupils. This is an exemplification of that insatiable thirst for knowledge and that untiring eagerness in the pursuit of it, so characteristic of the modern Greeks. Anciently it was said of them by one who had ample means of knowing, "the Greeks seek after wisdom," and the same trait is not less prominent in their character in our own times.

The buildings occupied by the two last mentioned schools were formerly mosques. It is gratifying to behold these temples of a false religion now appropriated to such noble purposes. Their walls and vaults were hung with festoons of flowers, which filled the air with fragrance, and gave the apartments a cheerful and lively appearance. During the Carnival they are converted

into ball-rooms, and the gloomy rites of Islamism are forgotten amid the gay festivities of the Grecian dance.

The political state of Greece, at the time of our visit, was verging towards a revolution. The true friends of liberty and public order could not contemplate it with much satisfaction. One province was in actual revolt, and some of the others were not in a much better state. The opposition to the government was strong and general. On our arrival in Greece, the first persons with whom I came in contact were for the most part government men, and I was led to believe that the administration of Capodistrias was generally acceptable to the people; but in diverging from the Capital, no matter in what direction, I found that the spirit of discontent and murmuring increased. I soon saw enough to convince me that Capodistrias would not, probably, complete the term of administration for which he had been appointed, but I did not anticipate his removal precisely in the way in which it has since taken place. The opposition numbered such men as Miaulis, Tombazi, Mavrocordato, Canaris, Conduriotti, Gen. Church, and almost all the officers of the Navy *en masse*. The marrow of the opposition was in Hydra and Spezzia. In the former place particularly, they set the government at defiance, and laughed its edicts to scorn. To read the Apollo, a paper published in that island in modern Greek, was made a capital offence. The charges made by the opposition against Capodistrias were principally these:—subserviency to Russia, abolition of the freedom of the press, embezzlement of the public treasures, and the employment of bribes and menaces to corrupt and overawe the legislative and judicial authorities of the country. Of the truth of the first of these charges there is little reason to doubt. The Russian, fleet lay for years in succession, off the town of Napoli, or in some of the neighbouring ports, to overawe, as was confidently asserted and almost universally *believed*, the Greek nation; and immense sums of money *were, from* time to time, transmitted from the Autocrat

to his quondam secretary. The second charge was not denied. The edict in relation to the Apollo was a sufficient proof of it: but that was not all. A respectable Greek undertook to establish a political paper at the seat of Government. He purchased a press and types, rented a house, and had got every thing in readiness to commence business; when he was surprised by a military visit, and still more so at a demand that every thing connected with his establishment should be surrendered. To an inquiry *upon what authority such a demand was made?*—the only answer he received was, *that it was by superior authority.* It may, however, well be questioned whether entire liberty of the press in Greece be advisable or desirable in the present state of affairs there. To refute the third charge, the friends of Capodistrias appealed triumphantly to the circumstance of his having spent a private fortune after his arrival in Greece. To this the hostile party opposed the alleged fact of his having expended large sums of the public money without accounting for them otherwise than by placing them under the general head of *extraordinary expenses.* It may be further added that power is sweeter than riches, and in the employment of his own fortune, he may have been influenced by motives of the purest selfishness—to confirm and perpetuate his authority. In confirmation of the fourth charge, I was assured by an English lawyer resident at Argos, that no decision could be obtained in any court in favour of a man known to be obnoxious to the President. Whether all these charges were true, I cannot know; but I do know that they were generally believed by the Greek people. It would, however, be unjust to deny that Capodistrias did much to promote civilization; that his efforts were unwearied to facilitate intercourse between different parts of the republic by the suppression of piracy and robbery; that he gave to the cause of education the countenance and support of an enlightened and patriotic statesman; and finally, that he introduced something like order and efficiency into the administration of public affairs. These are, without doubt, legitimate titles to honourable fame; but despotism,

that curse and scourge of the human race, has power to blacken the most generous and deserving actions. On the whole, the administration of Capodistrias was partly good and partly bad; and it is not uncharitable to believe that, had the Greeks been a better people, he would have been a better ruler. He certainly was not cut out for a despot, and if circumstances caused him sometimes to act tyrannically, let us remember the story of the once generous and amiable Hazael, and learn to pity while we censure.

The President, Governor of the city, and most of the officers of the government visited our ship, while she lay at Napoli. Capodistrias gave a splendid entertainment at his palace, at which, however, I had not the honour of being present. When we were at Napoli in July, I called on him in company with the Captain and Purser. He was a man of the most captivating manners and of easy conversation. I judged him to be about sixty-five years of age. He was rather above the ordinary stature, with a high forehead, grey hair, large dark greyish eyes, long features, an intelligent but care-worn expression of countenance, and a form perfectly symmetrical and graceful. His dress was as plain as the simplest republican could have desired it; and his palace was of plain construction, and plainly furnished. It is true that guards were stationed at the entrance—a regal precaution—but this was rendered necessary by the character of the people and the state of the country. His conversation, which was carried on in Italian, was chiefly a detail of political news, in answer to inquiries made by Captain Wadsworth. He informed us of the abdication of Don Pedro with a good deal of pleasantry. Alas! little did he think that in a few short months, he himself was to fall by the hand of an assassin! No allusion was made to the state of Greece, or to his own administration.

We afterwards called on the Governor of the city, who had just moved into a new stone house, which he had had scarcely time to arrange We passed through a filthy entrance, and up a flight of stone stairs encumber-

ed with sand, mortar and stones, into a large, handsome and airy apartment in the second story. It was, however, almost entirely destitute of furniture, and the Governor's lady made a thousand apologies to excuse it. Here we were treated to sweetmeats and lemonade. The Governor was a large, fat, good-natured, comfortable-looking sort of soul, but apparently without much energy. His wife was ugly, talented and confident,—a perfect political blue stocking. The conversation turned wholly on the politics of Greece, and she talked in a torrent, always expressing twice what she had to say—once in French to the Purser, and once in Italian to me. She denounced the opposition as a parcel of political demagogues, who, because they had no public employment, were labouring to sow the seeds of discord and discontent among the people, and to lay the foundation of their own fortunes on the ruins of the existing government. *Oui*—she exclaimed in the heat of her feelings—*oui, Monsieur, ils croient qu'ils sont capables de gouverner, mais ils ne sont pas capables.* This, of course, was only ludicrous to one who remembered that the opposition included such men as Miaulis, Mavrocordato and Canaris, while the blustering Colocotroni was one of the main pillars of the then administration.

I left the ship in the market boat on Monday morning, the thirtieth of May, on an excursion to Tirynthus, Argos, and the Lake of Lerna. I went to an apothecary's shop to engage a seat in the Diligence, that left Napoli at eight o'clock, A. M. for Argos. A DILIGENCE IN GREECE! Such a thing was unheard of and unthought of a few years ago. I engaged my seat, and got a ticket, but the rogue with whom I negotiated the affair,—a complaisant, honey-tongued fellow,—attempted to cheat me out of a piastre in returning the change for a dollar. This incident would not be worth mentioning, were it not characteristic. The disposition to impose on foreigners by giving them wrong change, is irresistible in tavern-keepers, shop-keepers, boatmen, guides, and *generally* in all those persons, with whom

travellers are likely to have pecuniary transactions. Of this disposition I have had exemplifications by the dozen in my own experience, and when I pointed out the deceit, the rogues would reply with an air of the most perfect nonchalance, *O yes!—it's a mistake of mine; here's your balance.* They are always, however, extremely careful to make their mistakes in such a way as to put a few paras or piastres in their own pockets.

Having secured my seat, I set off on foot to Tirynthus, intending to take the Diligence at that place. The stationary beggars had already taken their places along the road without the city, and each, *de more*, uttered the most doleful cries for assistance, as we passed them. The wretches raise their shrivelled arms to heaven, and in tones of whining importunity, but in a dialect rich and sonorous even when least agreeably pronounced, tell their different tales of misfortune, and beg a pittance from every passing stranger.

Tirynthus, or Tiryns, as it is indifferently written, is about a mile from Napoli, on the direct road to Argos. It was with indescribable emotions that I approached the site of a city, whose very ruins were nearly in their present state, when the Tybur remained as yet unsung, and the seven hills of Rome were covered with their primeval forests. Could I have selected the spot on which to commence my observations in Greece, this of all others would have been the place. It is the oldest ruin in that country of ruins. It carries the mind back to those remote ages, when giants were on the earth—to those simple-mannered times, when men were contented if their wants were satisfied, and when, in the construction of their cities, they regarded solidity more than show, and durability more than graceful proportions and harmonious effect. Homer, in the Odyssey mentions Tiryns under the epithet of the "well-walled city." To gaze upon walls, which the Father of Poetry himself has beheld, and pronounced to be *beautiful*,—how thrilling the effect!—how stirring the thoughts that it awakens!

The Argives destroyed Tiryns and some of the neighbouring towns, because, exhausted by long wars, they wished to increase the population of Argos by the addition to its number of the inhabitants of the conquered cities. The only vestiges now remaining are two vaulted galleries and portions of the walls of the Acropolis. These, to all human appearance, unless destroyed by some violent convulsion of nature, are likely to stand till Time shall have achieved his last conquest in the destruction of the "great globe itself, with all which it inherits." They are composed of unwrought stones, fitted into each other with the utmost care and precision. The average dimensions of these stones is from four to six feet long, from three to four broad, and from two to three in thickness. The largest I measured was of the enormous size of nine feet in length, five in width, and four in thickness. Pausanias does not give the dimensions of any of these rocks, for such they are, but tells his readers in general terms, that two oxen yoked together would not be able to remove the largest of them. The most perfect remains of the walls are on the east side of the Acropolis. There is one place here where they are still about forty feet high, an elevation probably not more than ten or fifteen feet below their original height. I observed the gate on the west side, but not that on the east, mentioned by Dr. Clarke. Of the original height of the former it is im posssible to judge, because no one can tell how much the surrounding soil may have been elevated in the progress of time. Its present visible height is seven feet, and it is five feet wide at the bottom. It terminates in a pointed arch.

I have spoken of two galleries, as constituting parts of the present remains at Tiryns. The principal of these is at the south-east angle of the Acropolis, and faces Napoli. It is eighty-one feet long, and twelve in height, and terminates in a pointed arch. The masonry is of the same order with that of the walls. The other is at the south-west angle. It is only twenty feet in length and nine in height,—of the same construction as the former. The use of these galleries has puzzled antiquaries and

travellers not a little. When "doctors" doubt, it would be presumptuous in me to express any decided opinion, but I merely throw out the suggestion whether they may not have been used as places of deposit for military or other public stores. The hill of the Acropolis is two hundred and thirty paces in length, forty-five in width, and seven hundred and sixty in circuit. When I was there, its possession was disputed by thistles and tobacco.

The walls of Tirynthus were attributed by the ancient poets to the Cyclops—the sons of Heaven and Earth, who forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter—because it was supposed that no human strength was competent to the erection of such prodigious works. Dr. Clarke says that, on the Acropolis of Tiryns, he seemed to stand amid the ruins of Memphis. Works of this kind, that is, walls composed of huge unwrought stones, are found not only in Greece, but in Egypt, Syria, the north of Europe and the island of Great Britian. This, therefore, appears to be the earliest style of masonry known, and for the reason already assigned was called Cyclopian. Stones of smaller, but still very large dimensions, were afterwards employed; and they were wrought so as to fit into each other exactly, and were put together without cement. This style, though less rude, massive, and solid than the former, was still thought to have something superhuman in it, and it also was dignified with the epithet of *Cyclopian*. On account of the numerous angles into which the sides of the stones were wrought, it was likewise called *polygonal*. To distinguish these two styles from each other, they were denominated the first and second orders of Cyclopian masonry.

The ancient Tirynthians were distinguished for an odd trait in their character. "They had acquired," says Barthelemi, "such a habit of jesting on all subjects, that it became impossible for them to attend, with seriousness, to affairs of the highest importance. Tired of their own levity, they had recourse to the oracle of Delphi. It assured them that they would be cured of their disease, *if, having* sacrificed a bull to Neptune, they could cast it *into the sea* without laughing. It was obvious that the

traint imposed upon them would defeat the accom-
ment of the oracle. However, they assembled up-
e bank. They had removed all the children; but,
ey were chasing one away, who had stolen in among
, 'What!' he exclaimed, 'are you afraid that I'll
low your bull?' At these words, they burst into a
laugh; and, persuaded that their malady was incura-
they submitted themselves to their destiny."
here is an agricultural school at Tiryns, in which
are instructed both theoretically and practically in
useful science. In the summer of 1831, it numbered
een thirty and forty pupils.

CHAPTER X.

At a quarter past eight o'clock, the Diligence drove up and halted in front of the building appropriated to the agricultural school. It was nothing but an ordinary waggon, rudely constructed, with three board seats without springs, on which were placed as many thin woollen cushions. It was covered with coarse blue cloth. The horses and driver were in keeping with the vehicle. Miserable as the establishment was, the poor Greeks, who had never seen any thing of the kind before, regarded and spoke of it with exultation. The effect of this would have been ludicrous, had it not been for the thought that it was one of the consequences of freedom from Turkish servitude; and who could find it in his heart to ridicule the patriotic pride with which the descendants of the conquerors of Persia looked upon this evidence,—poor though it was in itself,—of their equality with the independent nations of Europe?

We were two hours on the road between Tiryns and Argos. It was mid-harvest, and the fields, covered with groups of reapers, exhibited an animated and cheering prospect. There is no other period of the year so calculated to fill the soul with gratitude and light up the countenance with gladness, as the season of harvest; and no other scene in nature so gay, so beautiful, and so exhilarating, as that of the yearly in-gathering of the crops, which a bountiful Providence has brought to maturity. The number of women engaged in this labour was at least equal to that of the men, and the reapers beguiled their toils with the songs with which they caused the harvest fields to echo.

There were but three persons in the Diligence besides *myself*. One of them was a Greek, about forty years

old, dressed in a snuff-coloured Frank suit. He had a pet dog, which, though not of the most moderate dimensions, he nevertheless managed to hold in his lap all the way. His features were hard and bony, with little of the genuine Grecian symmetry; but in his manners and conversation, he combined the gaiety, the versatility and the loquacity of the true Grecian character.

We passed through two or three wretched mud villages, where, as usual, were planted along the streets a number of half-clad, crippled beggars. A little before ten we crossed a bridge over Father Inachus, at that time without a drop of water, but in winter a mountain torrent, rolling with prodigious fury, and in many places restrained from spreading desolation on the surrounding plains only by artificial embankments. Shortly after, we entered the once proud capital of Acrisius, and halted in front of the "Coffee-house of Agamemnon." "The Coffee-house of Agamemnon!" I exclaimed aloud, as my eye caught the filthy hut dignified by so sounding an appellation, and I could not help thinking how the shade of that haughty monarch would feel itself insulted, if it knew that its name was coupled with such a place as this!

My new Greek friend said that he was acquainted with a Scotch lawyer by the name of Masson, in Argos, with whom it might be pleasant to form an acquaintance, and immediately on our arrival, he took me to his house. He received me with great cordiality, and insisted upon my keeping him company at dinner. He kept bachelor's hall, and his family consisted of himself, a young Scotch physician, and a Greek servant. Two kinds of wine, white and red, were placed upon the table at dinner. Both were execrable, being bitter and resinous. These qualities are common to almost all the Greek wines, and are imparted to it by putting the cone of the pine in the wine-press. This practice is of classical origin, as the pine was anciently sacred to Bacchus. There is a great variety in the wines of modern Greece. Every island and province has at least one, and some two or three kinds, peculiar to itself. The wine of Attica has a sweet

and sickish taste; that of Epidaurus, anciently famed for its exquisite flavour, is the most bitter and unpalatable that we met with any where in Greece. The red wines of Syra and Argentiera are of great body, and not disagreeable to the taste. Samos produces a sweet white wine, of an exquisite flavour when unadulterated, but very difficult to be procured in that state; but those of Naxos, Chios and Lesbos have lost their ancient renown. On the whole, I strongly suspect that, if the choicest cups that ever regaled the palates, or inspired the lays of Anacreon and Horace, were placed before your modern epicurean wine-bibber, he would be very apt to "turn up his nose" at them.

After dinner we called on General Church. He resides in a large stone house, finished and fitted up in the style of an English nobleman's palace. His wife remains in England, and he lives in Argos by himself. He received us in an elegantly furnished parlour, where he was enjoying the society of several respectable Greeks, attired in the neatest and richest Albanian dresses. General Church is of a middling stature, symmetrical proportions, and fair complexion, with large keen eyes, an open and generous expression of countenance, and the most beautiful pair of mustachios that I ever saw on an upper lip. A gentleman, a scholar and an enthusiast in the cause of human liberty, his conversation was refined, instructive and full of animation. The Greeks were intelligent and communicative. The conversation was light and versatile,—now on politics, now on literature, now on the remains of ancient art in Greece, and now on days "lang syne." I gave some account of our trip to Sardis. One of the Greeks remarked pleasantly, *Vous venez de voir la Capitale d'un ancien Satrape de l'Asie, et vous êtes venu maintenant à voir la Capitale du Satrape moderne de la Grèce.*

The young surgeon who was staying with Mr. Masson, politely volunteered his services as cicerone, and soon after my arrival, we set off on a stroll among the

ruins. The name of Argos carries the mind back to those distant periods, when fable supplied the place of history, and the gods were wont to mingle personally in the affairs of men. Tradition attributes its foundation to Inachus, nearly two hundred centuries before the Christian era, and some of the most beautiful fables in-woven in the Grecian mythology, have a "local habitation and a name" in its brilliant annals. In the days of its glory, Argos was one of the most splendid of Grecian cities. Pausanias fills several chapters of his invaluable work with an enumeration and description of its antiquities. But its inhabitants enjoyed the still higher and more covetable glory of being "clothed in the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit." Less brilliant than the Athenians, and less austere than the Spartans, they excelled both in the lovelier virtues of kindness and beneficence; and, with a religion that made revenge a virtue, they still had a temple dedicated to the God of Meekness.

Long, however, as was its catalogue of temples, *hiera*, porticoes, statues and monuments, these superb works have all been swept away; and the few imperfect relics that remain, are not sufficient to occupy much time in the examination, or much space in the description of them. The theatre is the most perfect. It is cut in the southeast side of the rock of the Acropolis. The seats, seventy-one in number, are almost entire. They are of a circular form, one hundred and twenty-nine feet in length, and, allowing eighteen inches to each individual, capable of containing six thousand one hundred and six spectators. What Dr. Clarke means by the two wings, which he considers as distinguishing this theatre from all the others he saw in Greece, I confess myself utterly unable, by repeated examinations, to determine; and my Scotch companion and all our officers who examined it, found themselves in the same uncertainty.

Just below the theatre, and at the distance of only a few paces, is a ruin of Roman origin, called *Palaio Tekkee*. It consists of imperfect remains of an edifice whose walls were five feet in thickness, and of several

subterraneous vaulted apartments. It was probably some military work. In the same vicinity is the little oracular shrine, discovered by Dr. Clarke, where the priests used to conceal themselves to deliver the will of the Gods. The foundation of the temple with which it was connected may still be traced on a level part of the hill of the Acropolis. The *cella*, cut in the mountain rock, still remains; and just behind it is that "curious tell-tale," that reveals at once the cunning and iniquity of the heathen priesthood. It is a little vaulted gallery, ten feet long, two wide, and from four to five in height. From hence the Oracle, in the shape of a good fat priest, delivered his crafty, well concocted responses, while the credulous wretches who came to learn the Divine will, fancied that they heard, in his affected grandiloquence, the voice of the Deity from his dwelling-place in the bowels of the mountain. Immediately below the site of this temple, there is a ruin called *Limiarti*, consisting of some very insignificant portions of a polygonal wall. Higher up on the hill, though still near its base, are the remains of a wall which encircled the Acropolis, composed of small stones and cement of the middle ages.

On the opposite side of the theatre, and about a dozen rods distant, there is a little church dedicated to the *Panagia*, built chiefly of ancient marbles. The site of this church Dr. Clarke considers that of the *Hieron* of Venus, both from its correspondence with the locality given it by Pausanias, and from the numerous Corinthian remains in the materials of which it is constructed. We saw a number of Corinthian capitals, in the earliest style of that order, more beautiful because less loaded with ornaments, than the capitals of later date. There are in the walls several slabs of marble with inscriptions, and we noticed one with a Pegasus feeding on an ear of corn sculptured on it, and another with a bass-relief representing a priest at the altar in the act of administering an oath. Various other churches in Argos are built almost wholly of ruins, and probably occupy sites near those of

ancient temples. Some of the foundations have every appearance of being ancient. Near one of them we went into a work-shop, and found the priest who ministered at its altar, in the shape of a brawny, coarse-featured, black-bearded cooper.

The wells in Argos are numerous, and very curious. They are covered with slabs of marble, with holes in the centre just as large as the mouth of the well. Their sides are worn into innumerable deep grooves by the friction of the ropes used in drawing water. What ages must have been required to produce such an effect!

In one of my excursions to Argos, I ascended the hill of the Acropolis in company with two of our officers. It rises to an elevation of one thousand feet on the southwest side of the town. Two-thirds of the way up the ascent, we came to the ridge anciently called Deiras, where was the Stadium, a temple of Apollo Deiradiotes, and a little shrine at which the Argive women used to mourn the death of the fair Adonis. The cave where Adonis was worshipped may still be seen; but the Stadium has entirely disappeared, and the site of the temple is now occupied by a small Greek monastery. Here we stopped to rest, and were hospitably entertained by the Monks, who seemed greatly amused at our foreign dialect. The Cephissus is said to have flowed beneath the ancient temple. We were anxious to institute some examinations on this point, but could not make ourselves understood. The water they gave us was pure and grateful, but whence it was obtained we were unable to learn.

The ascent from the monastery was less steep and rocky than before, but more circuitous. We passed through a grove of olives of sickly growth, and at length, almost exhausted, reached the termination of our journey. Here, however, we were richly repaid for our toils by the sight of the remains of those prodigious works that once crowned the summit of the mountain, and by the extensive view they command not only of the Argolide, but also of some of the neighbouring pro-

vinces of Peloponnesus. There is on the northwest side a wall of well joined polygons, eighty-four feet in length and from fifteen to twenty in height. Some polygonal remains still exist on the northeast side also; but these are less extensive and in a less perfect state of preservation. The ruins of an old Venetian fortress strew the entire summit of the rock.

From this point the plain of Argos appears to form a broad circle round the Acropolis, the evenness of whose surface is interrupted only by a line of hills, extending in a northwestern direction till they meet the mountain barrier, by which the whole beautiful panorama is surrounded. The view is glorious in itself, and rich in classical recollections. Its outlines are Napoli with its everlasting fortress; the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ; the Lernean Lake; the Inachus, the Phrixos and the Erasinus; the Argolic Gulf, on whose bosom, dim in the distance, rises the island of Spezzia; and many of the towering, snow-crowned mountains of Southern Greece. Modern Argos, half of it a heap of ruins and the rest thinly spread over a wide extent of territory, lay just beneath our feet, and we counted twenty-eight villages scattered over the valley.

Argos at present is a place of few attractions. Most of its houses are stone huts, and many of them without floors. They are put together with mud, and have a mean and comfortless appearance. There are, however, some exceptions in the houses that have been erected in European style since the revolution. The number of inhabitants it is difficult to ascertain. Those who reside there differ greatly in their estimates. Ten thousand is not probably very wide of the truth.

My new Greek acquaintance wished to accompany me to Lerna, and, having taken leave of my hospitable host, we set off together about five o'clock, P. M. We crossed the Phrixos shortly after issuing from the city, and in fifty minutes came to Kephalari, so called from

its being the source of the Erasinus. It forms one of the most unique and beautiful spectacles it is possible to conceive. The river bursts at once, in its full dimensions, from underneath the shelving rocks, and flows bounding and brawling, as if rejoiced to escape from its dark subterraneous prison-house. The Erasinus was a river of Arcadia, which disappeared near Lake Stymphalus, and which the ancients supposed flowed under ground till it reached this spot in Argolis, where it again emerged to view. There is here an immense cavern, where Bacchus and Pan were anciently worshipped, but the altars of these merry gods have been demolished, and a little chapel, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, now invites the devotions of the passing stranger.

In forty minutes after leaving Kephalari, we rode up and dismounted on the banks of the Lake of Lerna. Here I fell in with our first lieutenant and sailing master, who had come over in one of the ship's cutters, and whose invitation to return with them I was very willing to accept. Lerna derives all its interest from association. It is at present a miserable flag-pond, about two hundred paces in circumference. It is surrounded by an ancient wall, between which and the luxuriant crop of flags that shoot up above its waters, there is a narrow open space. There is also a small open space in the centre of the lake, which the ancients considered without bottom, and the miller whose machinery is put in motion by its waters, and the peasant who labours in an adjoining field, will tell you the same story at the present day. The water is conducted away by means of a canal, and turns a few mills in the vicinity, which give the name of Mylos to a little collection of huts, built of mud and thatched with Lernean flags. The lake is fed by numerous springs, that gush up at the foot of Mount Pontinos, and its water is of an excellent quality. The Hydra no longer infests its banks, but it is not many years since, that a monster, far more terrible—Ibrahim Pacha—filled with dread and covered with desolation, not

only the neighbourhood of Lerna, but the whole circuit of the Peloponnesus.

Early on Tuesday morning, the thirty-first of the month, a party consisting of Dr. ——, a midshipman and myself, left the ship for the purpose of paying a visit to Mycenæ. We procured horses for the day, at a dollar each, their owners, contrary to the usual custom in Greece, staying behind. We glanced at Tiryns as we passed it, and reached Argos a little before ten o'clock. We spent several hours among the ruins there, dined with our hospitable Scotch lawyer, who literally forbade our dining any where else, paid a short but agreeable visit to General Church, procured a young Greek for a guide, with flint, steel, tinder and torches for viewing the Heroum of Perseus, and at four o'clock, P. M. set off in high spirits to see the remains of a city built more than thirteen centuries before the Christian era. Just without the town, we passed on our left the hill Phoroneus, which received its name from the son of Inachus, and on which stood one of the citadels of Argos, and soon after crossed the dry bed of the Inachus, in that place two hundred paces wide. We had not time to go out of our way in search of the Heroum of Ceres Mysias, but rode at a pretty rapid rate, and reached Krabata, a small village about a mile from the ruins, in a little more than an hour from Argos. The hills on which the city of Mycenæ stood, in the approach from Argos, present the appearance of an inclined right angled triangle, whose upper angle terminates in the hill of the Acropolis, beyond which rise the towering heights of the "three-topped" Euboia.

We stopped a moment in front of one of the huts to quench our thirst, and then commenced the ascent towards the Acropolis. It was with feelings bordering upon awe that we drew nigh to the most venerable relic *in* Greece,—the ruin of a city built before the war of

Troy, and in the time of Strabo supposed to be so utterly destroyed that not a vestige of it remained,—the capital of the "king of many islands and of all Argos," the haughty Agamemnon,—a spot embellished by some of the loftiest virtues that have ever graced humanity, and blackened by some of the foulest crimes that ever stained the annals of the world.

About midway between Krabata and the Acropolis, we turned aside to our right to visit that splendid monument, known under the names of the Brazen Treasury of Atreus and his sons, the Tomb of Agamemnon, and the Heroum of Perseus. Dr. Clark has brought such a mass of evidence in support of the propriety of the last of those appellations, as scarcely to leave any doubt of it. Externally it is exactly similar to the Tumuli of the Lydian kings and the sepulchral mounds scattered over the Troad. In its original state, it was unquestionably entirely concealed by its covering of earth, but by some means or other, an aperture has been made at the apex, and the entrance has been laid bare, so that the interior is now exposed to the gaze of modern curiosity. Its architecture is of the most massive and enduring character that I have ever seen, and when the last stone was laid upon the stupendous structure, its magnificence must have been the pride, as its vastness and solidity now are the wonder of every beholder.

The approach to the gate of the Acropolis on the western side, is between two parallel walls in the second style of Cyclopean masonry. It was in the open space between these two walls that Sophocles laid the scene of the first part of the Electra. The space for the gate is in the centre of another similar wall connecting these two, which is thirty feet long and twenty in height. It is nine wide at the bottom, and becomes gradually narrower towards the top. Its present height is six feet five inches, and it was never probably much higher, as the upright circular holes where the gate was fastened at the bottom, may still be seen on the inside. The lintel measures fifteen feet in length, six and a half in width,

and three feet eight inches in thickness. Directly over this is an *alto-relievo* of the Heroic Ages—the oldest piece of authenticated sculpture in Greece. It stands, probably, precisely in the spot that it did when Agamemnon left his native city to head the armies of Greece in the Trojan war; and we may reasonably enough suppose that his farewell look was directed towards the lions that guarded the entrance of his capital.

On the hill of the Acropolis we observed two cisterns of very large dimensions, whose sides were covered with cement hard as a rock of flint. The walls remain in many parts almost perfect. They are principally in the second Cyclopean style, though we noticed a few specimens of the first. It is impossible to behold these prodigious examples of the labours of a remote antiquity, without a mingled sentiment of awe, astonishment and respect; and the impression they leave upon the mind cannot fail to be as lasting as the powers of memory.

On Sunday, the twenty-ninth, I received an invitation from Captain Wadsworth to join a party he was making up for a visit to Corinth, of which I gladly accepted. The party consisted of thirteen officers, being all that could be spared from duty on board of both ships. Capodistrias had kindly ordered a sufficient number of horses, and provided us with an escort of four soldiers. At five o'clock we mounted, in the large square in front of the president's palace, and set off on our journey. We had two mules loaded with provisions. The owners of all the horses accompanied us on foot, so that between officers, soldiers, servants and grooms, our whole company amounted to nearly forty.

We took the direct route to Mycenæ, leaving Argos several miles to the left. The region through which we rode, was in olden times covered with villages, traces of which we discovered in a variety of places. We *passed* a number of little churches, in whose walls were

inserted various inscribed marbles, and an ancient cistern about thirty feet deep, walled in the Cyclopean style. Fragments of the shafts and capitals of columns, and remains of ancient foundations, also frequently attracted our notice. I rode on ahead of the party, and turned off to the right to visit the site of that superb temple of Juno, situated on an eminence at the foot of Mount Euboia. The spot had been pointed out to me by General Church at Argos, and I had no difficulty in finding it; nor had I the least doubt, from the extensive and massy foundations still remaining and a part of the shaft of a fluted column of prodigious dimensions, that this was really the site of that ancient and magnificent edifice, built by Eupolemus of Argos, and embellished with the master-pieces of Polycletus, the rival of Phidias, where the citizens of Argos and Mycenæ blended their sacrifices and libations in honour of the Queen of Heaven. This opinion is confirmed by the location which Pausanias gives to the temple, standing, according to his account, to the left of the direct road from Mycenæ to Argos, forty stadia from the latter city, and on an eminence commanding a view of the entire plain.

We stopped to breakfast under a spreading tree below the Capital of Agamemnon, near which flowed a rivulet of pure water. As few of the party had been there before, we ascended to the Acropolis to view those stupendous remains, in gazing upon which the eye cannot satiate itself, and where the imagination enjoys unlimited scope. While my companions were viewing the other works, I traced the aqueduct without the walls of the Acropolis up to the Fountain of Perseus, some distance above the city. In a number of places, remains of the *terra cotta* pipe in which the water was conducted, could be distinctly seen. We also discovered the remains of another monument near the Lion Gate, similar to the Heroum of Perseus, but of much smaller dimensions. The earth over it is but slightly elevated, and it can be seen only through an aperture opened in the top.

At twelve o'clock, meridian, we again took up our line of march, and soon entered the pass of Dervenaki, riding through a thick grove of myrtles, lentisks and other evergreen-shrubs, now quiet as the calm surface of a summer sea, but once the haunt of that dreaded monster, the Nemean Lion. Our road lay along the banks of a stream of cool transparent water, whose murmurings soothed the spirit, and fitted it to enjoy with keener relish the remembrances that throng the mind on such a spot.

Half an hour beyond Krabata, we saw ruts worn in the rock by ancient carriage wheels. In one place they were distinctly visible on both sides of the road, and the distance between them was about three and a half feet. The scenery on either side of us was wild, broken and solemn. We were constantly on the look-out for the Cave of the Nemean Lion, and an hour after passing the ruts, we discovered near the summit of one of the peaks on our left something that looked like the entrance to a cavern. Our guides could give us no information respecting it, nor had they ever heard of such an animal as the Nemean Lion. Half an hour from here we crossed a rivulet of clear water, and halted to dine under a tree upon its margin. Our dinner was in true patriarchal style. Here the party began to "run" each other on their fatigue; and one of our *Medicos* performed a feat that he did not hear the last of during the rest of the excursion. After dinner, he seized one of the pistols, stepped a little aside, and brought it to the proper point for firing. "What!" exclaimed the Captain, "are you going to fire that pistol, doctor?" The question was scarcely out of his lips, before the report was heard: the doctor whirled upon his feet like a top, and the pistol was picked up at a distance of several yards from the spot where it had been discharged.

We reposed for some time under the shade of the thick foliage, and in half an hour after getting under weigh again, the valley of Cleonæ opened upon us, and we *caught a view* of the towering heights and eternal bul-

warks of the Acro-Corinthus. The prospect was hailed with enthusiasm by our whole party. In another half hour we rode up in front of a little stone hut, dignified with the name of a Khan. This is Kourtese, and the only representative of the ancient Cleonæ. Here we dismounted to rest ourselves under two large trees in front of the Khan, near which there was a fountain of excellent water. While my companions were lounging in the shade, I took a stroll over the neighbouring hills in search of the ancient remains, mentioned by some of the travellers in Greece. I found ruins of considerable extent on a hill in front of the Khan, but they appeared to me to be of Turkish origin.

The valley of Cleonæ is hilly, sterile, and but little cultivated. There are but few villages in it, and these all have a mean appearance. After leaving Kourtese, we crossed two streams of considerable magnitude on bridges, and several dry water courses. Knolls covered with sickly vegetation and stunted shrubbery, and deep ravines shut in by precipitous sides, made up nearly the whole of the scenery. Having rode for about two hours through scenes so uninteresting in themselves and so barren of associations, we ascended the last elevation between Cleonæ and Corinth, and obtained our first view of the latter, with its Acropolis, its isthmus, its plain, its two seas, and the glorious mountains of Northern Greece, lifting their summits, clothed in eternal snows, far beyond them. Who shall describe the magic prospect? There was no previous warning—no gradual lifting of the curtain—the whole glorious scene burst at once upon our view. We paused a few moments to survey it; and then commenced the descent towards that lovely valley, in ancient times regarded as the most fertile spot on the globe, and still, in the eye of the Greek at least, retaining the same proud distinction. We were about an hour and a half in reaching Corinth. It was a little after dusk when we arrived, and we stopped near the heart of the modern town, at the only public house in it, laying any claim to decency.

Supper was served in the little portico in front of the *locanda*, and a curious lesson it was that we read on the revolutions of time in our table and its furniture. Corinth was once the great focus of Eastern luxury, crowded with the devotees of pleasure and the lovers of "good cheer" from every quarter of the world. In 1831, in this same Corinth, a party of thirteen American officers—I was going to say sat down,—but more than half of them stood, because there was not room for them to sit,—around a little table, whose only furniture, in addition to what they themselves had carried, was a dirty ragged linen table cloth, an old Britannia teapot, three earthen plates, two tumblers, and as many rusty knives and forks. Our accommodations for the night were of a piece with our supper table. Our host managed indeed to "rig up" a bed for the Captain, and another for Dr. S., but the rest of us were all crammed into a single apartment, and had nothing but rugs to lie upon, while we were obliged to make pillows as we could out of our cloaks or apparel. All praise, however, is due to our bustling landlord, who, I believe, sent to every house in town for rugs, and at last to our calls for more, we were answered that no more could be obtained. But had we reclined on beds of down, it would have been impossible to sleep much. The fleas were beyond all endurance. No where else have I ever known them so numerous or so hungry. The reader will not be surprised therefore that at three o'clock we were all up, and engaged in preparation for ascending the Acropolis. After pounding some time at the door of a neighbouring *café*, we succeeded in getting the proprietor up, who, pouting and grumbling to his heart's content, set about making us a cup of coffee.

This we took in the street, in front of the *café*, and at four o'clock we began the ascent. Our host, who was no less a personage than a quondam captain in the Greek service, accompanied us. When the Turks had possession of Corinth, it was very difficult to get admission within the fortress, but strangers are now allowed to

visit it whenever they choose to apply for permission. The ascent is winding, steep and laborious. The rock is encircled by two strong walls, the inner one of which Wheeler, with his usual quaintness of manner, "*guesses*" to be two miles in circuit. The base of the cone (for this is the shape of the mountain) was anciently computed to be forty stadia, equal to five English miles, but the wall that surrounded it was eighty-five stadia in length. The modern outer wall is much shorter than this. On passing the inner gate we saw a number of soldiers stretched upon the hard pavement, without even a blanket under them. Some of them had stones for pillows, and others used their cartridge boxes for that purpose.

Our visit was announced to the colonel, commanding the fortress, who, though in bed at the time, instantly rose, and was soon ready for us to wait on him. He received us very politely, in a plainly finished but neat apartment, and treated us to coffee, cakes and pipes. He entered into conversation with considerable freedom, but his mind seemed to have a tinge of melancholy, very unusual in his countrymen. He spoke in the most desponding terms of Greece, declaring it to be still in a state of anarchy and revolution. To the question whether he did not think the Greeks had advanced in civilization since their struggle with the Turks, he replied, "Entirely the reverse; they have been retrograding." This answer might have been the consequence of having been interrupted in his morning slumbers: it certainly was not a true statement of the case.

The whole of the garrison at present allotted to this fortress, consists of two companies of one hundred individuals each. The military works are very extensive, but they are greatly out of repair, and mount only eighty pieces of cannon of all sizes and qualities. A few years ago they mounted five hundred, but most of them have been converted into money. Two principal elevations form the summit of the Acro-Corinthus. The lowest is called Ihkali, and is on the north-west side of the hill.

In the direction of this eminence, distant a few hundred yards, is the rock from which Mohammed the Second battered the Acropolis, being the only point from which artillery can be made to bear upon it.

In passing from Ihkali to the highest point of the mountain, we crossed a little valley, in which may still be seen the Fountain Pirene, now called Dragonera, where Bellerophon found the winged horse Pegasus. Visiters usually descend by means of a rope ladder kept for that purpose, but as it happened at that time to be out of repair, we effected a descent of eight feet down a perpendicular wall of stone-work, by inserting our feet in the crevices, and clinging with our hands to the edges of the stones; and thence we descended, by a flight of fifteen long steps cut in the rock, to the Fountain. It is very copious, and the water is several degrees cooler than that of ordinary springs, and of the purest transparency.

From Pirene we ascended to the summit of the highest elevation. Here there is a small tower, to the top of which we managed to climb; but what painter is equal to the task of sketching the prospect it discloses to the eye? I have beheld with rapture the prospects obtained from the Keep at Carisbrooke Castle, from the Rock of Gibraltar, from the Leaning Tower at Pisa, from the ridge of the Crater of Vesuvius, and from the heights of the Acropolis at Sardis;—but which of them can be compared to that enjoyed by a person on the top of the Acro-Corinthus? Here the view is without limits in every direction; and comprehends every description of scenery, from the most desolate sublimity, where "Eternity is throned in icy halls," to the softest beauty that adorns the enchanting vales of Greece. Standing with his face towards the gulf of Lepanto, a spectator will have before him the Plain of Corinth, from four to five miles wide and from ten to fifteen long, gay with numerous villages, and diversified by extensive olive groves, green parterres, and golden wheat fields. On his *right, the* gigantic ranges of Cythæron, Helicon and Par-

nassus, their summits glittering with everlasting snows, or towering far into the regions of the clouds, stretch in apparently interminable outlines into the interior of Northern Greece. Turning his eye to the left, it will rest on the Peloponnesus, exhibiting mountains piled on mountains, with here and there a green valley, smiling amid the desolation that encircles it. Then changing his position, so as to face the east, he will look down upon the Saronic gulf, its bosom gemmed with verdant islets, and far beyond he will discern the promontory of Sunium, and the coast of Attica, among whose sacred hills shoots up the still more sacred Acropolis of the city of Minerva.

But if the distant view from this spot is fitted to excite enthusiasm by its own intrinsic glories, that directly beneath the eye is not less adapted to produce this effect by the recollections to which it gives rise. You look down upon the site of a city, once embellished with the costliest works of art, where Luxury and Pleasure were the reigning divinities. A little beyond, you behold the theatre of the Isthmian Games, celebrated in honour of the great patron of Corinth; and at the heads of the two seas which it separates, the sites of Lechæum and Cenchrea, where were crowded the warehouses of the merchants of all nations, and into whose ports were continually entering vessels loaded with the produce and the manufactures of Egypt, Lybia, Cyrene, Syria, Phœnicia, Carthage, and Sicily.

On descending from the mountain, we stopped to view the remains of the Doric temple, which has occasioned so many disputes among the tribe of antiquaries, both as to the period of its erection, and the divinity to whom it was dedicated. Seven columns are still standing, five of which support the entablature. The proportions are incorrect, and the workmanship extremely inelegant. This is the only ruin of much interest in Corinth.

The modern town has no attractions whatever. It is now almost a heap of desolations. This is the me-

morial left of his visit by that bloodthirsty Moslem, Ibrahim Pacha, in all the cities and villages of the Morea. The population cannot exceed one thousand souls.

We reached the *locanda* about ten o'clock, where we found a warm breakfast waiting, upon which we were not long in commencing hostilities. After breakfast, Mr. J. and Dr. E. of the Boston, and myself, obtained permission of Captain W. to visit Sicyon, under the expectation of rejoining the party at Argos the same night. Sicyon is about twelve miles from Corinth. We left our companions at eleven o'clock, and commenced our journey over that rich and beautiful plain, bounded on one side by the Gulf of Lepanto, and on the other by the mountains of Corinth. We rode for several miles through those luxuriant olive groves, that yield the sweetest oil in the world; passed through several villages and over a number of streams; and in two hours and three minutes from Corinth crossed the Asopus by a handsome arched stone bridge, and ascended the hill on which stands the wretched village of Basilica, built upon the site of the capital of the most ancient kingdom of Greece, the once powerful and luxuriant Sicyon.

The main object of our visit to Sicyon was to see the remains of the theatre, of which Dr. Clarke speaks in such glowing terms. His raptures may well be pardoned; for the splendour of its situation and the symmetry and magnificence of its proportions cannot fail to fill with enthusiasm a mind sensible to the glories of nature and the beauties of art. The remains of the stadium are adjoining to those of the theatre. They are partly natural and partly artificial. The artificial portion was constructed in the second style of Cyclopean architecture. The foundations of the temple of Bacchus may be seen a few rods in front of the theatre. There are other ruins of some interest at Sicyon, but we had neither time nor strength to search them out.

We had stopped in front of one of the huts, and got the proprietor of it, a brawny, hardfeatured, suspicious looking fellow, to accompany us as a guide. On our

return, we stepped into his house, which consisted of only one apartment without any floor, other than the native earth, in which pigs, poultry, and children were all congregated together. Two large earthen jars for grain, an iron pot, a sort of saucepan, a poker, a wooden noggin for a pitcher, two or three pipes, and a musket, constituted the whole of its furniture.

At three o'clock, we began to retrace our steps over the plain of Corinth. We passed the tents of a number of shepherds, whose flocks were collected in the shade of some large trees near by. The shepherds themselves were stretched in front of their tents, fast asleep, and their dogs came at us as if they would have torn us in pieces. The pastoral life in Greece has lost its poetical cast.

We arrived at Kourtese just at dusk, where we concluded to halt for the night. Our horses were tied by long halters to a tree in the vicinity, and we stretched our weary and exhausted limbs on a mat of reeds, spread upon a pavement of small round stones in the principal apartment of the Khan. Notwithstanding the usual torments of such places, we succeeded in getting a little broken rest; but the fleas finally gained the victory, and drove us up about two o'clock in the morning. Several Greek travellers had stopped at the Khan on the preceding night, and in the morning we found them scattered about in the open air, and snoring away as lustily as if not a flea had been near them. For our night's lodging, a pitcher of wine, and a supper for our soldier, we were charged only a piastre and a half,—equal to about ten cents of our money.

We arrived at Argos at seven in the morning, where we found our companions upon the point of setting off for Napoli. We joined them, and reached that city in about two hours, all of us glad to have made the trip, but some protesting against ever being caught in such a scrape again.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the intention of Captain Wadsworth to have sailed from Napoli on the night of the fourth of June, but an accident that occurred to one of the Boston's cutters, prevented it. In returning from the Lake of Lerna, she was struck with a sudden squall and capsized about five o'clock, P. M., at the distance of three or four miles from the nearest shore. The midshipman who commanded her, and who was quite young, conducted with great presence of mind, and with a magnanimity worthy of a true Virginian. He told those of the men who thought themselves competent to the task, to swim ashore, and the others to hold on to the boat till assistance might reach them. Several chose the former course, and among others a lad who was not equal to the exertion it required. When he was some distance from the boat, Mr. —— observed that he laboured very hard, and, believing that the poor fellow could not reach the shore, he generously swam to his relief, reached him when his strength was almost exhausted, and aided him back to the boat. The others all arrived safely on land. The sea was so high that a boat could not be seen at any distance, and it was not till towards dark that any apprehensions began to be entertained with regard to the safety of the Boston's cutter. At the suggestion that she might be in distress, a panic soon spread through both ships, and several boats were immediately manned and sent off in search of her. She was found about ten o'clock at night; —the poor fellows who were clinging to her being just ready to lose their grasp, and resign themselves to their melancholy fate.

The *inbat* prevented our sailing the next day, and it *was not till* ten o'clock in the evening that all hands were

called to "up anchor"—a call that always produces a lively sensation throughout a ship. On the morning of the sixth of June, we found ourselves off Spezzia, but we spent the whole day in beating against head winds to the windward of that island and Hydra. The *inbat* on the seventh, carried us up the Saronic Gulf. In the entrance of its classic waters, the islands of Poros and Egina, the rocky promontory of Sunium, and the venerable remains of the temples of the Patron-Goddess of Attica and Jupiter of all the Greeks, with the rich associations to which they gave rise, attracted our attention and engrossed our thoughts. It would swell this work to a size beyond that to which I propose to limit it, were I to point out minutely all the various objects of beauty and sublimity and interest, that rise upon the view along the coast of Attica, till last and greatest of them all, the grey rock of the Acropolis is seen breaking through the distance, crowned with the holiest and most magnificent ruin the world contains—the Temple of the tutelary Goddess of Athens and of Greece. In the approach to Athens by sea, the defects of the Parthenon are not seen, and, with the exception of a tinge from age, its appearance at this moment is not materially different from that which it would have presented to a sailor on the waters of the Saronic Gulf, on that proud morning, when the scaffolding was removed from the pediment in the Pronaos, and the Minerva of Phidias, that glorious MASTERPIECE of genius in the arts, surveyed the fair city—with its gorgeous and glittering assemblage of temples, porticoes, gymnasia, and storied monuments—which bore her own venerated name, and which owed all its beauty and all its fame to her beneficent and fostering care.

We passed the deserted harbour of the Piræus about sunset, and shortly after let go our anchor near the little island of Salamis—now Coulouris—in the very waters where the genius of Themistocles, seconded by the gallantry and patriotism of his brave associates, defeated the proud schemes of the Eastern Despot, secured the liberty of his countrymen, and won for himself a wreath of

laurels, that will be as green as on the day it was first placed upon his brow, when the last ruin in Greece shall have been swept from the face of the earth.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

How much more durable is the fame that lives in the records of history, than that whose prolongation is committed to the sculptured bust, the storied urn, or the massive sepulchre! The Pyramids of Egypt remain, but the memory of the worms in whose honour they were erected, has perished with their bones; while the names and virtues of Leonidas and his three hundred generous Spartans, live and will live, as long as there is an eye to read or a heart to feel. Such comparatively are mind and matter. I trust I shall be excused for my frequent allusions to this subject; for I love to contemplate the vast superiority of the intellectual and moral parts of our nature.

The evening that we anchored in the waters of Salamis, was just such a one as Byron describes in that beautiful episode in one of his Eastern Tales, beginning

"So sinks more lovely ere his race be done,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun."

Sunrise and sunset in Greece are respectively the sublimest and the loveliest scenes in nature. Before leaving America, I had often read of Italian skies, and had been taught to believe that the sun and moon and stars of Italy, were worth all the beauties of all other countries put together. I confess I was disappointed. But the skies, the atmosphere, the scenery of Greece!—what picture can equal the reality? Never shall I forget them: Never shall I forget the wild sublimity of her mountains, or the smiling loveliness of her valleys;—never shall I forget the balmy mildness of her evenings, or the celestial purity of her climate;—never shall I forget the clear deep blue of her classic waves, or the soft splendours of her moon-light nights;—above all, never shall I forget a sunset that I once beheld, while standing amid the ruins of the city of Minerva. Has the reader ever heard of

the "PURPLE HYMETTUS?" I had finished my notes on the theatre of Herodes Atticus, and had risen to proceed, when I remained suddenly entranced by the glorious prospect that caught my eye. How shall I describe it? I was between the setting sun and Mount Hymettus, whose western side, in its whole extent, seemed enveloped in a robe of the softest and most brilliant purple. I could not waste a look on the rich gilding of the sky and clouds in the western part of the heavens, so intensely was my attention occupied by the soft and ever-varying hues in the opposite direction. As the sun continued to sink, so that his rays ceased successively to strike on different parts of the mountain, the purple tints gradually retreated before a line of sombre hues, and it required little imagination to fancy that I beheld the dark Spirit of Barbarism chasing from places they had long illumined, the delicate and glorious splendours of Grecian genius. It was the most magnificent sunset I ever beheld, and in the very spot of all others where I should most wish to have beheld it.

On the eighth, the first day after our arrival, I did not go ashore; I spent the whole day on deck—my eyes rivetted to the scenery by which we were surrounded. How brilliant and varied and stirring the recollections awakened on such a spot! How much both of poetry and religion there is in them! The Piræus, the Acropolis, Hymettus, Parnes, Corydallus, the Acro-Corinthus, the snow-crowned Parnassus, Helicon and Cythæron, Salamis and its immortal waters, the island gemmed Ægean,—are all names cherished in the memory of every one, whose soul has ever been fired by the poetry that has embalmed them. The moral associations too of such a place are high and holy. The genius and valour and patriotism displayed in the battle of Salamis, the generous devotion to the cause of GREECE, which induced the Athenians to prefer voluntary exile to ignominious submission, the image of a little handful of free-

men daring, and daring successfully to oppose the g
tic forces of a monarch, before whom subject Asia
ed herself in the dust, and the intellectual achieven
of those illustrious men whose genius rendered the c
of Attica the metropolis of learning and taste, pa
vivid perspective before the mental eye. How i
mind touched with the remembrance of such thin
the banishment of Aristides, the conduct of Themist
in that transaction, the subsequent re-call of the just
and the noble reconciliation that took place bet
the two rivals on the very waters where we were an
ed, when they sacrificed their personal enmities
their personal aspirations on the altar of their con
country! These are recollections that convey less
wisdom and philosophy, which carry with them a
unknown to the mere speculations of the theorist,
ever just or beautiful.

Our anchorage was just above the little island of
tallia, on which there were anciently several rude in
of Pan carved on the native rock, and about midwa
tween Salamis and Corydallus, on the former of w
stood a temple of Diana, and on the latter Xerxes c
a throne to be erected from which he expected to
ness the discomfiture of the Grecian fleet. Ca
Wadsworth went ashore on the eighth at the Pi
and ordered a number of horses to be sent there ear
the following morning. In the evening I received a
vitation to join his party. Accordingly, at seven o'
the next morning, in company with seventeen other
cers, I left the ship, full of that delicious elastici
spirits, which the near certainty of a visit to A
could not fail to inspire.

Passing between the old harbour of Phoron an
island of Psytallia, we entered the Piræus betwee
pedestals of the two Lions which anciently guarde
approach. The entrance is not more than two hu
paces wide, but the harbour itself is much more
cious than any of us had expected to find it. Cha
says that it is large enough to contain forty or fifty

mon sized vessels, and this assertion Hobhouse considers a proof that ships in his time were smaller than they are at present. Our officers thought the expression of such an opinion on the part of Mr. H., proved him to be more of a landsman than a sailor. Two men of war, an English brig and an Austrian schooner, were at anchor in the Piræus at the time of our visit. Considerable remains of the ancient pier still exist, but the three old divisions of the harbour can no longer be traced. On our right, as we entered, we saw the mound that passes for the tomb of Themistocles. The ashes of that illustrious hero, statesman and patriot, whose valour triumphed over his country's foes, whose wisdom laid the foundation of his country's greatness, and whose love of country exile could not cool, were at last by his repentant countrymen removed from their foreign resting-place, and deposited in a spot of all others the most appropriate for his repose.

On landing, how different the scene presented to our eyes, from that described by Anacharsis! A wretched custom-house had usurped the place of the vast magazines then stored with the merchandise of every clime, a few still more wretched huts had displaced the temples, adorned with colonnades and statues of the gods, the crowded quays had crumbled and disappeared beneath the heavy hand of time, a few misticoes and caiques represented the innumerable gallies that covered the waters of the Piræus, and the bustle of commerce as seen in the hurried tread of merchants unlading their newly arrived cargoes or preparing to embark on foreign voyages, and in the farewell embraces and warm congratulations of friends, found its only counterpart in the bawlings and contortions of the grooms who were setting forth the excellencies of their horses and begging us to mount upon their backs.

A party of midshipmen had gone ashore before us, and appropriated a part of the horses ordered by Captain W., so that three of us were left in the lurch, and had to go on foot. The distance is five miles. We ascended the range of low hills that form the coast of this part of

Attica, and entered the extensive plain of Athens. Our ride for the first half hour was close along the remains of the long walls of Themistocles. These consist of stones of prodigious dimensions, in some of which we could distinctly see the marks of the iron clamps employed to give strength and durability to the walls. The soil in this part of the route was broken, sterile and little cultivated. We saw two fellows drinking at a well, and their *modus operandi* had for us at least the interest of novelty. One of them descended into the well, dipped up the water in his dirty red skullcap, and handed it to his companion, who, in his turn, performed the same operation for the other.

The major part of the journey from the Piræus to the city is through groves of olive and fig-trees. The ground on which they are planted was anciently a marsh, but it is now dry and arable. The tomb of Menander and a Cenotaph to Euripides attracted the eye and fed the pride of the ancient Greek, as he passed along this road, but his degenerate offspring have heard neither of the one nor of the other, and no certain traces are left of these monuments to point the devotions of the classic traveller.

The heights of the Cecropian Acropolis, crowned with the venerable columns of the Parthenon, had been full in sight during the whole of our ride, and on issuing from the olive groves, we found ourselves near the walls of a city illustrated and embellished as no other spot on earth has ever been, by the genius of a Miltiades, a Themistocles, an Aristides, a Pericles, a Phidias, a Plato, a Sophocles, and an endless catalogue of names equally brilliant. What scholar, with Demosthenes or Xenophon in his hand, has not felt, in the quiet of his own closet, that he would give worlds for a single hour amid the ruins of that city; let him imagine then, for language would be powerless in an attempt to portray it, the deep enthusiasm with which we approached so holy a spot.

Leaving Mount Lycabettus, the Museum Hill, and *the Areopagus*—the sides of the two former perforated

with the eternal sepulchres of antiquity—on our right, we entered the city by the Piræan gate, and halted in the shade of the temple of Theseus, which stands near it, in an open area between the wall and the inhabited part of the town. Here we dismounted and waited for the two commanders, accompanied by Mr. J. as interpreter, to pay their respects to the Pacha, and obtain his permission to visit the Acropolis. The temple of Theseus, built by Cimon after the battle of Salamis, is of small proportions, being only ninety-seven feet long, and about half as wide. The order is a pure Doric, and not a stone was employed in its construction but the finest Parian marble. The peristyle consists of thirty-four columns, three feet in diameter and eighteen in height. The temple is surrounded by an ample basement, to which you ascend by a flight of several steps. The sculpture in the friezes of the Pronaos and Posticum relates to the history of Theseus, and was originally of beautiful execution, but it is now considerably defaced. A few years ago one of the corners of the building was struck with lightning, which injured the entablature in that part and the angular column, displacing a portion of frieze in the former, and completely splitting one of the tambours of the latter. During the three days that Mr. J. and myself remained in Athens, we often stopped to contemplate this exquisite remnant of antiquity, the most entire specimen remaining of the architectural taste and genius of the Greeks; but how feeble would be the most vivid description, compared with the emotions it awakened in our minds! We never passed it without pausing a few moments, and each repeated survey only enhanced the admiration and delight, with which we gazed upon the matchless harmony of its proportions, and the inimitable elegance and finish of its workmanship. The Ionic column is more graceful, and the Corinthian more ambitious and showy than the Doric, but there is in the latter a simplicity, a solidity, a majesty, which give it, in my view, an immeasurable superiority over the other two. There is besides in this order

a freedom from gaudy ornaments, which renders it peculiarly appropriate in edifices consecrated to the worship of the gods; who, if endowed with the attributes of justice and benevolence, must always be more pleased with the humble offerings of grateful piety, than with the costly sacrifices of opulence and pride.

The officers who went to visit the Pacha, returned in about half an hour with the requisite permission, and a soldier to accompany us in the double capacity of guide and guard. We took the path which lies along the wall of the city, having the Acropolis just before us, and Mars' Hill directly on our right. The sides of the latter are in many places hewn perpendicularly, and there are several ascents by means of steps cut in the native rock. The little church of St. Dionysius, the Areopagite converted by St. Paul, has disappeared, and we could hear of neither cave nor spring. On the highest point of the rock there were two Turkish huts and a little patch of tobacco. It was with unutterable feelings that we stood upon the place where the most ancient and venerable Court in Athens held its sessions, and where Paul's "spirit was moved within him, when he beheld the city wholly given to idolatry." We almost fancied that we could see the great Apostle to the Gentiles—not a whit behind his antagonists in learning, his lofty spirit kindling with zeal for the honour of his Master, and his powerful understanding irradiated with the light of heaven—disputing with the Stoics and the Epicureans and the other sects of Philosophers, who came to hear what the "babbler would have to say," and confound him with the subtlety of their dialectics.

A little to the left of the first gate through which we passed, is the cave where Apollo and Pan were anciently worshipped. The ascent to it is steep and difficult, and there is nothing to repay the toil of climbing it, but the

recollections it awakens, and a number of smooth spots of various forms and sizes, hewn on the sides of the cave, and designed probably for the reception of votive offerings. From here the ascent up the rock of the Acropolis became much steeper. After various windings and passing not less than four or five gates, we came to the Propylæa, which, however, we did not then stop to examine, for the anxiety we felt to get a nearer prospect than we had before enjoyed of that glorious Temple, the proudest triumph of Athenian architecture, which, even in its ruins, is the most beautiful and the most impressive object in the universe. As the visiter winds round the corner of the Propylæa, and catches the first full view of its stupendous remains, the sentiments with which it fills his mind are those of admiration and awe; which, as he continues to gaze, increase in purity and depth, till, lost in one delicious glow of enthusiasm, he scarcely knows "whether he is in the body or out of it." This is not exaggeration. No painting, or statue, or landscape—I might almost add, no poetical description or burst of eloquence, ever affected me like this first view of the Parthenon. Nor is the admiration occasioned by the entire view diminished by an examination of the parts in detail: on the contrary, it is, if possible, increased; for, as you had before observed a perfect harmony running through the whole design, you now perceive the same inimitable and uninterrupted perfection extended to its minutest parts—the flutings of the columns, the swell of the capitals, and all the endless ornaments of the architrave, frieze and cornice. But that which fills you with the purest delight in this minute examination, is what remains of the bass-relief sculpture on the frieze of the cell in the Pronaos. The figures here are for the most part equestrian; and though some tasteless barbarians have knocked off pieces for specimens, many of them are still almost entire. There is nothing in Florence that surpasses, and little that equals them. What fire! what truth! what delicacy! what finish! Surely the chisel of Phidias must have given the

last touch to these matchless productions; and though they have been exposed to the weather for more than twenty centuries, they still retain all the freshness, with which they issued from his unrivalled hand.

The Parthenon has not suffered much from the war. Thirty-nine columns are still standing, viz. eleven on the south, and nine on the north side, the two entire colonnades of the Pronaos, the outer one of the Posticum, and a solitary column of the inner one. Those at the two ends support their whole entablatures, but the others, for the most part, only the two lower members. The tympanum of the west front, though considerably injured, still remains; but that of the east front, from which Lord Elgin removed the two colossal female statues, the Neptune, the Theseus, and the inimitable Horse's Head, have fallen down since Hobhouse's visit to Athens. Of the sculpture on the ninety-two metopes of the frieze of the peristyle, representing the Battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, there are remaining, at present, only a few mutilated figures, and the little, of which I have already spoken, on the inner frieze of the Pronaos, is all that is left of the six hundred feet originally surrounding the cell, and representing the Panathenian festival. The remains of the walls and pavement of the cell are most entire at the western end. The door-way is twelve feet wide and twenty-four feet high, and the marble slabs composing the pavement are generally, about six feet long and five broad. The heaps of marble fragments filling up the area of the cell, and scattered about without the peristyle, are really astonishing.

There is a pile of these ruins at the S. W. angle of the Parthenon extending from the base to the entablature, by means of which I managed to climb to the top of the temple where I obtained a most extensive and beautifully variegated prospect. There is a range of hills apparently extending from Mount Pentelicus to the Munychian Promontory, separating two valleys, terminated by Hymettus and Parnes. The former is uneven and sterile,

presenting a perfect contrast to the regular slopes, the exuberant fertility, and the dark olive green of the one on the opposite side. Indeed, the valley towards Mount Parnes is the most beautiful I have ever beheld; and standing, as I did, near the spot where the rival Divinities caused the olive to spring up, and the waters of the sea to gush forth, the contrast between its flourishing olive groves from two to three miles wide, and from ten to fifteen in length, and the deserted harbour of the Piræus, forcibly reminded me of the preference formerly given to Minerva over Neptune. But should Athens, as is not impossible, again become the capital of a free, enlightened, and powerful nation, may not the "Altar of Oblivion" be rebuilt, and the smoke of the sacrifices offered to the God of the Sea and the Goddess of Wisdom, again be mingled as they curl up towards Heaven?

A few rods to the north of the Parthenon, is the joint temple, called the Erecthéum, at which we arrived, after traversing heaps of modern ruins. It has suffered a good deal by the late war between the Greeks and the Turks. It is the most beautiful specimen of the Ionic order extant, and though of much smaller proportions than the Parthenon, it shows equally the exquisite taste and genius of the Greeks. Of the part dedicated to Minerva Polias, the five fluted columns at the east end, are still standing, and support their architrave. Two only of those at the other end remain, and they are without any part of the entablature. Small portions of the walls of the cell may yet be seen, but its area is filled up with piles of fallen marble.

Of the part dedicated to Neptune Erecthéus, only three columns, with portions of the roof and of the separating wall, are left. The proportions of this temple are small but exceedingly graceful, and the exquisite finish given to every part of it, fills the spectator with the purest admiration and delight.

Contiguous to the Temple of Minerva, and forming a sort of wing to it, is the Pandroséum, a small chapel dedicated to Pandrosea, third daughter of Cecrops, to reward her for her obedience to that Goddess. It was originally supported by eight Cariatides. Three of them only remain, and these are greatly injured. One of those in the part facing the Parthenon, which existed when Hobhouse was in Athens, has since fallen, and is now lying on the ground. It will not, however, continue there long, for every one who visits the Acropolis, knocks off a piece for a specimen. Some of our officers followed the general practice in this respect, and our Turkish soldier, not conceiving any other possible motive for such conduct, inquired if we had no such stones in America.

We had passed the Propylæa, as already stated, without stopping to examine it minutely. It was the entrance, as the term imports, of the ancient Acropolis. The twelve fluted Doric columns, originally composing its two colonnades, are all yet standing. The intercolumniations of those on the west side are filled up with modern masonry, which formerly supported a terrace mounting a battery. Those at the two extremities alone have any part of their capitals remaining; and these, as well as the flutings of all the columns, are much injured, and support only fragments of the architrave. The east side of the Propylæa has, in every respect, suffered much less than the other. Of the columns, two have their capitals entire, one is without its capital, and those of the three others are considerably mutilated. The ancient marble wall on this side remains almost in its original state, the five gate-ways, though partially filled up with modern stone work, are still perfect, and the marble stairs leading from one of them up to the highest area of the Acropolis, have been but little injured. At one extremity of the Propylæa there is a square modern

tower built of ancient ruins by the Turks and Venetians, formerly used for a prison, but now entirely unoccupied.

The Temple of Victory stood a little to the northward of the Propylæa. Two elegant fluted Doric columns and one pilaster in the same style, supporting the two lower members of the entablature, with insignificant portions of the walls of the *cella*, are all that is left of that once beautiful edifice.

Having completed our observations on the Acropolis, we descended to the *locanda* and dined. In the afternoon, we visited nearly all the antiquities, both within and without the walls of the modern city, but could do little more than determine their localities. In this we were greatly aided by Hobhouse's excellent description of the ruins as they existed in 1809. Indeed, without his book we should have been utterly at a loss how to proceed, as our Greek cicerone knew little more about the antiquities of his native city, than he did about the geography of China.

When the party returned on board in the evening, Mr. J. and myself obtained permission to remain ashore as long as the ship continued at Salamis. In traversing the city to the *locanda*, we fell in with a Greek Doctor, who took us to see a statue lately discovered standing on its pedestal, where the angles of four houses met, which, until demolished by the Revolution, had completely concealed it. It represented a monster, the upper parts of which were those of a man, and the lower, those of a fish. The body and arms were finely executed, but on the whole, it did not appear to us to be a work of much merit. It was probably an Erecthonius.

Near the temple of Theseus, we saw two women engaged in the operation of grinding wheat. Their mill was simply two small circular stones, the upper one of which was kept in its place by an iron spike inserted in

the other, and turned by means of a wooden handle. It was a scene that reminded us forcibly of that declaration of our Saviour, in predicting the downfall of Jerusalem, "Two women shall be grinding at a mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." Mills of this description are very common at Athens, and I believe in other parts of the East, but I do not recollect to have seen them any where else.

We took lodgings in the *locanda*, where we had dined. The cooking and accommodations were better than we had reason to expect after our visit to Corinth. Several English travellers were lodged at the same place, who carried hammocks with them,—a wise precaution, and one which all others would do well to imitate, in travelling in Eastern countries.

Anxious to improve our time to the utmost, during our short stay at Athens, we were up at four o'clock, on the following morning. Having ascertained the localities of all the principal antiquities on the preceding day, we devoted one day to those on the Acropolis and without the walls of the city, and another to those within the walls and to making an excursion up Mount Hymettus.

The relics of ancient art still existing at Athens, exceeded our highest expectations. But if their number surpassed what we had been led to anticipate, what shall I say of their beauty? It is really intoxicating. You gaze, and admire, and enjoy, but without satisfying either the eye or the mind. Could all the books that have been written on these remains, be collected, they would of themselves form no inconsiderable library. Years of research and labour, by men of taste, learning, and genius, have been employed in the examination and description of them. The works of Spon, Wheeler, Chandler, and Dodwell, are familiar to every scholar, while the gayer narratives of Chateaubriand and other French travellers are enough to satisfy the taste for

pretty sentimentalism of all the fair patrons of circulating libraries, and the elegant but more every-day description of Hobhouse leaves little to be desired by the general reader. I may, therefore, well be excused from attempting any thing like a connected and circumstantial account of the antiquities of Athens; or rather I should scarcely be excused, if I should have the temerity to enter upon such a labour.

The Bema where Demosthenes poured forth his burning eloquence, still remains precisely as it was when that Prince of Orators melted and fired the Athenian populace by his unrivalled appeals to their passions, and his vivid descriptions of the past glory and the impending perils of their native city. There is no spot in Athens that excites such deep emotions, and awakens such thrilling thoughts as this. The two parts of Pnyx, where the people were accustomed to assemble before and after the conquest of Athens by Lysander, the former commanding a view of the sea, by pointing to which, the orators sometimes produced such electric effects, may be distinctly traced. The magnificent ruins of the Temple of Olympian Jove on the banks of the Ilissus form one of the most striking features in Athens. Sixteen Corinthian columns of the purest Pentelic marble, more than six feet in diameter and about sixty feet in height, standing in isolated grandeur, could not but be an impressive object any where, but how much is their effect increased in the present case by the associations of place! Just below these ruins is the Fountain, sacred to the nymph Callirhoë, still called by its ancient appellation, at which you arrive by crossing the Ilissus. Here was once a marble reservoir built by Pisistratus, and a part of one of the nine pipes that supplied it with water, as well as the apertures of some of the others, are still visible. The water oozes out in several places from the sides of the projecting rock, and we saw a number of Athenian women washing their clothes in the little dell in front of the fountain. The Ilissus, whose name awakens such a crowd of agreeable images, is a mere

rivulet, whose bed was almost dry at the time of our visit.

In our excursion up Mount Hymettus we ascended only to the Monastery of St. Cyriani. The honey of Hymettus, still retains its fame for excellence, but we were unable to get a taste of it. The slope of the mountain was covered with thyme and other fragrant shrubs and flowers, and the air was loaded with the most delicious perfumes. Our ears were soothed with the murmur of the bees, as they flew from flower to flower, extracting the sweet essence of each blossom on which they lighted, and as we called to mind the effect on this mountain of the glorious sunset we had witnessed at the theatre of Herodes Atticus, we could not but consider it as pre-eminently entitled to the epithets, anciently given to it, of the "purple" and the "flowery" Hymettus. The Monastery is situated in a romantic glade, about two-thirds of the way up to the summit, and is surrounded by a grove of aged olives. Near it we had the satisfaction of beholding the spring, supposed to have been the scene of the fatal adventure of Procris and Cephalus. It still retains its sacred character, and is said to be favoured annually with the descent of two miraculous doves. The matrons of Athens resort to it *en masse* on the festival of the Panagia, and having washed in and drunk of its holy waters, they depart, persuaded that they will thereby escape a great part of that "sorrow," which Eve entailed upon her daughters, as one of the most grievous consequences of her disobedience.

We had not time to devote much attention to modern Athens. It has suffered greatly from the war, nearly half of it being a pile of ruins. A large proportion of the materials of which the city is built are ancient marbles, and it is no uncommon thing to see exquisite pieces of sculpture inserted in walls composed of unwrought stones and mud. Athens was still under the Turks, but

not more than four or five hundred of them resided there at the time of our visit. The Greek population, we were informed, consisted of two thousand families, but we could scarcely believe there was half that number. They were, as they still continue to be, greatly oppressed by their masters, but nothing can destroy the elastic buoyancy of the Greek's spirits. On the tenth, we were overtaken by night at the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympius. Not choosing to traverse the city for fear of losing our way or encountering still more disagreeable adventures, we made the whole circuit of the walls to the Theséum, passing, however, part of the distance inside of them. In the skirts of the town we saw the peasants collected in groups before their little huts after the labour of the day;—some engaged in conversation,—some tripping it "on light fantastic toe" to the music of the Turkish guitar,—some formed into circles around their humble suppers,—and others stretched on mats, spread in the open air or under temporary coverings formed of the boughs of trees. Their dogs, horses, and jackasses kept them company. Peace, contentment, and gladness seemed to be every where the presiding *genii*.

CHAPTER XII.

At daylight on Sunday morning, the twelfth of July, we got under weigh for Egina. In the afternoon we rounded Cape Perdicca, the southeastern point of the island, and came to anchor about three miles above the town. On the following morning I went ashore in company with a number of officers. The harbour of Egina is wholly artificial, being formed by a mole on each side. The entrance is narrow, and the harbour itself is so small that some two or three dozen coasting vessels, moored within its enclosure at the time of our visit, almost filled it up. It has a fine broad quay, (covered with gravel,) which was built by our fellow-citizen, Dr. Howe, who has distinguished himself by his philanthropic exertions in the cause of Grecian emancipation, and is known to the literary world as the author of a valuable work on the Greek Revolution. We often heard his name mentioned in terms of grateful commendation by the inhabitants of Egina.

The capital of this island, was, with the exception of Napoli di Romania, the cleanest and best looking town, we had seen in Greece. The streets were wider than usual, and several of the shops were furnished with a good supply of European merchandise. The population was variously stated at from one to two thousand souls.

There is an Orphan Asylum at Egina, founded by Capodistrias. The building appropriated to its use was constructed of stones obtained from the ruins of the temple of Æacus, and is three hundred and sixty feet long, and two hundred and fifty broad, enclosing an area three

hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-five in breadth. It contains thirteen apartments for the boys, and twelve for the professors. It is sufficiently capacious to accommodate six hundred orphans. Four hundred were enjoying its benefits, when we were in Egina. There were at that time seven professors, the majority of whom were Greek priests. There is an apartment called the grand chamber, where the younger boys are instructed on the Lancasterian plan. The beneficiaries of this institution are prohibited from reading the works of Plato, of many of the Greek poets, and generally of all those ancient writers, who inculcate liberal principles on government. The expenses of this institution are defrayed from the public treasury. There is a library connected with it, containing thirty thousand volumes, most of which are in the Greek language. At the extremity of the apartment appropriated to the library, there is a bust of Capodistrias on a monument coated with stucco, in which is inserted a marble slab with an inscription, of which the following is a literal translation: "The bust of Capodistrias, President of Greece, Father and Saviour of the Orphans. 1830." The institution is certainly one possessing high claims to the gratitude of the Greek nation, and would do infinite honour to the memory of the deceased President, were it not for the illiberal prohibition already mentioned.

In the same apartment with the library, there is a large collection of Lares, lachrymatorial vases, sepulchral lamps, and other funereal relics, obtained chiefly, though not wholly, from the Catacombs in the island of Egina. They differ widely in their size, shape and the materials of which they are made. Some are of iron, others of extremely thin glass, but the major part are of terra cotta of various degrees of firmness. The lachrymatorial vases are generally long and slender, of delicate proportions, with two handles, long necks, and flaring mouths. The vases designed for preserving the ashes of the dead, are generally open; but those for the reception of odours are usually in the shape of Florence flasks. The lamps are

all of terra cotta in the form of an elliptical curve. The hole for the wick is on the pointed end; the handle is on the opposite side; and on the top some of them have two holes for pouring in the oil, others only one, and others again appear to have had no other place for receiving it, except the aperture for the wick. The entrance to the Asylum is on the south, opposite to which is the chapel, and on each side of this there is a large apartment, open in front, and supported by four pilasters. In these there is a considerable collection of ancient marbles, obtained from various parts of Greece,—Egina, Athens, Delphi, Delos, Epidaurus, &c. Among those particularly worthy of notice, are the following: First, a Venus washing at a fountain. The head of this statue is broken off, but nearly all the other parts, though somewhat mutilated, still remain. The upper part is executed with a delicacy and truth, that would not have disgraced the chisel of Praxiteles; but the lower part, particularly the right leg and foot, are in a heavier style: Second, a family group, in *alto-relievo*, on a sepulchral monument, consisting of four female figures, and an old man leaning on a staff. The scene represents the final adieu of one member of the family, and the expression of grief thrown into the countenances of the survivors, is full of tenderness and pathos: Third, a statue of a female who has lost her head, breasts, and right arm, and is in other respects a good deal injured; but enough still remains to show that it was entitled to a place among the master pieces of the arts: Fourth, a young warrior and his horse in *alto-relievo*, with a boy presenting his helmet, and a serpent, an Esculapian emblem, approaching towards his right hand: And fifth, a young Bacchus executed with peculiar delicacy and grace.

There are in Egina two Lancasterian schools for boys, each containing about one hundred pupils; but female education is entirely neglected. The national mint is in this island.

There are some interesting remains of antiquity in and about the city. On a hill just back of it are the Catacombs, from which most of the vases already described were obtained. The sepulchres are very extensive, and of various forms and dimensions. We descended into one by five steps cut in the native rock. It was of an irregular circular shape, thirty-eight feet in circumference, and four high in the highest part. In the north-west part of the town there is a Mosaic pavement, recently discovered, covering an area fourteen paces in length and eight in width. It is a work of some elegance, and may have been the pavement of a temple. It has been enclosed by a wall by order of Capodistrias. Not far beyond this, in the same direction, are the remains of what some travellers have taken for the temple of Venus, mentioned by Pausanias, and others for that of Æacus, first king of the island; who was honoured with an apotheosis. It is evidently of high antiquity, as the proportions of the only column that remains, are very incorrect. The order is fluted Doric. Some portions of the cell are yet standing. The temple was built of the common soft stone of the island, and its ruins have furnished the materials, of which a number of the public edifices of Egina have been constructed.

On Tuesday, the fourteenth of the month, accompanied by Dr. ——, I left the ship early in the morning, in order to take advantage of the cool of the day to visit the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the north-east part of the island. We procured a pair of mules for ourselves, their owners, as usual, accompanying us on foot. Our animals were caparisoned with rope halters and old wooden pack saddles, with two narrow oak boards for seats and goats' hair cords for stirrups. They were the most obstinate creatures in the world, travelling continually in a zig-zag line, all our efforts to the contrary not-

withstanding; and each of us got a pretty stout kick in the course of the journey.

The temple is about eight miles from the town. Our ride over the intervening country was in many respects highly interesting. I scarcely recollect to have any where else met with such a variety of scenery in so small a space. The sublime, the romantic and the picturesque met the eye at almost every successive point. The whole island, wherever there is soil enough to allow it, is covered with groves of olives, pomegranates and almond trees, interspersed with thickets of myrtle, oleander, mastich and other evergreen shrubs. We passed through three distinct valleys, separated from each other by mountain defiles, and surrounded by lofty hills, whose sides exhibited all the gradations of productiveness.

About midway between the city and the temple, we passed the old capital of the island, Kastro, built upon the summit of a high conical mountain. It was placed in that situation by the Venetians, that they might the more easily protect themselves against the incursions of pirates; but, motives of this kind no longer existing to induce people to make choice of so singular a spot for their residence, it has been entirely abandoned.

On issuing from the defile beyond the last of the romantic vales through which we had passed we obtained a view of the sea on both sides of the island, and of the temple of Panhellenain Jove about a mile and a half before us. This stands upon an eminence, which commands an extensive prospect of the Ægean with its islands, and of the territories of Attica, Megara and Corinth. The temple is an interesting ruin, as it illustrates the progress of architecture. It is not probably so old as that at Corinth, but it is undoubtedly one of the most ancient in Greece. Its high antiquity is proved by the proportions of the columns, which are three feet in diameter and fifteen in height, being one diameter too short for the pure Doric. It appears to have been originally supported by thirty-

six columns, twenty-three of which are still standing. They are of the common stone of the island, and several of them far advanced in a state of decomposition.

On our return to Egina, we called for dinner at the principal public house in the place. It had no floor except the native earth, and the tables and seats with which it was furnished, were of rough boards. We called for soup among other things, and it was brought on in the bowl in which but a few moments before we had washed our hands. We did not make a very abundant repast. As usual, our landlord attempted to cheat us in returning the change for our money.

The commerce of Egina, though not equal to what it formerly was, is rather on the increase. The chief productions of the island are oil, pomegranates and almonds.

On Thursday, the sixteenth, we sailed from Egina early in the morning, and ran over to Epidaurus to water ship. The coast there is so bold that we approached within less than a quarter of a mile of the beach, and anchored in seventeen fathoms water. Capt. W. thought the anchorage unsafe, and determined to remain there only a single day. After dinner, the surgeon, one of his assistants, and myself, took advantage of this short stay, to pay a visit to the Saratoga of ancient Greece,—the sacred enclosure of the Epidarian God. We landed on the promontory, where the ancient city stood, and where we noticed the remains of buildings along the beach. Ruins of temples are said to exist higher up, but we had not time to go in search of them. The port of Epidaurus was on the opposite side of the promontory.

The modern town stands somewhat higher up in the plain than the ancient. It is a wretched village consisting of not more than two or three dozen houses. The

inhabitants appeared less civilized than in almost any other part of Greece that we visited. Epidaurus was anciently the resort of invalids and people of leisure and fashion from all parts of Greece and her numerous colonies, and it was from a village within its territories that the patriots of modern Greece published the declaration of their independence and the charter of their rights.

We procured a set of miserable horses, and a young lad for a guide, who accompanied us on foot. The distance to the sacred enclosure is about ten miles, which by hurrying our nags, we travelled in a little more than two hours. Our ride, during the first half of the journey, lay through the Epidaurian Plain, which is narrow, uneven, and, with the exception of some flourishing low vineyards, little cultivated. About an hour from the village we left the groves of myrtle, oleander, and lentisks, through which we had been passing, and entered a mountain pass, in which we frequently observed traces of the fortifications, with which it was anciently lined. The road, in this part of our ride, was exceedingly bad, and the scenery marked by a character of wildness and grandeur. On each side of us, frowned a lofty mountain, and on our right, at a terrific distance, a torrent, whose existence we knew only by its brawling noise, was dashing over its rocky bottom.

The sacred enclosure is an irregular valley, which may be from two to three miles in length, and from one to two in breadth. It is very beautiful, and appears like a little paradise, hemmed in on all sides by mountain barriers, whose summits are, for the most part, naked rocks, but whose sides are covered with a thick growth of shrubbery. Among these mountains, the most remarkable are Arachne and Tettyon, on the latter of which, the infant Esculapius was found, suckled by a goat, and guarded by a dog belonging to a herdsman of Epidaurus. On entering the valley, the most conspicuous object is the ruin, considered the remains of the Hospital for lying-in women and dying persons, erected by Antoninus Pius. It stands near the centre of

of valley. Near it are considerable remains of the Bath of Esculapius, built by the same Emperor. It was an oblong building, divided into a great number of apartments, and a part of the stone conduit, by which it was supplied with water, may still be seen in the walls.

The principal object of our visit was to see the theatre built by Polycletus. Its *Koilon* was excavated in the tail of a hill projecting out from the surrounding mountains. Its remains are the most perfect of the kind that we saw any where in Greece. The material of which it was built is a coarse pink-marble, and it was finished with an elegance surpassing that of any other ancient theatre I have ever seen. For a particular description of it the reader is referred to the work of Mr. Dodwell.

Our time was too limited to allow us to search much for antiquities—we did not find the remains of the Stadium, nor the marble pavement mentioned by Mr. Dodwell, but the extensive foundations, the ruins of aqueducts, the fragments of the shafts, capitals and entablatures of Doric and Ionic columns, and the numerous slabs of marble, with which the valley was covered, attested the ancient magnificence of the place.

Early on the morning of the seventeenth, we sailed from Epidaurus. We spent the whole day in beating, and at night were becalmed. On the eighteenth, when I went on deck, "Sunium's marbled steep" was seen some distance ahead. A breeze sprang up after breakfast, and we passed the cape at eleven o'clock, close under the Temple of Minerva. We counted twelve columns standing, and saw immense masses of marble, scattered about in the vicinity, and glittering in the bright sun-light. This temple, even in its ruins, is an imposing object, as seen by the passing voyager from the deck of his vessel, and in the days of its glory, must have been an object of peculiar veneration to the Athe-

nian sailor. Situated at the extremity of the Attic territory, it was the last object upon which he gazed when bound upon a distant voyage, and the first that greeted his eye, when returning to the bosom of his friends in his own loved *Athena*. On the evening of this day we parted company with the Boston, she stretching away for Marathon, and we for the island of Tenedos.

The three following days we had a gale of wind ahead, and were beating along the coasts of Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos, and Asia Minor. The former is rocky and barren, but the latter, though uncultivated, is very rich, and, covered as it is with forests of the Velany oak, produces a delicious effect. With the island of Lesbos are associated some of the most interesting recollections of Grecian history and the most beautiful fictions of Grecian mythology. In the catalogue of its illustrious citizens, are the names of several distinguished for their attainments in wisdom, poetry and music; and the birthplace of Pittacus, Alcæus, Sappho, Arion and Terpander, can never cease to be an object of lively interest. It was to this island that the waves of the sea, as if conscious of the precious treasure committed to them, bore the head and the lyre of Orpheus, after the former had been torn from the body by Bacchantes, on the shores of Thrace. They struck the beach near the little town of Methymna, whose inhabitants were attracted to the spot where they lay, by the sweet tones of the lyre when the wind played among its chords. The lyre was suspended by the Methymnians in the temple of Apollo, and the Muses buried the head of the most favourite of their sons. The vales of Lesbos were hung with Æolian harps, and the Nine Sisters were accustomed to honour with their presence and their music the Lesbian funerals.

Late at night, on Tuesday, the twenty-first, we came to an anchor in the Straits of Tenedos, directly opposite the Tumulus called by the Turks *On Tepe*, and about two miles distant from it. The next morning, the French Consul, and a person uniting in himself the dignities of English, Russian and Austrian Consuls, came off from Tenedos to visit us, and brought intelligence that the plague was raging at Smyrna, and various other places along the coasts of Asia, Palestine and Egypt. This news was like cold water to our warmest hopes and most fondly cherished anticipations. We had expected to stand on the summit of Lebanon, to wander amid the ruins of Tyre, to drink of "cool Siloa's" sacred waters, to survey the plain of Judea from the heights of Mount Zion, and to trace the windings of the Nile and gaze upon the territories over which Pharaoh reigned, from the burial-places of the Egyptian kings—the everlasting Pyramids. Such is the ground which Captain W. had marked out for our second cruise, but an instant was sufficient to dissolve the whole fabric of our hopes.

We were unfortunate also in another respect. The Sultan had been at Tenedos only a few days before our arrival there; and as he had frequently expressed a wish to see one of our men of war at his capital, it is not improbable that he would have visited the Constellation, and invited her up to Constantinople.

The trifold dignitary of whom I have already spoken, did not appear to consider himself at all degraded by taking our clothes ashore to wash, which in due time were returned without having been either starched or ironed. Consuls in the Levant are not generally persons of the most unbending dignity in the world. They are for the most part native Greeks, and the only benefit they usually derive from their office is the protection of the flag it authorizes them to hoist, and the consideration it gives them among their fellow citizens. Our Consul at Milo was a pilot on board the Boston.

The Constellation remained only three days in the Straits of Tenedos. The first was chiefly employed in making preparations for future operations, so that we had only two to devote to the interesting district of the Troad, a period barely sufficient to enable us to glance at some of the principal antiquities, but scarcely allowing us to examine any of them with much minuteness. The Troad is at present thinly peopled, and but small portions of it are cultivated. The remainder is chiefly covered with forests of low ilex and Velany oaks. The acorns of the latter are extensively used in dying, and are therefore an important article of commerce. We saw two English brigs taking on board cargoes of them. A few wretched villages are scattered over this naturally beautiful and fertile region, the only present representative of the numerous superb cities, by which it was once adorned and enlivened. The general characteristics of the Troad, considered in respect to ancient remains, may be expressed in few words: It is a vast forest of antiquities, consisting of the remains of cities, the foundations of buildings, the shafts and capitals of columns of all orders, granite *soroi*, inscribed marbles, and a multitude of other marble and granite fragments, too much ruined to admit of classification.

The Troad, like Athens, is beaten ground. History, perhaps, does not furnish a parallel to the eagerness with which researches have been pushed in relation to this interesting region. Industry has exhausted her powers, and learning her treasures, in identifying its localities and illustrating its antiquities. I will not, therefore, tax the reader's patience by entering into minutiæ on these topics. We spent one day among the ruins of the city of Antigonus—Alexandria Troas—and one in making an excursion to Bonarbashy, the site, according to Le Chevalier, of the capital of Priam. The remains at the former of these places are very extensive, and richly re-

pay the labour of visiting them. The ruins of the edifice, commonly known under the name of the Palace of Priam, but now generally thought to have been a Bath or a Gymnasium, are stupendous. It was built wholly of stones of very large dimensions, composed of conglomerations of shells. The theatre, about three-fourths of a mile from this ruin, is also a highly interesting relic. The proportions, though less beautiful, are larger than those of the theatre at Sicyon, and the situation is, if possible, superior. The prospect commanded by the ridge of the *Koilon*, is most extensive, and full of interesting classical reminiscences. A spectator, standing on this point and facing the west, has immediately before him the island of Tenedos, beyond which, blue in the distance, appear Lemnos, Imbros, Thasos, and the lofty mountains of Samothrace: on his left stretches the Ægean, till its waters seem to rest on the far-off horizon: on his right, directly beneath his eye, is a forest of dwarf and velany oaks, near the centre of which shoot up, in isolated sublimity, the ruins of the palace of Priam, and still farther on in the same direction he has a map-like view of the whole district of the Troad, with the Sigean and Rhœtean promontories, and the Tumuli of Æsyetes, Ajax, Achilles, and Patroclus: while, by reversing his position, he may behold, in beautiful gradation, the successive summits of the Idæan chain, fabled to have been the steps by which Juno ascended to the snowy heights of Gargarus.

Bonarbashy is an insignificant village on the banks of the Scamander, but, from an inspection of the ground, I have no hesitation in avowing my conviction of the correctness of Le Chevalier's opinion that it is the site of Priam's Capital, that the heights beyond it are the Acropolis of that city, and that the two springs in its vicinity are the "Fountains" mentioned by Homer, which Hector passed when chased by Achilles round the walls of Troy.

As soon as the decks were swept down after breakfast, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth, all hands were again called to "up anchor," and we made an attempt to beat up to the mouth of the Dardanelles. As the breeze was light, a contrary current soon drifted us considerably to the leeward of Tenedos, when, finding it impossible to succeed in our attempt, we wore ship, and stood away for Vourla, where we arrived on the twenty-eighth. Here we put ourselves in quarantine on account of the plague at Smyrna, and waited the arrival of the Boston, which came in on the following day from the island of Syra.

The plague was introduced into Smyrna by a letter to a young lady from a friend of hers in Ephesus. She was the first victim to its ravages. Its effects were confined almost entirely to the native population. The Turks buried their dead at night, and the only mode of ascertaining the number of deaths was by the Consuls' sending their Dragomen to watch the burial-places by night. The two great scourges of Smyrna are the plague and earthquakes. The latter are very common there, but generally light, doing little other mischief than that of throwing open the doors of the houses, and breaking now and then a pane of window glass. There was one, however, unusually severe, a short time before our arrival there in April, which occasioned great alarm for several days. People lay down at night with every thing in readiness for a sudden flight.

On the first day of July we left our anchorage in the Bay of Vourla, intending to touch at some of the Grecian islands, on our passage down to Mahon. On the morning of the second, when I turned out, we were close under the town of Scio. This a few years ago was inhabited by a crowded and busy population, but it was now an utter desolation. There was a line of white fortifications along the beach, over which waved the Mos-

lem crescent, and we observed some half dozen *caïques* and two or three *misticoes* in the harbour. The town was beautifully situated at the bottom of a narrow sloping valley, backed by a range of high and barren rocks. Luxuriant olive groves covered this valley, which was thickly sowed with villages, populous and flourishing in the days of Scio's glory, but now almost without an inhabitant. To the north of the town is the green wooded eminence on which the college stood. This institution had a high reputation not only in Greece, but in all the countries of civilized Europe. Its professors were numerous and well educated, and many Europeans sent their sons there to learn ancient Greek. It had a library of sixty thousand volumes, which was utterly destroyed during Hassan's massacre,—the most dreadful recorded on the page of history.

The inhabitants of Scio, were the most intelligent, refined and luxurious of the modern Greeks. Of the ancient Sciotes, Pliny says that during a period of seven hundred years, no case of female infidelity was known to occur among them. The Sciote women of modern times have been equally celebrated for the same virtue, but the miserable remnant of the exiled daughters of Scio, without father or friend to protect them, were reduced to the melancholy alternative of choosing between beggary and prostitution; and who will wonder that many of them preferred the latter? The circumstance that they were the first to disgrace the name of their country cannot fail to excite in every generous bosom, however stern may be the moral creed it has adopted, the tear of sympathy rather than the frown of anger.

The straits of Scio are thirty miles long. The scenery on both sides is undoubtedly beautiful, but its beauty has been greatly exaggerated by Dr. Clarke. The breeze freshened up a little after noon, and we stood for the western extremity of Samos. This island, at a distance, appeared as if an earthquake had heaved it from the bosom of the deep, its mountains towering to a height that surpassed that of any other island we had

seen in the Archipelago, except Samothrace. We c
ed close along its northern side as far as the capital.
Dr. C. reserved his raptures till he reached this is
he might have lavished them with more propriety
its enchanting scenery. The sublime and the bea
seem here to have contended for dominion, and ea
have poured forth its peculiar charms, with a most l
prodigality.

Samos is one of the most fertile and best culti
islands in the Archipelago. It exports oil, w
onions, and spirits, but its chief commerce consists i
wines, still famed for their excellence. These ar
ported to all the islands of Greece, and to the conti
of Europe and Asia.

We ran far enough up the Bay of Ephesus, whi
formed by a sweeping indenture on the coast, t
where that ancient metropolis stood, and then wore
and began to beat toward the Cyclades. The nex
we were becalmed off Nicaria, an island whose n
rocks and utter sterility presented a strong contr
the verdant and fertile slopes of Samos. There
few inhabitants on it, and it has a little commer
charcoal. Sunset on this evening was a most spl
and lovely scene. The sun went down over the
of Delos, and as the eye was turned in that directio
broad surface of the Ægean appeared like a sea of m
gold, gently agitated by a passing zephyr. There
in sight, at various distances and in different direc
the islands of Andros, Tenos, Mycone, Paros, N
Nicaria, Samos, Scio, and the loftier portions of the
of Asia Minor.

The following day, Monday, was the fourth of
and it was one of the most delightful of my life.
had a fine breeze from the northward, and sailed thr
the whole group of the Cyclades, running close alon
coasts of the most interesting of the islands that con

it. Mycone, rocky, barren and thinly inhabited, we passed early in the morning, leaving it at some distance on our starboard beam. A little beyond this, on the opposite side, we brushed along the coast of Tenos, anciently celebrated for the worship of Bacchus. Under the temple of that God, which stood upon a sloping hill near the sea, there was a fountain, whose waters once a year were miraculously converted into wine. This was dealt out in copious measures to the populace, who were allowed a drunken frolic for several days, and taught to call it piety. Tenos is a large and fertile island, next to Samos in beauty, and superior to it in cultivation. It almost rivals the latter in height, but its slopes are more regular, and completely covered with vineyards and olive-groves. Numerous villages are scattered among them, and there is one, romantically situated on the very summit, just below a craggy rock. The capital stands on the water's edge. It is small, and has no port, but its neat whitewashed houses, glittering in the clear rays of the sun, produced a pleasing effect, as we passed them. Its church, standing on an eminence back of the town, is the common boast of all the Greeks, and the great Lion of the Levant. It is visible far out at sea, and its lofty domes and steeple, white as new-fallen snow, show to admirable advantage. The bosom of the Greek sailor swells with feelings of exultation and pride, as his eye catches the first glimpse of this, the most beautiful of his country's temples. Tenos produces wine and oil in abundance, and is celebrated in the East for its manufactures of silk.

Delos and Rhenea are about six miles south of Tenos. Mount Cynthus is but a low hill, and the birth-place of Apollo and Diana is now in possession of shepherds, while the cemetery of the ancient Delians is tenanted only by a few devotees, whose vows exclude them from the world, and whose living is confined to fruits and vegetables.

About two hours after passing these islands, we grazed along the coast of Syra. This is less beautiful and fertile

than Tenos, and the country less thickly peopled; but the town appeared more than twice as large as that of the latter. Syra has one of the finest harbours in the Archipelago. We saw numerous merchantmen and several men of war at anchor in it. The productions of this island are not very abundant, but the excellence of its port and its central position have made it the *entrepot* of all Greece, and it is rapidly becoming a place of commercial importance.

We passed Naxos, Paros and Thermia, but at too great a distance to see them very distinctly. We got a nearer view of Serfo and Sefanto, the Seriphos and Syphnos of antiquity. It was in the former of these islands that Perseus is said to have changed the inhabitants into rocks with the head of Medusa, and the appearance which it presents at the present day, does not belie the fable. Serfo is thirty-six miles in circumference, and contains a population of somewhat more than two thousand souls. It has but one town, with a tolerable port. Almost its only production is wine, which the natives export to all parts of insular and continental Greece. Its wine, both white and red, is of an ordinary quality, and is used only by those who cannot afford to drink better. It has no schools.

Sefanto was anciently celebrated for the purity of its climate, the beauty of its scenery, the fertility of its soil, the excellence of its fruits, and the riches, licentiousness and longevity of its inhabitants. It had extensive mines of gold and silver, which Apollo destroyed by an inundation, because its inhabitants refused to pay the customary tribute of the tenth of their produce to the Delphian shrine. With its mines, it must have lost much of its fertility and beauty. It is less rocky than Serfo, but the parts which we saw did not exhibit tokens of much higher cultivation.

Sefanto has thirty-two miles of circumference, with a population of something like six thousand souls. It has comparatively little arable soil, but is said to contain a *number* of handsome gardens. It is famed for the ex-

cellence of its onions. Of these it exports annually about half a dozen cargoes, as also a considerable quantity of figs, and in favourable seasons a little oil. Its other productions are not ordinarily more than sufficient for three months' consumption. It derives its support from the manufacture of coarse white cotton cloth, straw hats, and earthenware. These it exports to all parts of the Levant. It produces large numbers of goats, which are likewise made an extensive article of commerce. The women of Sefanto are said to be the most industrious of Greek females. It has two Lancasterian schools, recently established, and a classical school of some celebrity, founded several years ago, where a number of the distinguished men of Greece have been educated.

Midway between Sefanto and Milo, the fine breeze we had had in the morning died away, and it was amusing to listen to the prayers of one of our pilots for wind. Counting his beads, he would say, "Blow, S. Antonio, blow—wake up, S. Antonio, and blow—I want to get to Milo, to see my wife and children." He said that if his wife knew he was there, she would put a cat under a basket, and the wind would soon blow. His prayers were finally answered, and towards sunset a light breeze sprang up, but it was midnight before the ship came to an anchor in the harbour of his native island.

The harbour of Milo is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is completely land-locked, and capacious enough for half the navies in Europe to be moored in it at the same time. On the morning after our arrival, in company with Dr. ——, I went ashore at a little village on the beach, built by Candiot Refugees, and containing from forty to fifty inhabitants. It is at the foot of a hill nearly a mile in circumference, as regular as an artificial mound, and surrounded, except where it is washed by the sea, by a valley about a quarter of a mile wide. Four misticoes and a few caiques were the only vessels in its

port. The sides of the hill on which it is built, are forated with ancient catacombs, the largest one of w we measured, and found it to be seventeen feet dee high, and nine wide at the entrance, but fifteen i widest part.

We proceeded to Kastro, the capital of the island tant an hour from this village. Our route was circu leading us over barren hills of tufo and breccia, w summits were covered with large quantities of obsi We called upon the French Consul General, the C lier M. Louis Brest, by whom we were received w politeness, characteristic of the country of which h a native. M. Brest has superintended the excavati a great many catacombs, and has obtained from numerous antiquities, most of which are now in the vre at Paris. He has long resided in the Levant, a is from him that I obtained most of the statistical i mation, already detailed in this work, in relati some of the Grecian Islands. His eldest son po accompanied us on a visit to the catacombs and oth tiquities of the island.

The town of Kastro, as already stated in a fo chapter, stands upon the summit of a high conical n tain. It is cleaner than any other Greek place w sited, a superiority which it owes, perhaps, principa its situation. The streets are so steep that in places you ascend them by means of steps, cut in t tive rock. The houses are of stone, tolerably well and about half of them whitewashed. The roofs ar and composed of a texture of flags, upon which is p a covering of earth and gravel. Some of them are furnished, and their interior is neat and comfortable. people there have a custom of hanging their glass lets on little pegs inserted in the walls, and rows of ing-glasses, with short intervals between them, *sometimes* be seen extending round a whole apart

The females of Milò have generally only one of the elements of beauty,—i. e. fine large black eyes.

On the summit of the cone, there is a tall pole, fixed in the earth, and used by the pilots in determining who shall have the piloting of the different ships that make their appearance. Their mode of deciding questions of this kind is somewhat singular. They take their stations for looking out on the roofs of the highest houses, and when a vessel is discovered, whoever strikes the pole first, is entitled to be her pilot.

The island of Milo is of an irregular shape, and is about sixty miles in circumference. With the exception of a valley that extends two or three miles above the head of the harbour, it is hilly and broken, though not sufficiently so to forbid of its being cultivated. The native population amounts to two thousand five hundred souls, but it has recently been a good deal increased by refugees from other islands, chiefly Candia. It produces grain, wine, flesh, fruits, legumes, and indeed every thing except oil, in sufficient quantities for the wants of its inhabitants. It exports annually from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons of barley, about half that quantity of cotton, and a little wool. Its chief commerce consists in the exportation of mill stones, salt and gypsum. It supplies Greece and nearly the whole Ottoman Empire with the first of these articles. It abounds in mines of lead, copper and iron. The latter particularly is very abundant, but none of the mines are wrought. It has two schools, one on the plan of mutual instruction, containing one hundred and ten scholars, and a classical school, in which forty-seven lads are instructed in ancient Greek and the sciences.

Milo was the last strong-hold of liberty in the Grecian islands, but it was unable to withstand the arms and the artifices of Athens, and fell finally under the dominion of that tyrant Republic. It is at present one of the most interesting of the Cyclades, both on account of the

ancient relics existing upon it, and the natural phenomena with which it abounds. Its principal antiquities are the catacombs, the theatre, and the remains of the ancient walls.

Milo appears to have been one vast cemetery. The bases of its hills are every where perforated with sepulchres, many of which have already been excavated, and how many more are still waiting that operation, time only will reveal. The relics found within them are precisely similar to those already described as constituting the collection of sepulchral antiquities in the Orphan Asylum at Egina. These catacombs range through a wide variety both of forms and dimensions. I will endeavour briefly to describe two, one of which is supposed to have belonged to a poor, and the other to a rich famliy. The entrance to the former is through an exterior sepulchre, with which it communicates by means of a small rectangular door-way, four feet high and two and a half wide. It is twelve feet in length, eight in width, and just high enough to enable a common sized man to stand upright in it. There are five indentures in the walls, two on each side, and one at the extremity opposite the entrance. These are places of deposit for the ashes of the dead and whatever was buried with them. Those on the sides have circular arches, while the arch of that at the extremity is pointed, forming a very large obtuse angle. This latter was the depository of the parents, those on the right of this were for the daughters, and those on the left for the sons. The eldest members of the family were always buried nearest the entrance, and the most valuable antiquities and ornaments are always found in the vault of the eldest daughter. So well do the fellows employed in making the excavations understand this, that M. Brest assured us that, whenever he had any catacombs opened, he never suffered any of them to enter it before himself, even though they went without lights.

The other sepulchre to which I alluded, was conjectured to have belonged to a rich family, from the value

of the ornaments found in it, and from its superior finish. The entrance is through an arched way, and it has three vaulted depositories on each of its sides. The walls are covered with plaster and whitewashed. It is in other respects similar to that just described, though of larger proportions.

The theatre was evidently never finished, as there are no traces of seats more than one quarter of the way up the slope of the *Koilon*, while those that do remain are in a state of perfect preservation. It is small but of harmonious proportions and elegant workmanship. The view which it commanded was not extensive, but handsome, embracing the slope of the hill, a part of the harbour, and the lofty heights of Mount Elias on the opposite shore.

The remains of the ancient walls are of Cyclopean construction, and very extensive. They are irregular in their line of direction, and exhibit two styles of masonry, polygonal and rectangular.

Milo is a field of uncommon richness and interest to the naturalist. It is evidently of volcanic origin. It abounds in minerals, warm baths, sulphur and alum.

Having waited three days for a fair wind, on Tuesday, the twelfth, we weighed anchor and beat out. Paros was our destination. We grazed along the coast of Argentiera, and were becalmed off that of Sefanto.

The original appellation of Argentiera was Cimoli. It was so called from the Cimolean earth found there. This was anciently used in fulling, but it is now exported in considerable quantities to the Greek islands as a substitute for soap, when salt water is used. It received its modern name from the Venetians, in consequence of their having found a rich silver mine on it. The island is eighteen miles in circuit, and contains nine hundred inhabitants. Like Milo, it produces every thing necessary to supply the wants of its population, and its fruits

are said to have a flavour superior to that of those in any other part of the Archipelago. It has upwards of thirty vessels, engaged chiefly in exporting mill-stones and salt from Milo.

On Wednesday the thirteenth we came-to in the harbour of Dthriou, on the southern coast of Paros. The next day a large party of us paid a visit to the Grotto on the little island of Antiparos. The descent into this subterraneous wonder of nature was formerly regarded as a sort of Malean promontory, before doubling which, it was deemed necessary, on account of the supposed perils of the attempt, for the visiter to take leave of all he held most dear; but it is now an every day exploit, for the performance of which no extraordinary physical strength or moral courage is thought to be requisite. The cavern is undoubtedly a beautiful and an astonishing production, but both its extent and magnificence have been greatly exaggerated. We burnt several blue lights, which rendered every part of it as distinctly visible as if the sun had been shining there. The appearance it presents is that of a vast irregular hall, hung with stalactites of a whitish colour, exhibiting every imaginable variety of configuration, but we observed none of the sparkling brilliancy, the gorgeous colours, or the blazing gems, which figure so much in the accounts of early visiters.

On Friday, the fifteenth, we made an excursion over the island of Paros to Paricchia and the Quarries. The former is on the site of the ancient capital, which appears to have been built almost entirely of marble, as the marble fragments in the modern houses are more numerous there than even at Athens. It is tolerably well built, but has neither coffee-house nor *locanda*, and its streets were almost as quiet and silent as if the town had been without inhabitants.

The Quarries, two in number, are of immense extent. We got torches at a little convent in the vicinity, and proceeded to the extremity of one of them. It is five hundred and sixteen feet deep. At the entrance of the *other,* we had the gratification of beholding the bass-re-

lief, mentioned by Pliny as a natural curiosity. It is evidently artificial, but executed in a heavy, bungling style. It is a Silenus, surrounded by thirty-two bacchanalian attendants. There is an inscription underneath, in which Adamas Odryses dedicates the group to the girls of Paros, who must have felt themselves highly flattered by the compliment.

Paros is thirty-six miles in circumference, and contains six thousand inhabitants. It has four ports, Ausa, Paricchia, Marmora and Dthriou. The first two only are of much importance. Marmora is interesting from its being the scene of Lord Byron's "Corsair." Both Paros and Antiparos may be described as vast mountains of marble, with here and there a little valley, which admits of being cultivated. The former exports considerable wine, and has also a little commerce in cotton and cheese.

We sailed from Dthriou for Napoli, on the nineteenth of the month. Here having taken on board a supply of wood, we got under weigh again on the twenty-fourth, and on the twelfth of August, came-to behind Quarantine Island in Port Mahon.

CONCLUSION.

Immediately on our arrival, Captain Gordon, of the Ontario, came alongside, with information that the Constellation was to return to the United States in October. A whirlwind of delight ran through the ship in an instant. For several days, this was the only topic of conversation among officers and crew. One who has never been absent from his country, can have no idea of the luxury there is in the anticipation of returning to it. The Æolian harp does not answer more readily to the breathings of the wind, than the heart to the sounds of country and of home.

Early on Wednesday morning, the fifth of October, we stood out of the harbour of Mahon, and stretched away

for the blue hills of our native America. On the thirteenth we passed the Rock of Gibraltar, and, after a pleasant passage of twenty-nine days, without encountering a single head wind, we let go our anchor in the waters of the Chesapeake, off Old Point Comfort. The moment when the sailor, stationed at the fore-top-gallant-mast-head, caught the first glimpse of the coast along Cape Henry, and the cry of "Land O!" resounded through the ship, was one of the most intense interest and the most thrilling delight I have ever known. For two or three days after our arrival, the whole crew appeared to be in a delirium of joy; and the remembrance of that period will ever seem to me more like one of those fairy visions, which in sleep sometimes lap the spirit in Elysian bliss, than like a scene through which I have really passed.

An absence of two years and a half, and a visit to some of the most interesting portions of the globe, have been far from weaning me from the land of my nativity. The more I have seen of foreign countries, the more I have liked my own;—its government, its laws, its institutions, and the spirit of its inhabitants. My soul has been sickened at sight of the oppression, ignorance, abjectness and vice, which I have seen to be every where the result of arbitrary rule. I contrast with these the equal rights, the general intelligence, the independent spirit, and the comparative virtue of my countrymen, and I am proud of the name of American. But it does not become us to boast: true greatness never plays the part of the braggadocio. If the people under the despotic governments of Europe are less intelligent and happy than we, it is their misfortune—not their fault;—and they are more deserving of our pity than our scorn.

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